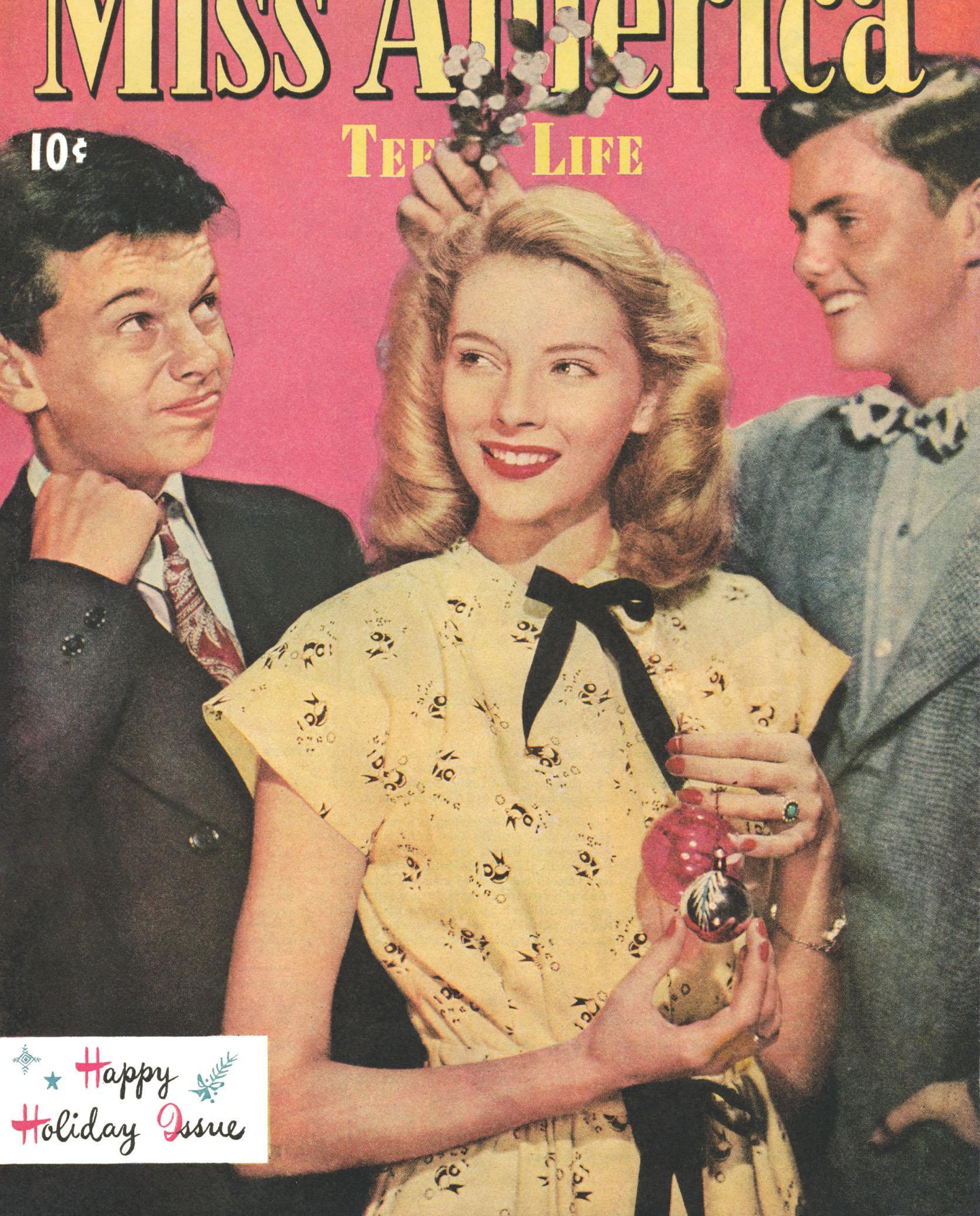
Miss America

DECEMBER

10¢

TEE LIFE



Happy
Holiday Issue

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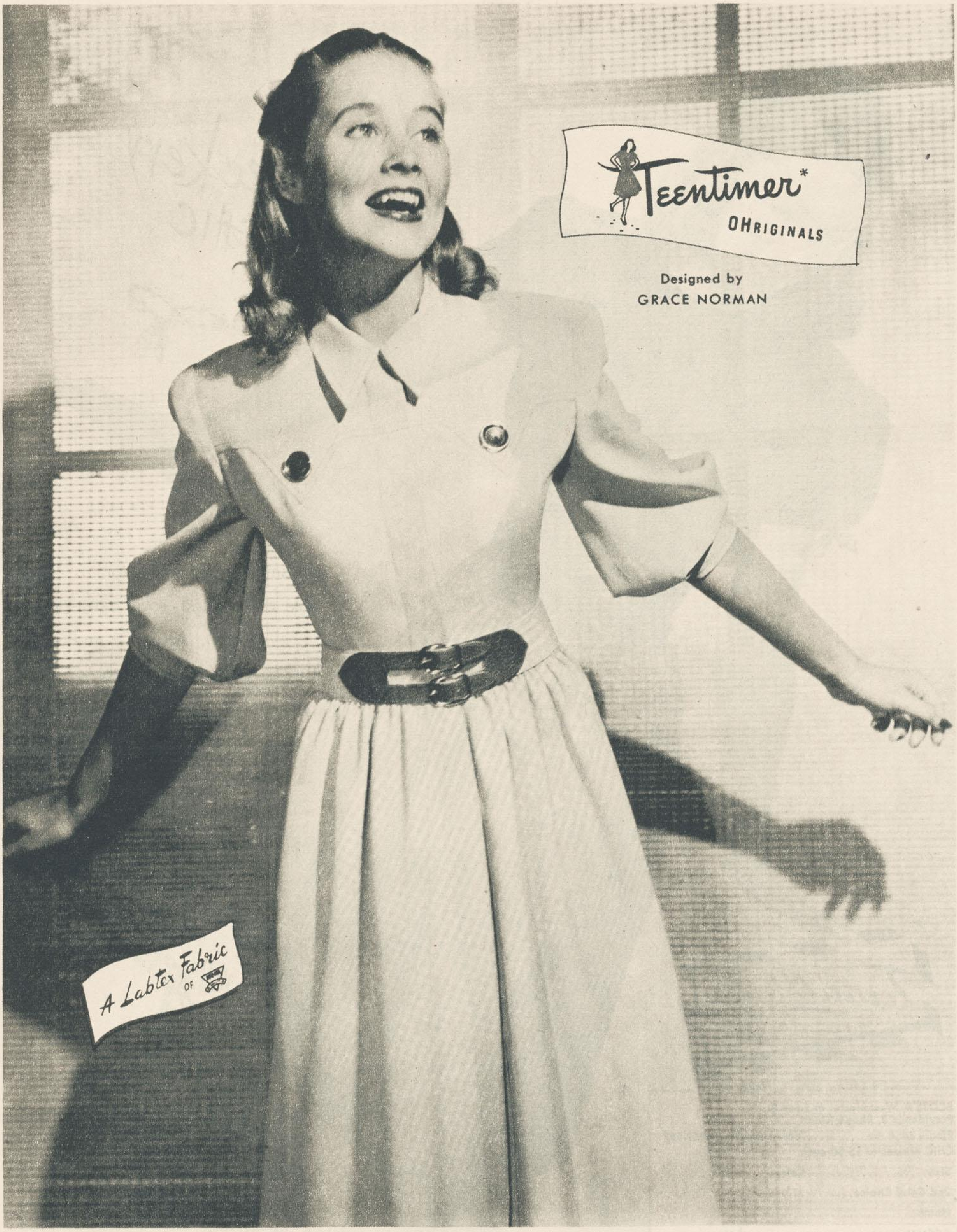
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Miss America

DECEMBER, 1946 VOLUME 5, NO. 2

Miss America
10¢
TRUE LIFE
It's Happy Holiday Issue

Kodachrome by Hal Reiff

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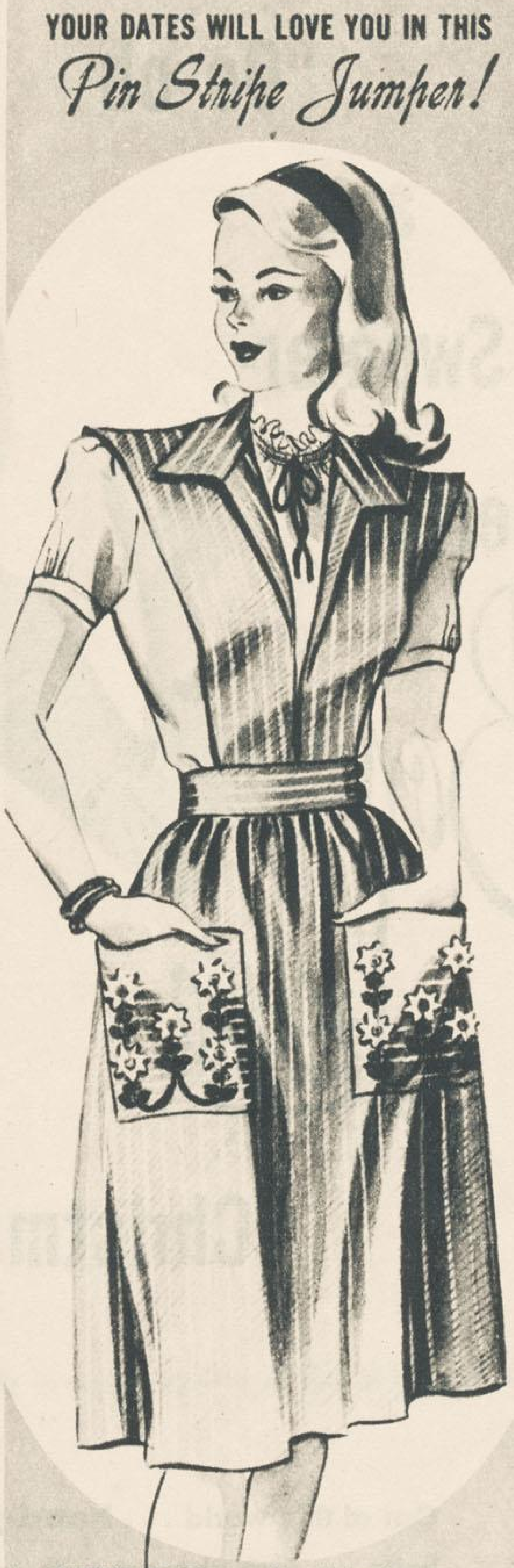
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Please send me Pin Stripe Jumper at $5 plus postage
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Name__________
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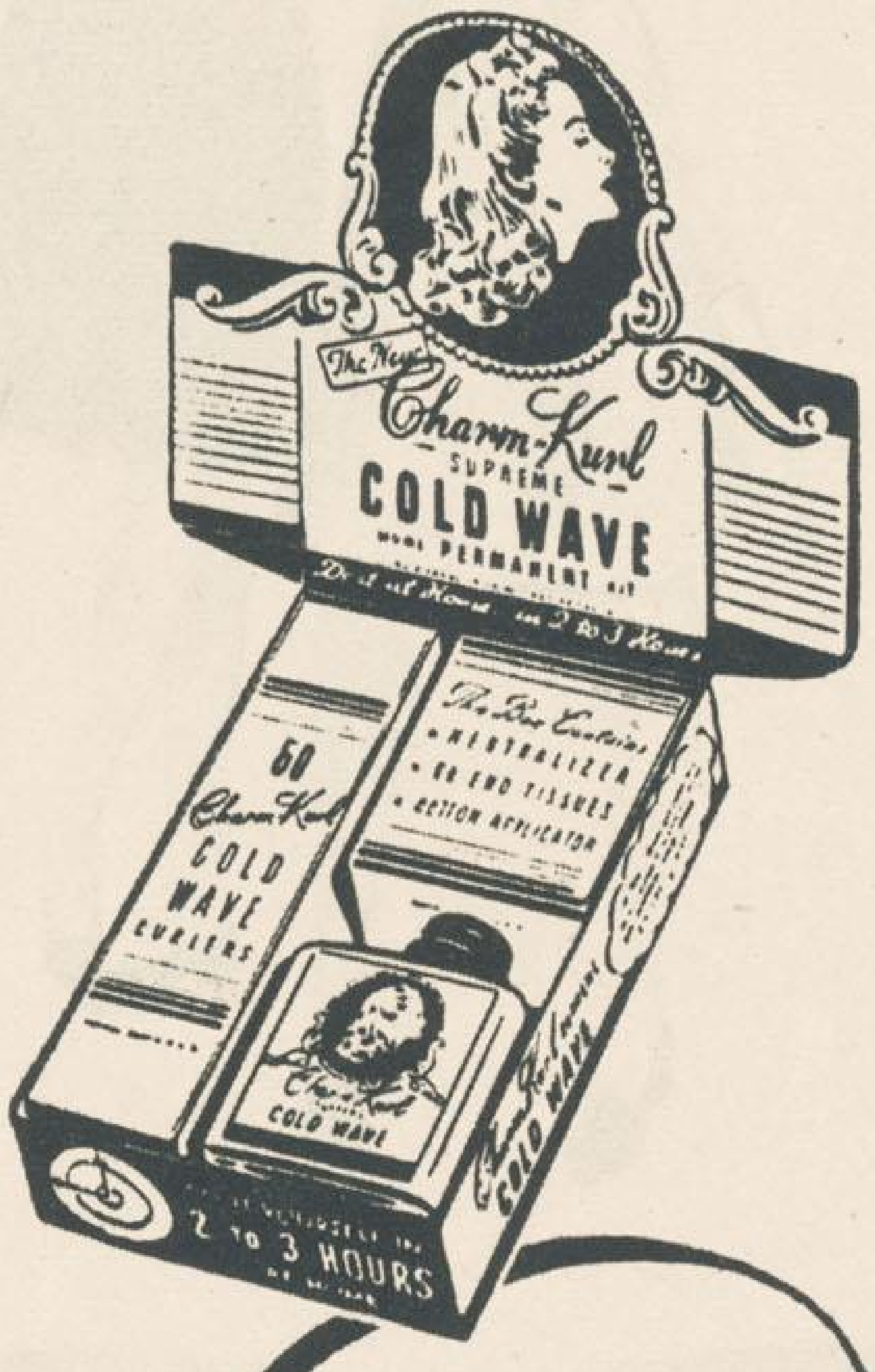
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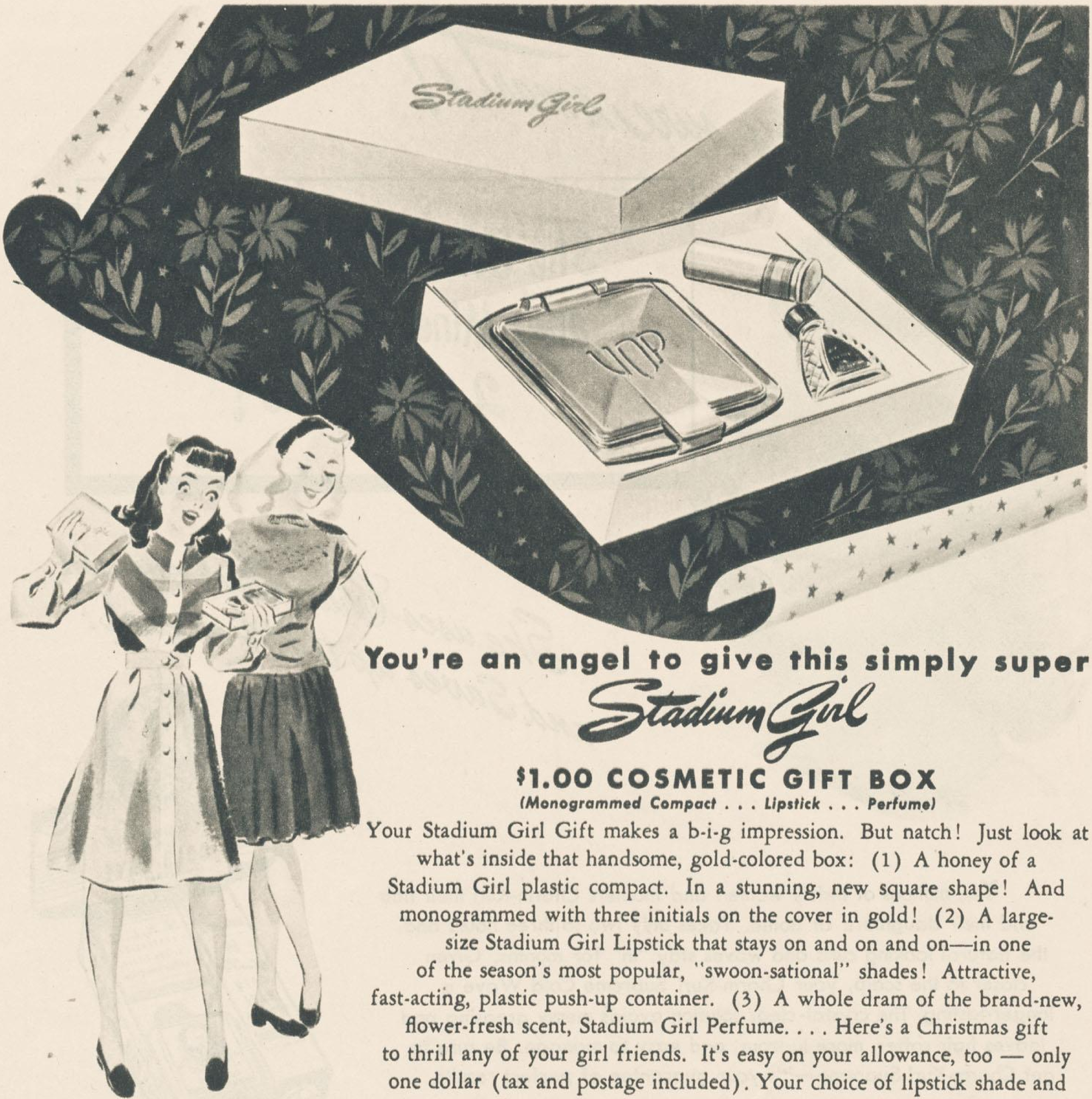

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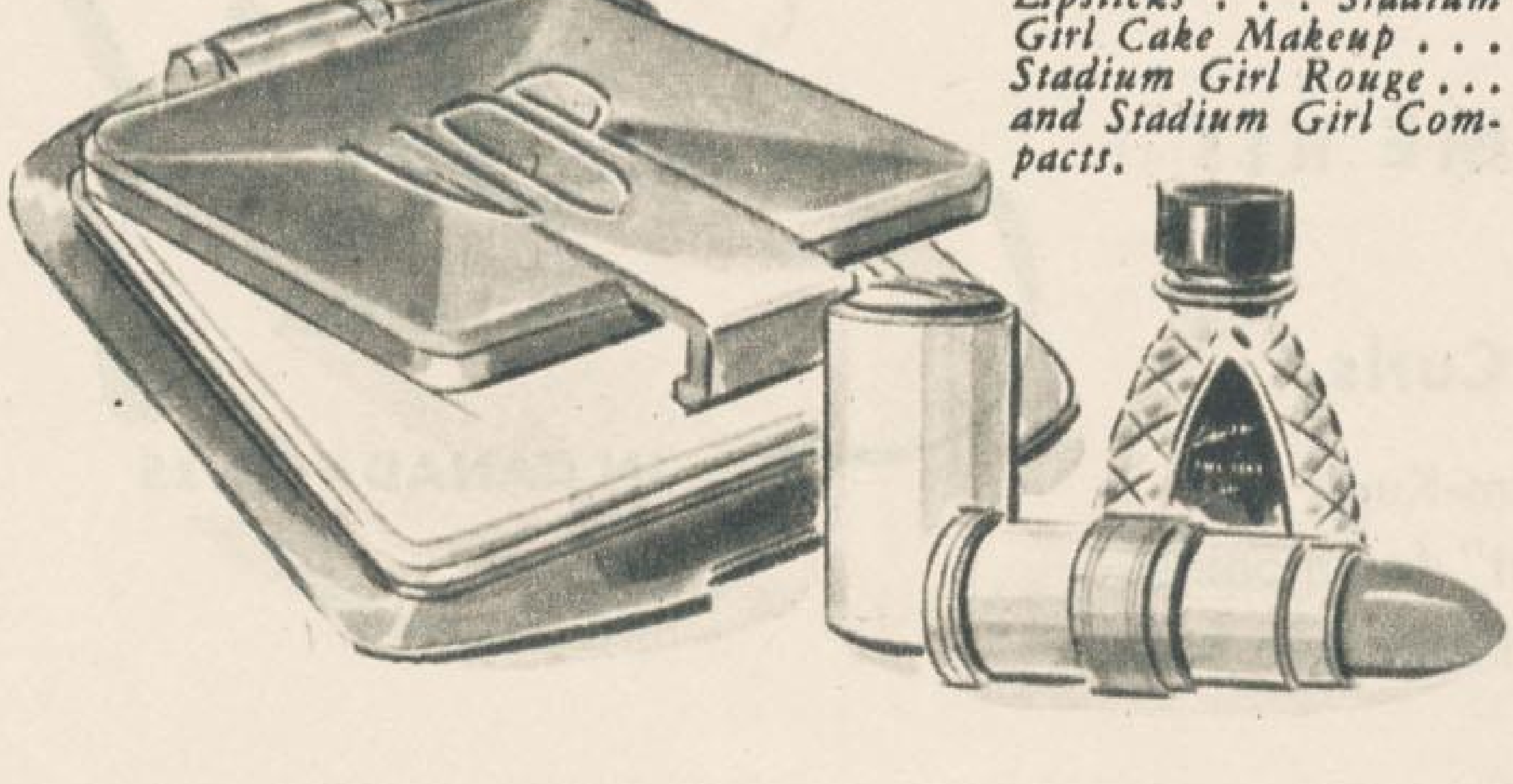
$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

(Monogrammed Compact . . . Lipstick . . . Perfume)

Your Stadium Girl Gift makes a b-i-g impression. But natch! Just look at what's inside that handsome, gold-colored box: (1) A honey of a Stadium Girl plastic compact. In a stunning, new square shape! And monogrammed with three initials on the cover in gold! (2) A large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick that stays on and on and on—in one of the season's most popular, "swoon-sational" shades! Attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. (3) A whole dram of the brand-new, flower-fresh scent, Stadium Girl Perfume. . . . Here's a Christmas gift to thrill any of your girl friends. It's easy on your allowance, too — only one dollar (tax and postage included). Your choice of lipstick shade and compact color. Order enough Stadium Girl Gift Boxes to take care of your gift list, by coupon below. (Don't forget to play Santa to yourself, also!)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.



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☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial

(Attach separate list of initials and color selections for additional boxes.)

Name..

Address..

City.......................................(......) State.......................

My choice of compact color is:

- ☐ Red
- ☐ Pink
- ☐ Blue
- ☐ Aqua

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- ☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
- ☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
- ☐ Rare Orchid
- ☐ Tropic (med. dark)
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- ☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

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leave it to our Miss America Teen Shop to bring you this June Bentley classic—the most dotable—day—to date-able combination that ever slimmed your hips or whittled your waist.

Wear the skirt with other shirts . . . the shirt with other skirts. Wonderful two-piece dress with free-action BACK AND FRONT. Cinched at the waist with a real leather belt.

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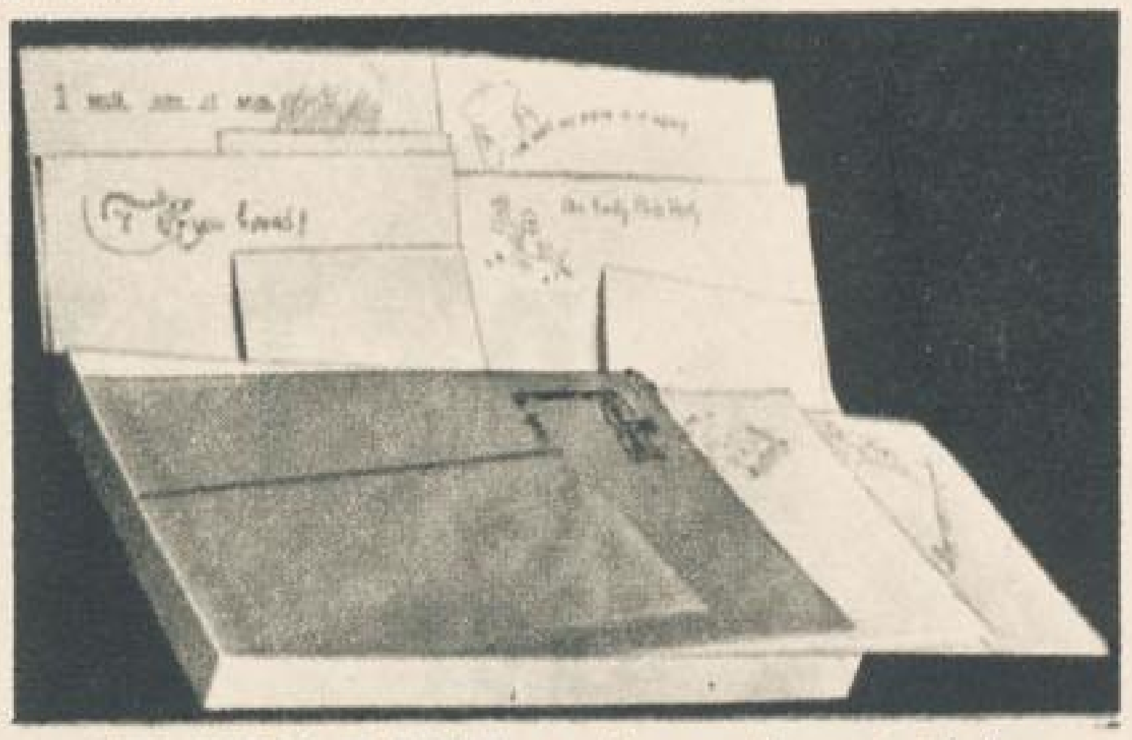
Price 65c per box; Specify assortments wanted by number.



1 "EVERY DAY" quips about things you run into daily.
2 "LOVE NOTES" come on, now, do we have to tell you?
3 "COLLEGIATE" your own jargon about things you do.
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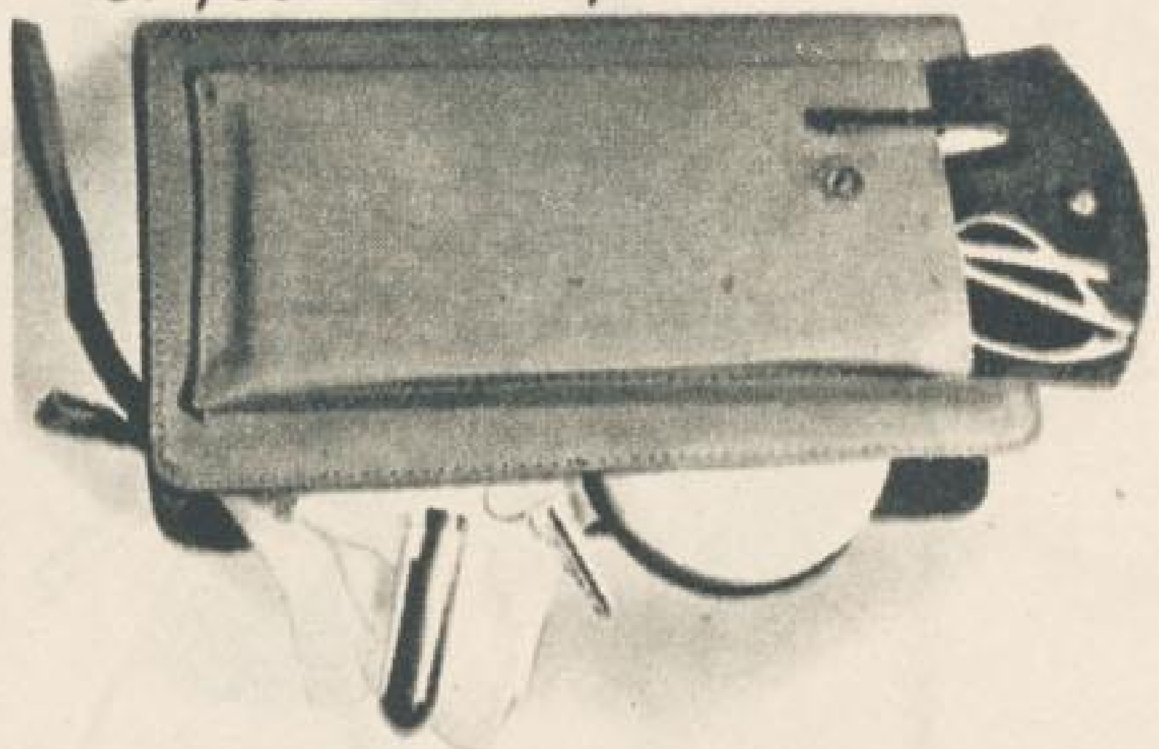
6 "MISERY" perfect for gripers.
7 "HOROSCOPE" send us the date of your birthday.



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THE BOSTON STORE, Joliet, Illinois

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Quan.		Size	Color	Second Color Choice
....	June Bentley Dress	....	....	....
....	June Bentley Dress	....	....	....
....	June Bentley Dress	....	....	....
....	"Schoolmate" Handbag		....	
....	Box(es) "Wits End" Note Paper			
	Order by Asst. numbers			

☐ Ship C.O.D. plus postage and C.O.D. Fee.
☐ I enclose remittance in full. You will prepay postage.

Name .... Address ....

City .... P. O. Zone ...... State ....

the boston store, joliet, illinois

serving teens for 57 years

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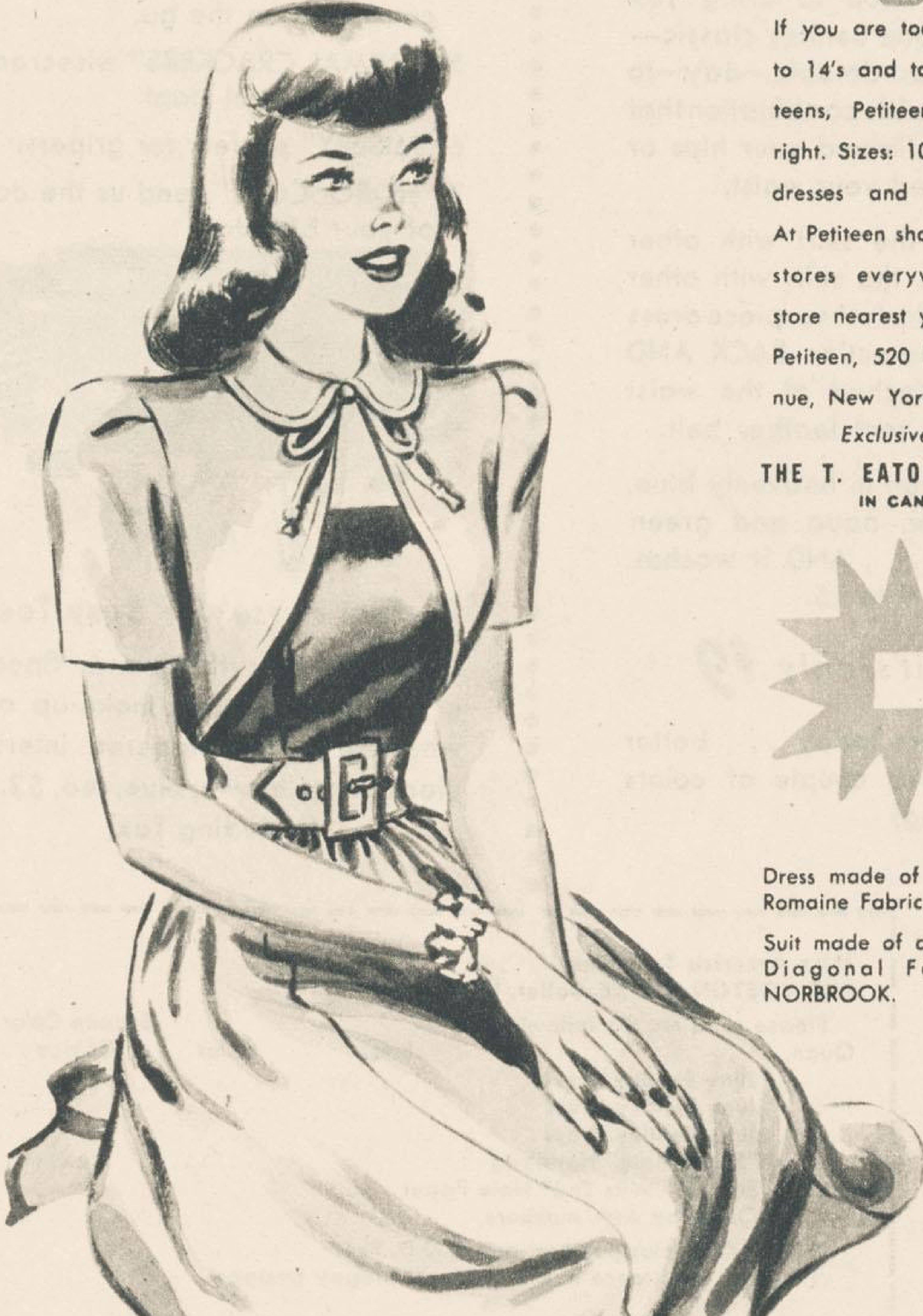

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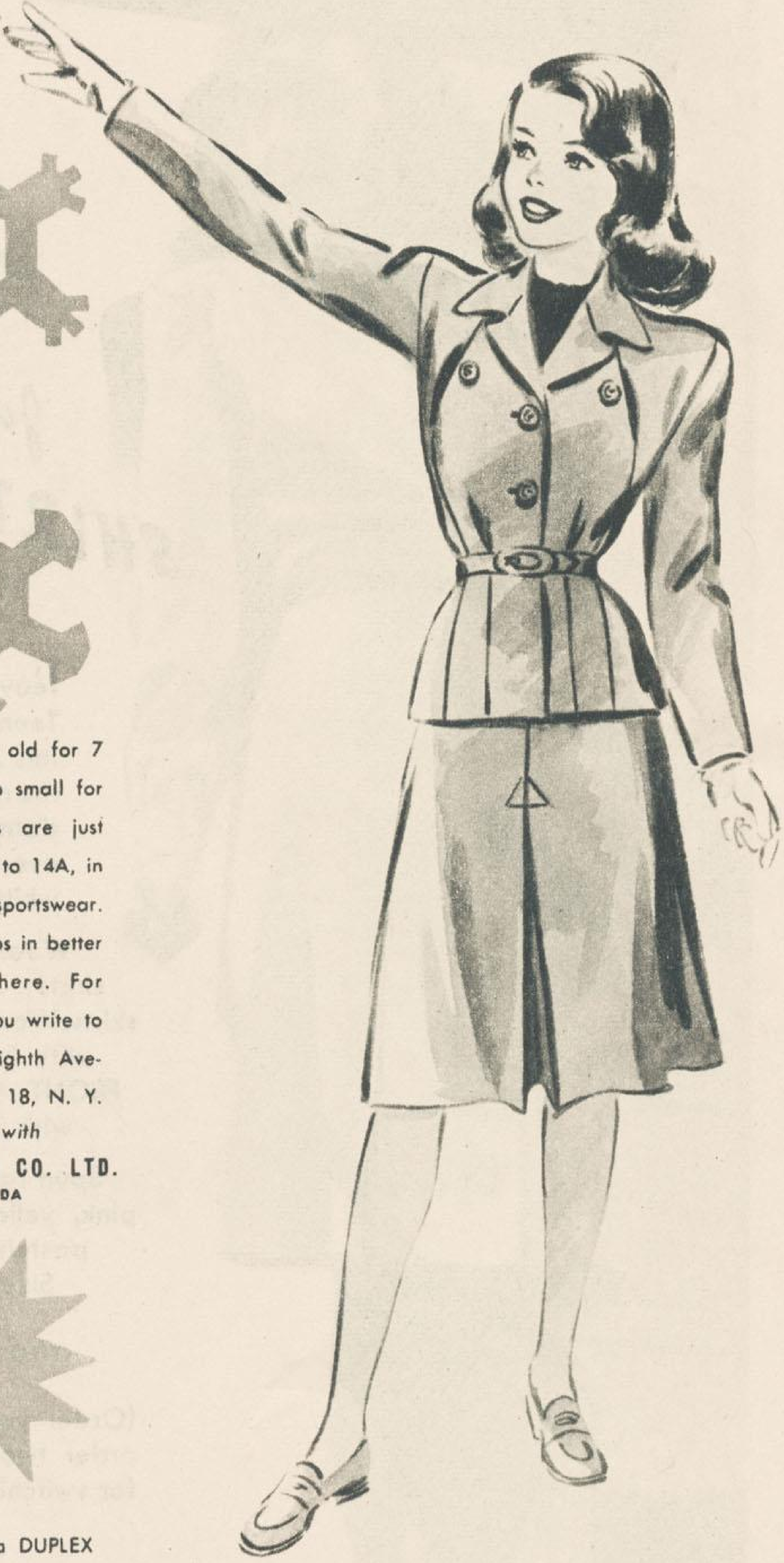

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Suit made of an all wool Diagonal Fabric by NORBROOK.

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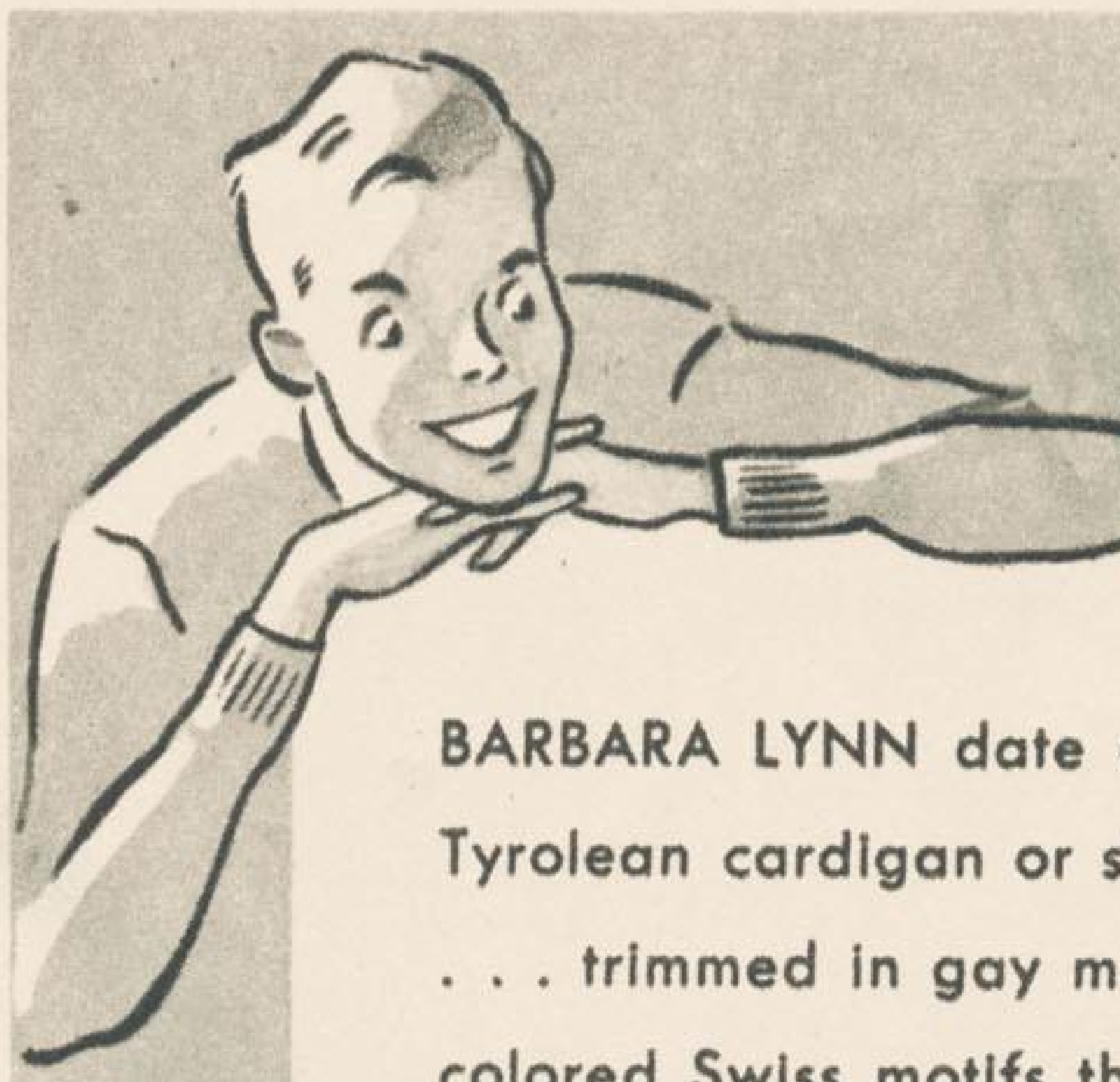

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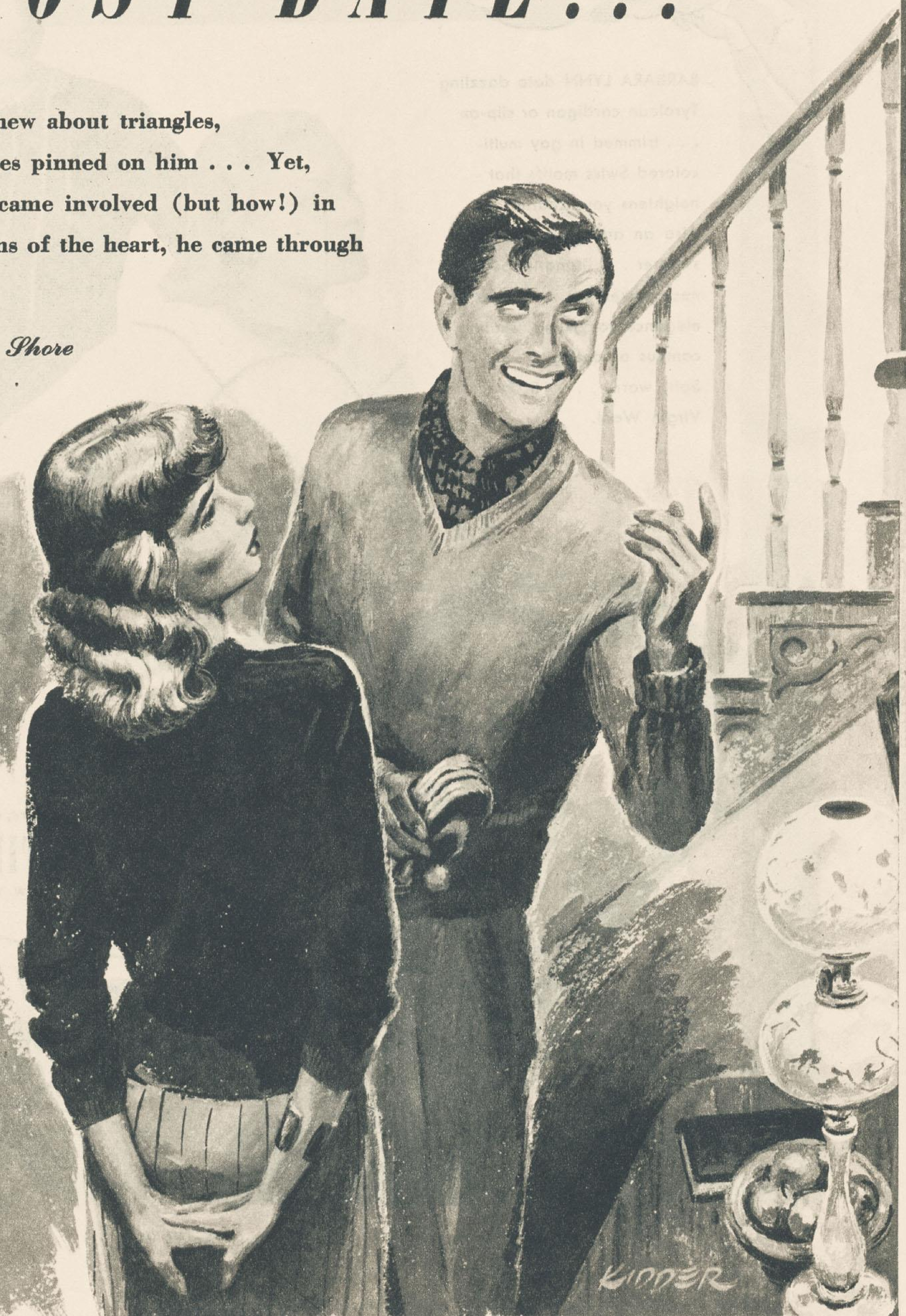
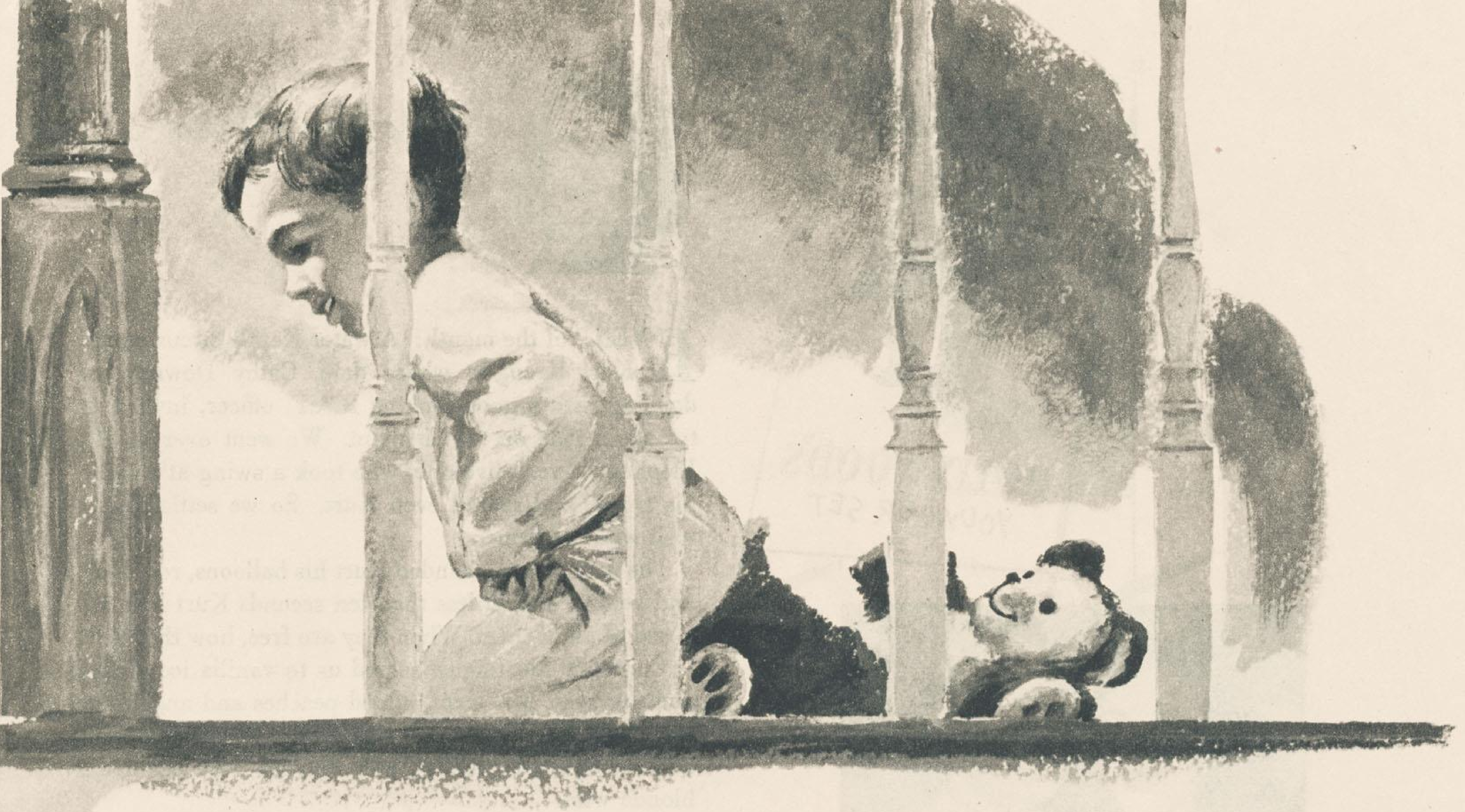
LOST DATE...

All Chub knew about triangles, were the ones pinned on him . . . Yet, when he became involved (but how!) in complications of the heart, he came through like a *man!*

by Maxine Shore





"Hi, man," said Chub loudly, at the top of the stairs. Kerry pivoted, goggled upward. "Hi yourself, Butch!"

PHILIPPA EVANS was all ready to leave when the telephone jangled. It wouldn't be for her, of course. Indifferently she picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" Her gray eyes widened. "Yes." Her hands gripped the receiver. "Yes, this is her—I mean she. Flip Evans speaking."

The voice that came over the wire went through her like a pleasant electric shock. Kerry Packard's! Why, he was star quarterback of the football team, practically the leader of the Mayville High crowd. Calling *her!*

It was happening at last, the way she'd dreamed all these weeks. The opening wedge.

Then she told herself sensibly to be calm. Probably he just wanted to know the history assignment for tomorrow.

Confidently, his voice came over the wire. What was he saying? "Did you say a—a skating party?" she stammered. "Oh, I'd just love to! When?" Her voice faded. "You mean tonight—right now—as soon as I can get ready? Oh, I thought—well, you see, I have something else on, sort of. Oh, of course I'd rather go with you, only—well, maybe I can get out of this other thing. I'll call you back in a few minutes. Roger! 'Bye!"

She whirled from the phone, cheeks flushed, eyes glowing. In the livingroom, her father had lowered the evening paper, regarded her questioningly.

"Where's the phone book?" she cried wildly. "Where's—"

"Right on the shelf where it's always been," replied Mr. Evans drily. "What do you want it for?" He looked at his watch. "It's getting late, Flip."

"I know," she wailed. "I've got to call right away."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Jordan—to tell her I can't sit with Chub tonight."

He lifted surprised eyebrows. "Can't you? I thought you'd promised Mrs. Jordan a week ago—"

"Well—yes," said Flip. "But someone just called me for a date. Kerry Packard—practically the cutest boy in school."

She flung the directory open, found the J's. Her index finger trembled down the list of names. There it was, finally. Jordan, Allan C. Cherry 4680.

One shaky finger was poking the C on the dial when her father spoke again. "This young man called you only a few minutes ago?"

"Well, yes, but—" She flung curly auburn hair back from her forehead rebelliously, finished dialing C, then H—"this is—important, Daddy."

"Mm," he said.

"It isn't as if I were sitting just to make money. I haven't anything special to spend it for, and this skating party sounds like such fun—" Her voice trailed off.

"Maybe Mrs. Jordan's engagement means a great deal to her, too," said Mr. Evans quietly. "Otherwise she probably wouldn't have *(Continued on page 60)*

HOLLYWOOD'S
YOUNGER SET

By May Mann

At home, at work, at play . . . Come on along on the latest doings of your favorite screen stars and starlets . . . as May takes notes for you

EVENT of the month: Atwater Kent's circus party! Kurt Kreuger, whose date, Cathy Downs, was dancing with a good-looking R.A.F. officer, invited us to take a ride on the elephant. We went over to Mr. Elephant, a real, live one, who took a swing at us with his trunk, and scared even Kurt. So we settled for a visit with the camel.

The balloon man handed Kurt his balloons, red, blue, and yellow, and in less than ten seconds Kurt had disposed of all of them. When they are free, how they sell!

Cornel Wilde (sigh) helped us to vanilla ice cream, and our host, Mr. Kent, added peaches and angel-food cake with thick chocolate icing. Mr. Wilde (mmmhh, and a couple of swoons) was with his very beauteous blonde wife.

The Circus Band played, and there were peanuts and hot dogs and clowns all over the place.

On the way home, we stopped at the Mocambo, where only the night before we'd been dancing with Ivan Kirov. Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell were a cute couple on the dance floor. Recently, I had seen Bob with Lana Turner at Cobina Wright's and Arthur Little, Jr.'s parties.

I also saw Errol Flynn and his Nora, Marilyn Maxwell with Peter Lawford, and Shirley Temple dancing with John Agar. Outside I found some fifty fans waiting to see the stars.

Did you hear that Peggy Cummins, who lost the lead in "Forever Amber" to Linda Darnell, sent telegraph congrats to Linda? Wasn't that nice?

The telephone rings: Cute Cathy Downs calling. Personally, we think her favorite date is Rory Calhoun. And we think Rory's favorite date is Cathy. We had a fine chat with Rory at Dick Byron's party. It was plenty exciting going to a garden party given by such a nice boy and clever actor as Dick. And super to find Adele Mara, Suzi Crandall, Audrey Totter, and so many of the younger set all there having a grand time.

Dick, who returned to Broadway for the fall season after two weeks of steady-dating Adele Mara here, introduced his mother. We devoured fried chicken, salad, spaghetti, and meat balls. Best of all, to our way of thinking, were the really terrific dishes of chocolate and black walnut ice cream with huge servings of angel cake.

Rory Calhoun and a few of the boys took a midnight swim in the pool, while some of us shivered slightly at their bravado.

The Prexy of Peter Lawford's Fan Club, Eleanor Cohen, telephoned, all breathless, because Peter had invited her and her school chum to visit the sets and have lunch with him at MGM the very next day! We'd be breathless, too—wouldn't you?

Eleanor Parker's fans keep asking us to write something about her. The good news is that she's going to star in the lavish Warner Brothers musical production, "Live and Learn."

Nancy Guild has conducted quite a press campaign to teach people that her name "rhymes with wild." By the way, she's lost ten pounds, by forgetting to eat chocolate cake. But how can a girl forget *that?*

Saw Alan Ladd and his Sue at a premiere, and honestly, he received more applause than anyone, even Van Johnson, Frankie Sinatra, and Peter Lawford, who came as a threesome.

The fans are busy out here on the west coast. All of a sudden everyone's painting banners with the names of stars and holding them up on the premiere lines for the favorites. Van's club-members had five signs for him saying "VAN—LOVER BOY" and "HELLO VAN" and so forth. When Peter Lawford's fans discovered they had only three signs to Van's five, they raced to the corner drugstore and dreamed up some more with wrapping paper and green ink.

Cleatus Caldwell is one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, my boy friend decided, after meeting her at this party. We agree. After her film debut for Charles "Buddy" Rogers, she'll make pictures at Universal. Only a couple of years ago, Cleatus was a student at Hollywood (*Continued on page* 67)

Kurt Kreuger is astonished. Cathy Downs is charming. Both are dancing. The occasion was a dinner date at Ciro's.

Ivan Kirov, adventuring into a Hollywood night club, takes May Mann for a smooth twirl around the floor.

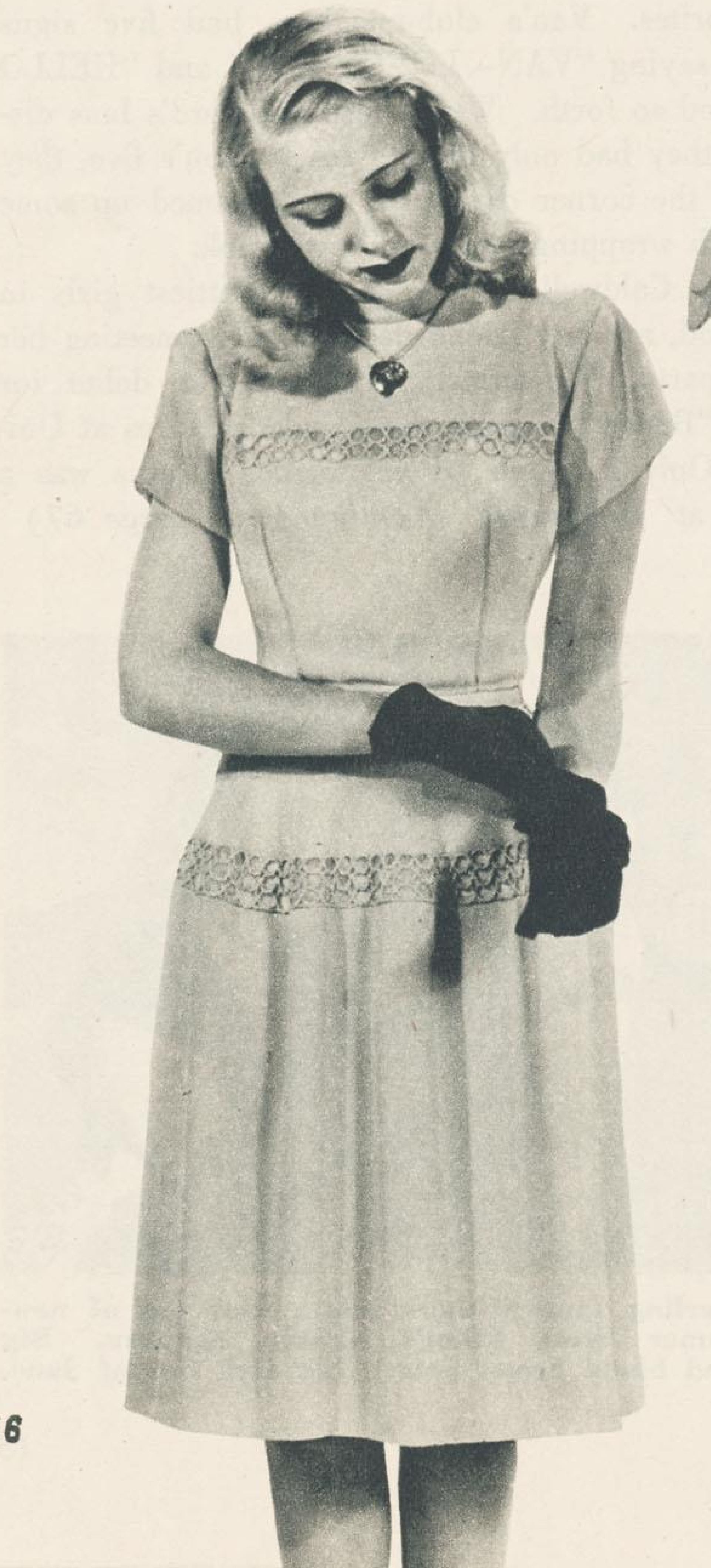
Holding hands à la mode—and reading across in the usual fashion: Ross Hunter, Marilyn Maxwell, Russell Arms, Adele Mara at the Mocambo.

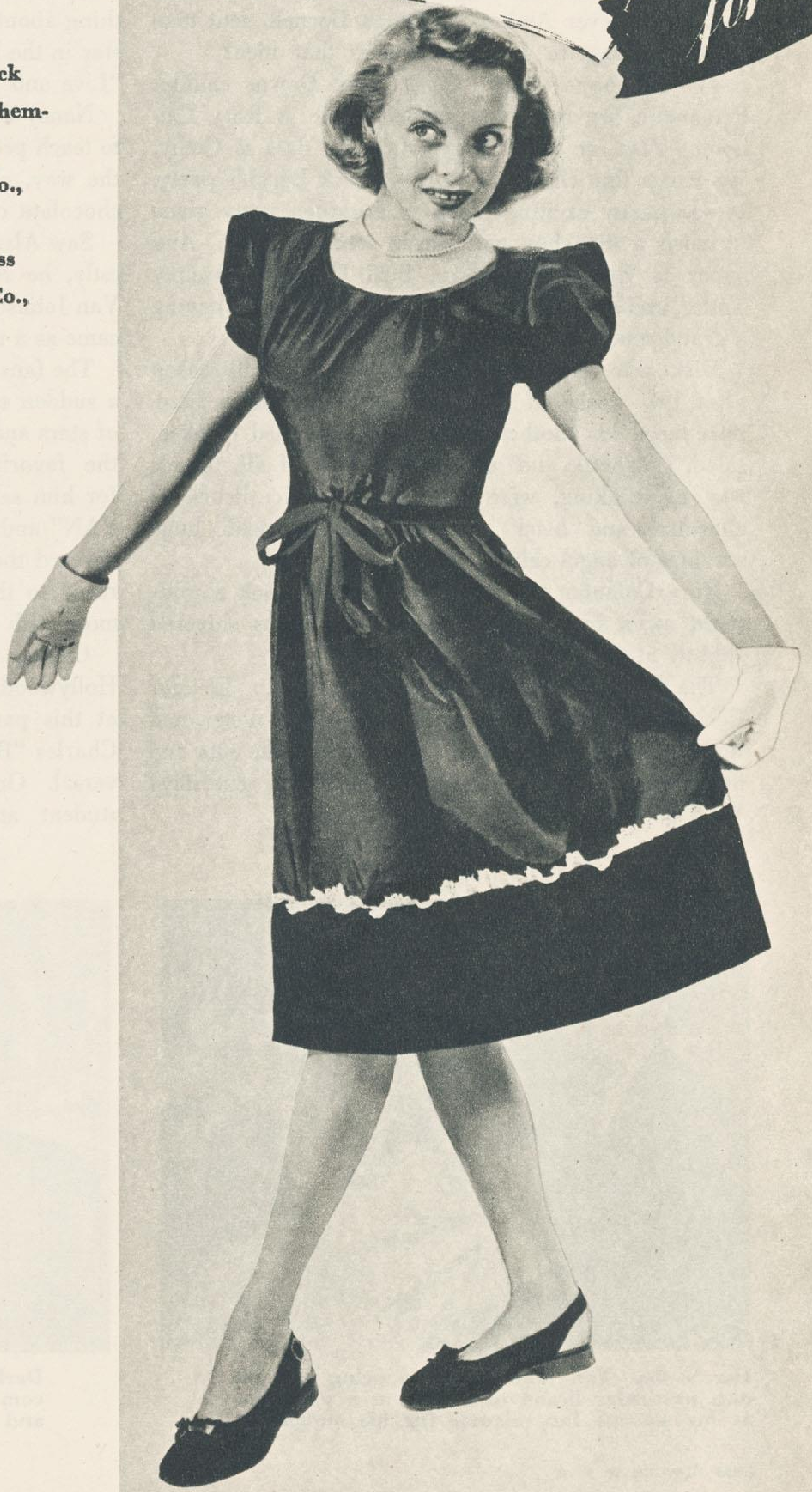
Here's that Van Man again, pouring out his own particular brand of charm at a premiere, as his teenage fans clamor for his autograph.

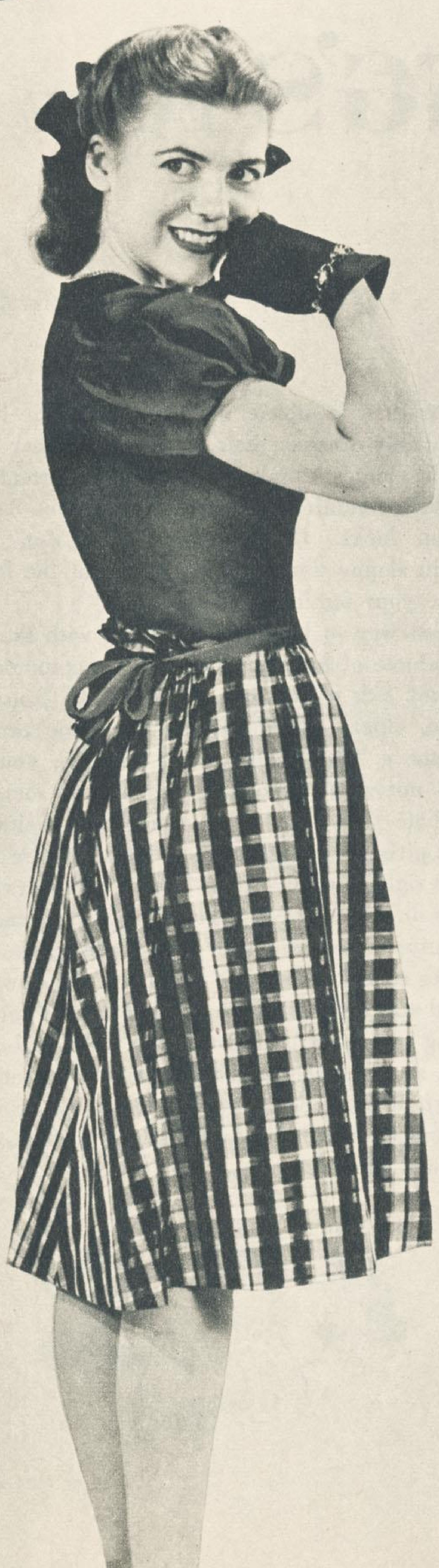
Darling Jane Withers gets a kick out of newcomer Scott Elliot's napkin chapeau. Big and blond Scotty gets a big kick out of Jane.

I'm getting a new dress for Christmas

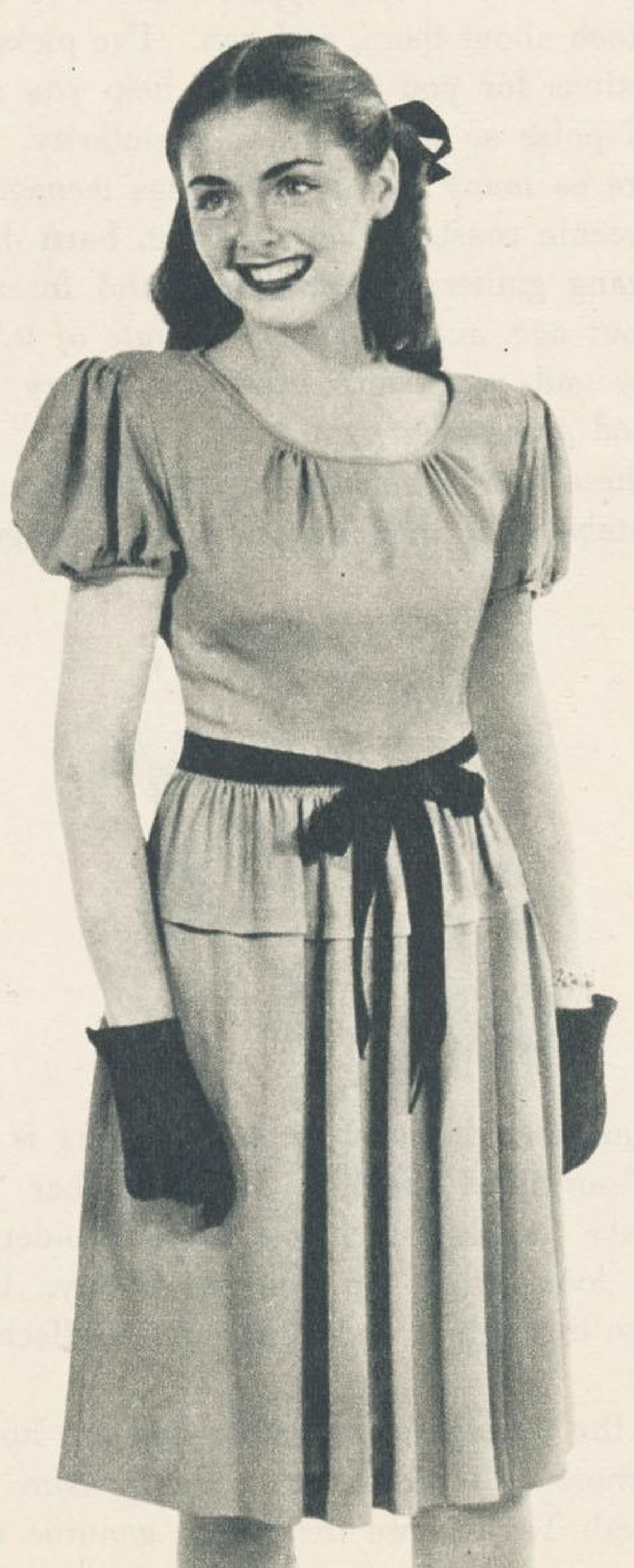
No lack of partners **for the girl who whirls in Safian's crisp black faille, with white eyelet frosting the velvet hemline. 7-15. About $17. Mary Lewis, N. Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; May Co., Los Angeles. *Peekaboo lattice work* adds dainty charm to this pastel rayon crepe dress by Irwin Junior. 9-15. About $20. Best & Co., N. Y.; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.**







Go tea-dancing **all through gala holidays, in this Park Dress of rustly plaid taffeta, topped with black velvet and backed with a wee bustle. 9-15. About $17. Franklin Simon, N. Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. *Datetime delectable* in rayon crepe, with Juliet neckline and puffed sleeves. Safian dress in black, or a vivid jewel tone. 7-15. About $16. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; May Co., Los Angeles; Halle Bros., Cleveland.**



QUEEN TO A KING'S TASTE

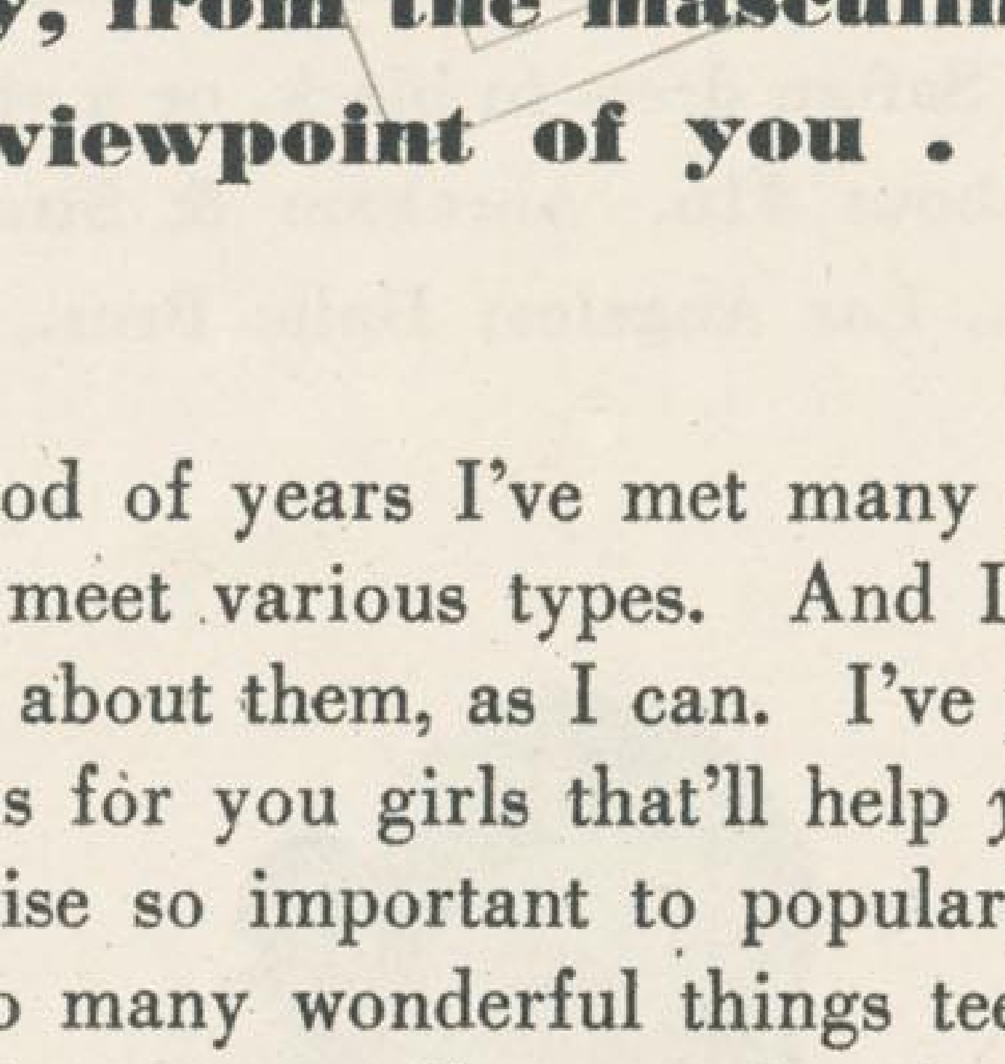
Words to the wise on popularity, from the masculine viewpoint of you . . .

By Ted Peckham

Over a period of years I've met many people. In business, you meet various types. And I've tried to learn as much about them, as I can. I've picked up a few suggestions for you girls that'll help *you* acquire that casual poise so important to popularity.

There are so many wonderful things teenagers can do—like weenie roasts, roller coasting, barn dancing, and just gang gatherings. So, first and foremost, I say "Be your age, and love *every minute of it.*" You have years and years ahead of you to try all the sophisticated amusement stuff.

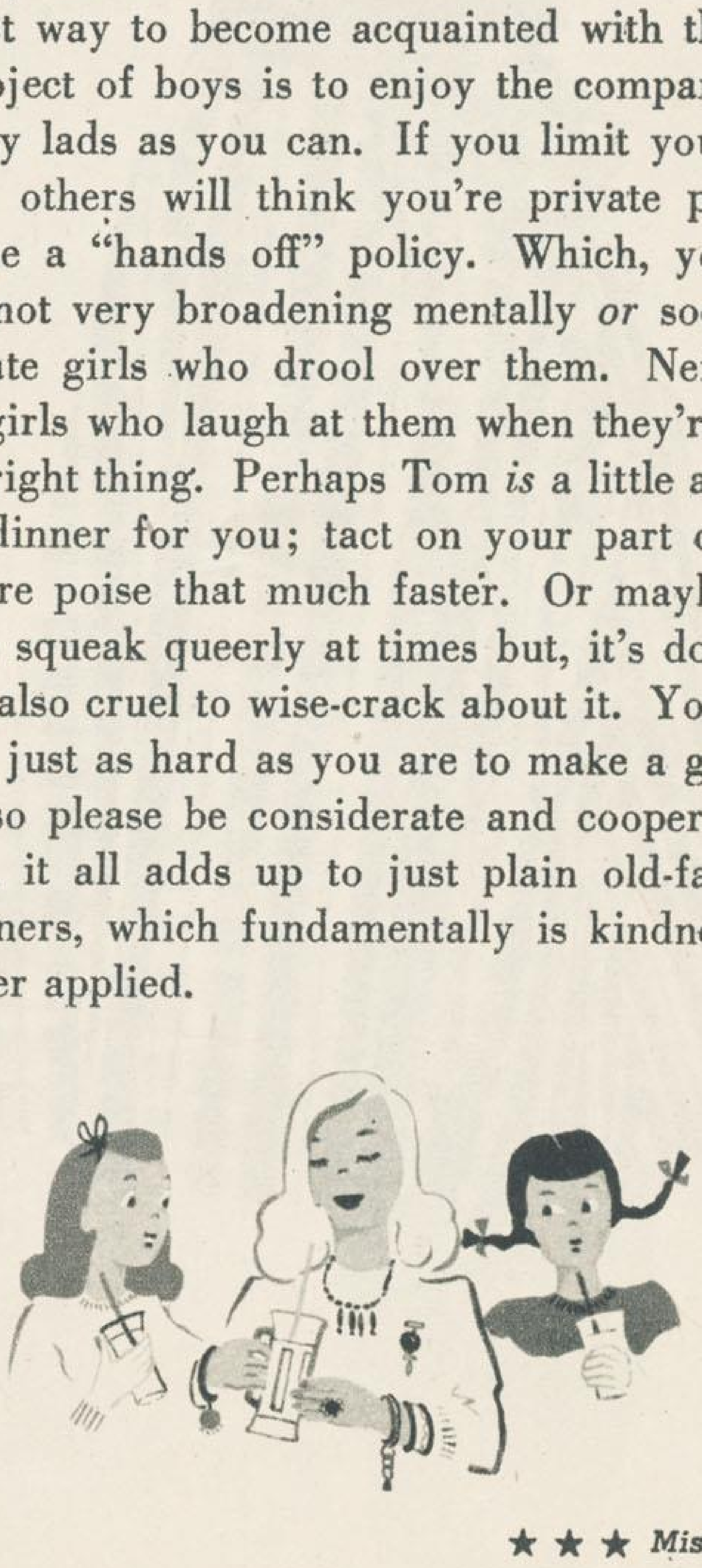
Along these lines, be natural. I've asked hundreds of boys lately what they like most in teenage girls. They told me that the most important thing is a teenager's well-scrubbed, healthy look and her natural air. So leave the siren-girl role to your older sister. On her, it looks fine. On you, its phony. Besides, the boys see through it and class you as affected and insincere.



Look at the teenage screen stars and see how they make the most of their charms. Peggy Ann Garner and Elizabeth Taylor owe their very genuine teenage appeal to their complete naturalness. Their hair is always plainly dressed, their faces immaculately clean, and their clothes simply cut. Most important, they always look feminine. So remember—don't be fussy with your looks. On the other hand, don't stand around in sloppy dungarees, if you want the boys to recognize your feminine charms.

The best way to become acquainted with the fascinating subject of boys is to enjoy the companionship of as many lads as you can. If you limit yourself to one beau, others will think you're private property, and pursue a "hands off" policy. Which, you must admit, is not very broadening mentally *or* socially.

Boys hate girls who drool over them. Neither do they like girls who laugh at them when they're trying to do the right thing. Perhaps Tom *is* a little awkward ordering dinner for you; tact on your part can help him acquire poise that much faster. Or maybe Jim's voice does squeak queerly at times but, it's downright rude, and also cruel to wise-crack about it. Your dates are trying just as hard as you are to make a good impression, so please be considerate and cooperate. On your part, it all adds up to just plain old-fashioned good manners, which fundamentally is kindness with brain-power applied.



Boys are a little afraid of self-conscious girls. But you can overcome your self-consciousness by talking about subjects you really know. Don't do all the talking, of course. If you do, you'll overpower your date with your braininess. If you're not a good talker, be a good "asker." And be sure you show you're terribly impressed with his answers by really listening to them, with both ears.

Now, let's get some disagreeable "Don'ts" out of the way (these rate high on boys' lists of dislikes):

Don't be a bad sport. This covers a good deal of territory. If the gang decides to go to the beach don't veto the motion. Even though you may not be a mermaid, or have the legs of a bathing beauty, remember, you're with your favorite crowd, and that's what's most important to you.

Don't go in for black evening dresses. (Looks as if your mother was right on this.)

Don't be a pancake coquette. Save the makeup for your high school play.

Don't weigh yourself down with tons of clinking jewelry. One unpretentious pin, flower, or ribbon in your hair looks better than gaudy rhinestones.

Don't be catty about other girls. Boys soon discover that girls who continually talk about others, are really trying to cover up some failing of their own.

Now for our most important "Do's":

Do learn a few popular sports. Tennis, golf and swimming are good bets. You don't have to be a super-athlete to do them. In fact, most boys don't want a girl to be so expert she makes them look silly on the tennis court or in the pool.

Do be a pal—not a moonstruck damsel. Confidentially, that scares the boys out of ten years' growth.

Do stick to boys your own age or a year or two older. They're much more fun than older fellows, and they'll stay with you for years to come, too.

Do be available, but don't feel or act hurt if all the boys don't ask you for nightly dates. The finances or school work of some may not allow it.

Do be subtle, if you want to be popular. No phoning or asking leading questions. But of course it's all right to say, "How about coming over this Friday? A few of the crowd are coming in." And don't forget to name the time you expect your guests.

Do be prompt, yourself. Promptness flatters your date, because you show him how glad you are to see him, if you're ready when he calls.

Do let him suggest the movie. Maybe he'll choose it only because it fits his allowance, but be sure you're enthusiastic, anyway. Even if he suggests a walk to the corner drugstore, take him up on it with a bounding spirit of adventure.

I'm sure I don't need to tell you, either, to be interested in books, vocations and world events. They're *so* exciting now, aren't they? And they give you so much to talk about. Your favorite boy probably knows already which profession he's going to follow. So do a little extra research on his subject—just enough to ask him leading questions on his future.

Now let's sum up the tricks of being popular with the boys. Be natural and neat. Take the people about you seriously, but *don't* be too serious about yourself. After all, a few freckles or extra pounds aren't major tragedies. You see, the hand-holding wiles of the horseless carriage days, when every girl was treated like a fragile, painted tea-cup, are out of date. Boys now are far more fascinated by your being a good pal, ready and able for happy, wholesome good times.

Henrietta didn't like the stiff old-fashioned dress she had to wear, or the wise old owl, either, until . . .

"GRAMPS, come tie this ribbon for me. I can't reach the tree-top." Henrietta's voice squeaked as she stretched to reach the topmost branch of the evergreen.

"Comin'." Gramps rose creakily from his chair by the kitchen table. The old barn owl who had been nestling in his lap fluttered to his shoulder.

"Thar she is," the old man said, tying the red ribbon to the top of the little tree and stepping back to survey its Christmas trimmings. The owl blinked in wonder at the strings of walnuts, the bright barberry, and the scraps of rusty tinsel Henrietta had hung.

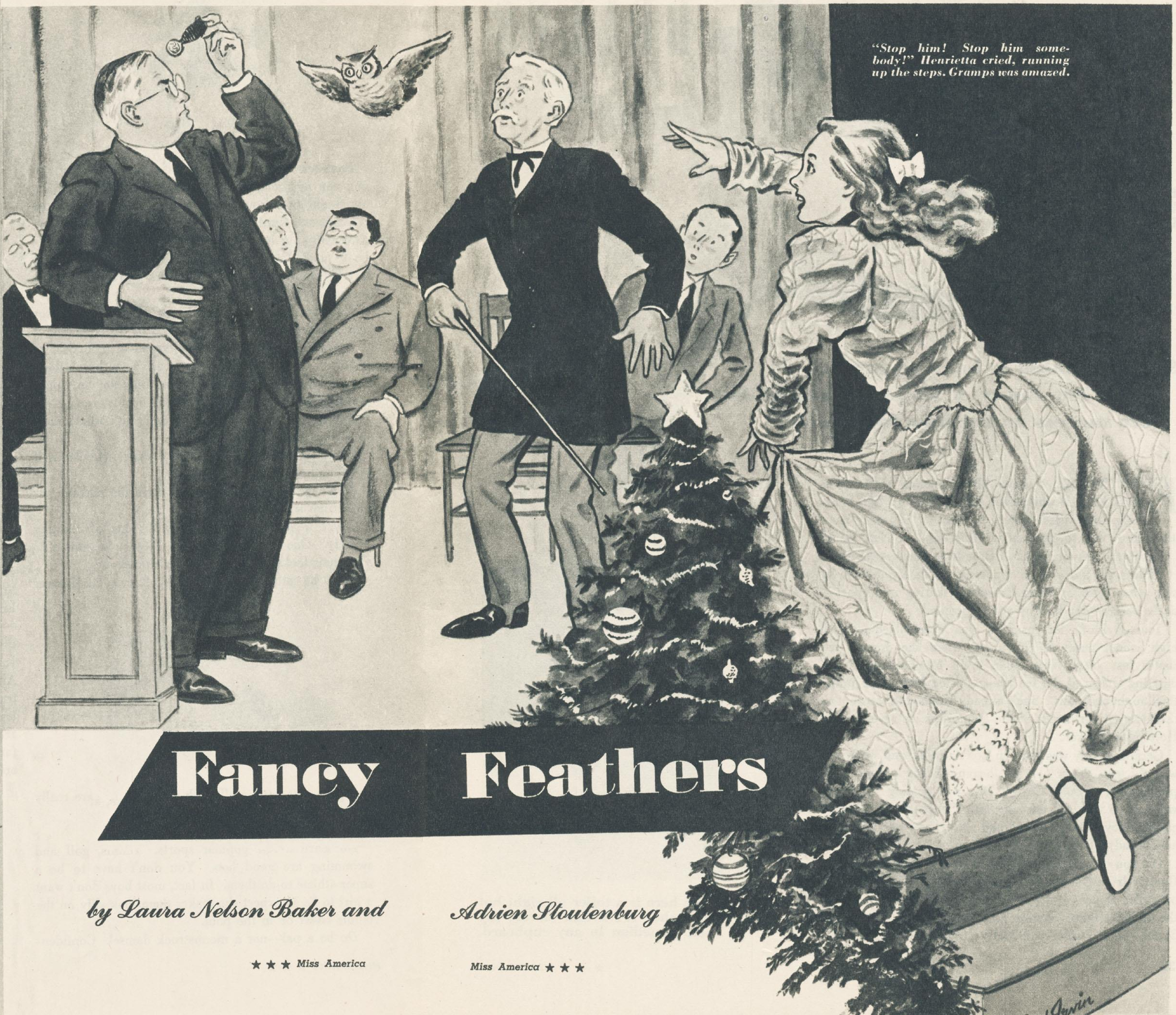
"Purty, ain't it, Oscar?" Gramps asked the owl.

"Trrrrue— trrrrue!" the owl hooted in reply. He was the star boarder in the small hospital where Gramps kept the sick birds and other dumb creatures that the village children brought him. Gramps loved treating their pets; he wouldn't let them pay him for anything but the medicines he bought for the hospital.

"Silly Gramps—all that old owl can do is hoot at our beautiful tree. And you say owls are wise!"

"Well," said Gramps, sinking into his chair, "I guess there's somebody else who's purty wise around here. I hear tell you're goin' to give a speech next week—on Christmas Friday."

(*Continued on page* 64)



"Stop him! Stop him somebody!" Henrietta cried, running up the steps. Gramps was amazed.

Fancy Feathers

by Laura Nelson Baker and Adrien Stoutenburg

★ ★ ★ Miss America

Miss America ★ ★ ★

SCHOOL BELLES on BLADES...

By Bob Ensworth

Babe Voorhis split-jumped out of hospitals after a serious fall, and landed right side up at Iceland.

Show business is hard to crack—but many a teenager has glided into success on her own two skates

EVERYWHERE, teenage Miss America with homework blues is whispering the same wish: "If I could only dodge these history books. . . . If I only knew the fastest way to stardom in Hollywood or New York!

Here's the answer, girls. A Broadway talent scout says: *"There are more teens appearing in ice shows than in any other form of show business.* Skating is a sport—and a career—for healthy young people."

Joan Hyldoft, for instance, was a seventeen-year-old high school pupil in Cincinnati when she donned ice skates last year. Now, Joan is in Manhattan—as the dazzling Queen of the Ice whose daring leaps and jumps thrill night club fans. She's already climbed to stardom as the featured performer of the glamorous ice revue in the Hotel New Yorker.

Geraldine Day was born in Los Angeles, and when she was thirteen years old she began gliding across park ponds there. Soon "Gerry" Day was skating in Hollywood films with the one and only Sonja Henie. But, of course, movie star "Gerry" had grown up—she was now an old lady of sixteen!

Or, you can follow in the skate steps of teen-ager Lois Goeller from Queens Village, Long Island. Lois took off on roller skates, and at the age of fifteen she had won the Roller Figure Skating Championship of the United States. Lana Turner personally

(*Continued on page* 68)

Tillie here is a toiler all right but *not* a she. It's Frank Sawers top shelf comedian in any cupboard.

Two teen troupers—Geraldine Day and Rosemary Clement . . . they've been cross-country with the "Ice Follies".

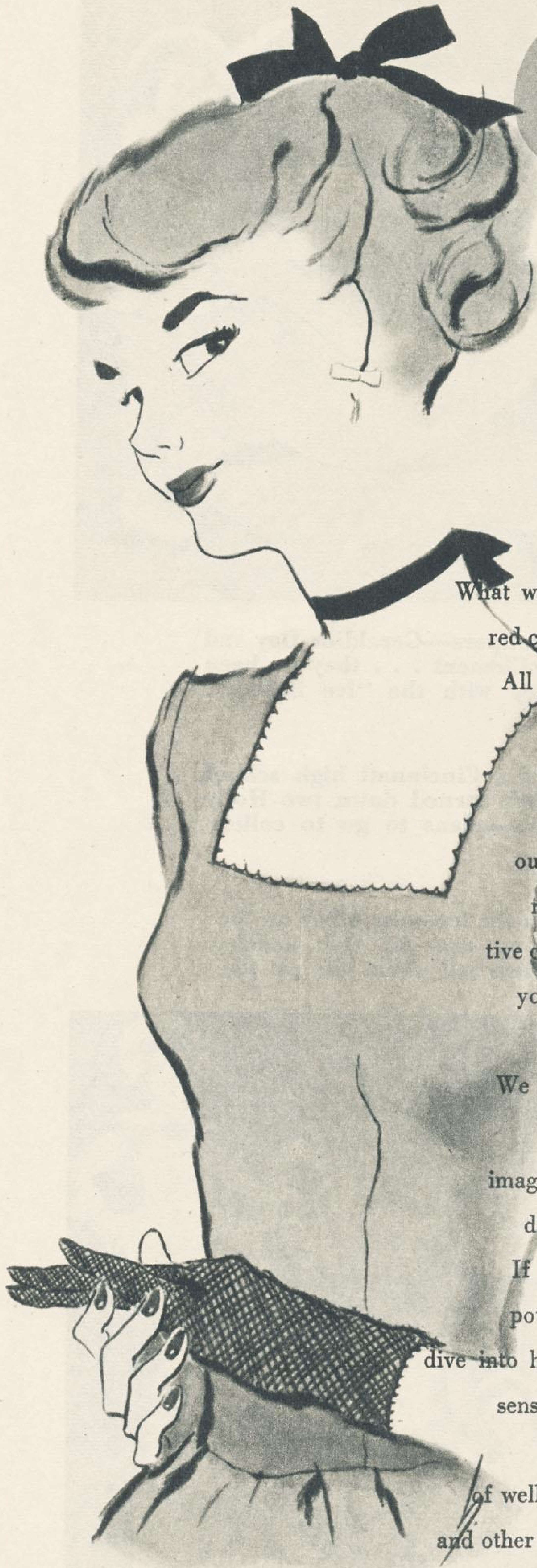
Just out of a Cincinnati high school, Joan Hyldoft turned down two Hollywood offers—plans to go to college.

One foot on the ice—the other on the ladder—going up. In this article, these teensters tell about life on ice.

Party Face

By Deborah de Forest

The dance may be days away, but the time is now . . . For the prettiest party face owes the secret of its success to spartan pre-party planning . . .



What with winter coming on, your calendar must be blooming with big, red circles, each one marking the coming event of a really luscious party. All those blessed little circles are enough to plunge even the most level-minded girl into a giddy daydream. In your mind's eye there's the starry vision of you floating around to music in a cloudy confection of a dress, with swarms of handsome boys quite obviously in a complete fever to find out what's with you for Saturday next. Mentally you muse over an evening that's to be one superlative composite of all the best times you've ever had. The kind of evening your memory will tie up in crisp ribbons and tuck away among your rosiest dreams.

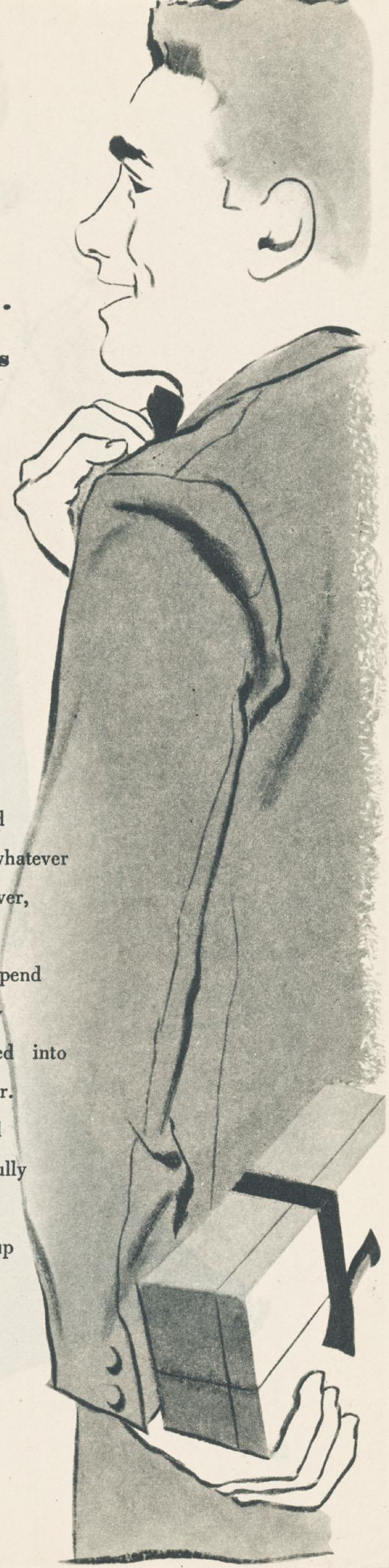
We agree that star-gazing is all very pleasant when you're the star, but it's still a rather hazy approach if you're to look the way your imagination has blueprinted you on the big party-night. Constructive doing is what molds wishes into realization. Like supposing . . .

If it's unavoidably true that you should pare yourself down a few pounds, don't wait until two days before the witching hour and then dive into hysterical starvation. We go on record as life-long foes of such senseless and dangerous methods. Our prescription is immediate cessation of all in-between munching, and a strict regime of well-balanced, one-helping meals. Gravies, gooey and pastried sweets, and other unnecessary and calorie-packed foodstuffs should be conspicuously absent. This is a procedure that is usually quite sufficient for the average pound-shedding session, especially if you help it along with some regular exercise, like gym and long walks. Start all this as of now, and stick to it faithfully every single pre-party day. When gnawing pains snap at you, sip fruit juices instead of malteds, crunch carrots instead of candy bars—and keep your eye on your wee-waist goal.

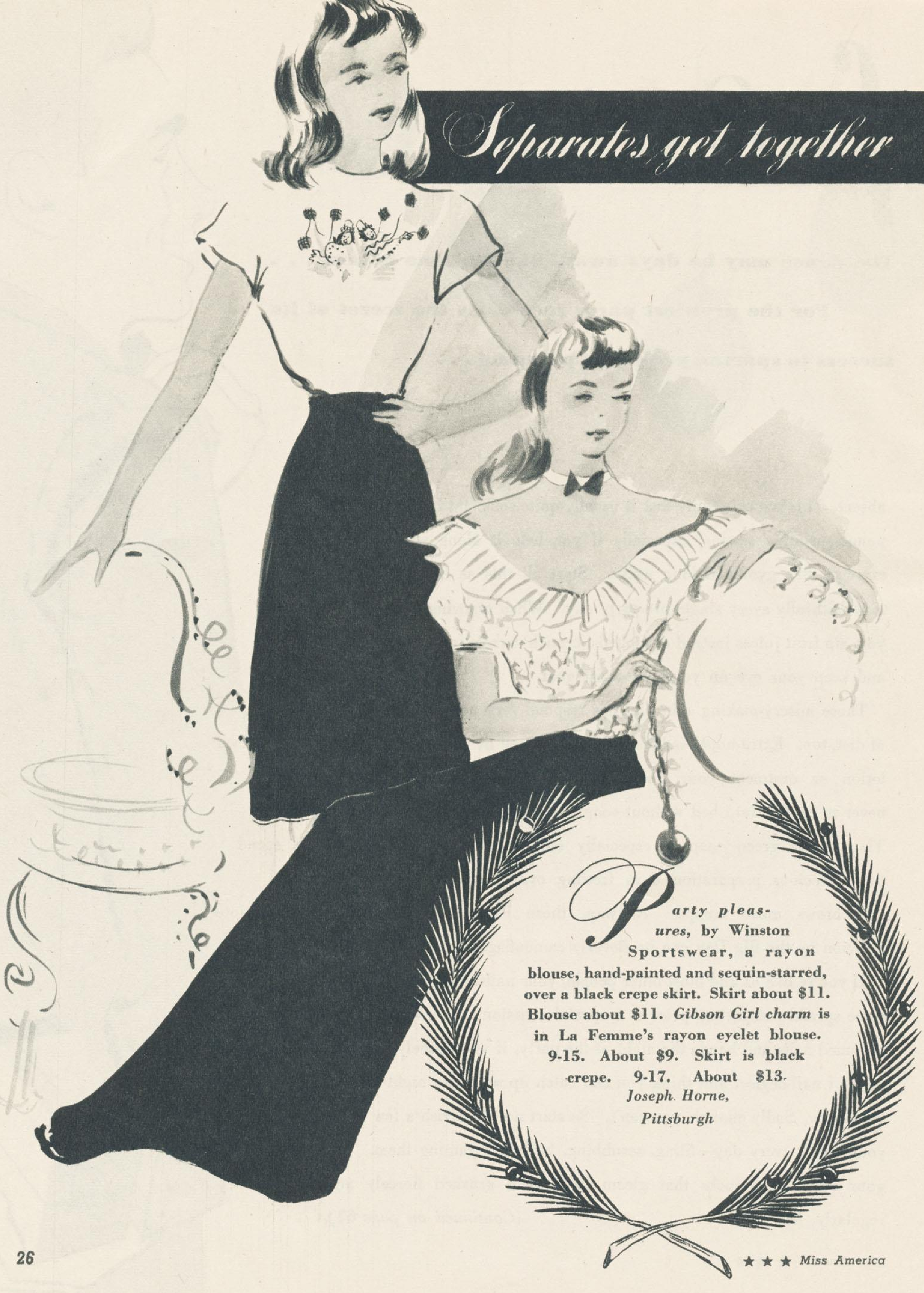
Those misery-making skin blotches respond very appreciatively to this kind of diet, too. Extra-hopeless blossoms are subdued by bedtime applications of whatever lotion or ointment your doctor has advised, and by remembering never, never to tumble into bed without soaping your face to sparkling cleanliness. Tincture of green soap is especially cooperative. Most of all, don't spend these precious preparation days fretting over your bumps, because worry just brews more bumps. Anyway, those blotches which haven't faded into oblivion by the Big Day can be cleverly camouflaged by a thin film of powder.

If you're like us and most other people, your nails and hair can always stand some special pampering, prior to a special occasion. You won't have beautifully groomed nails and hands the night of the party, if you blithely skip through days of nail-neglect and think you can catch up with one night-before, bang-up manicure. Sadly enough, you can't. So start now to lavish a few minutes on your hands every day—filing, scrubbing, buffing, creaming them. Ditto for your hair. The locks that gleam have been brushed fiercely and regularly, because

(Continued on page 67)

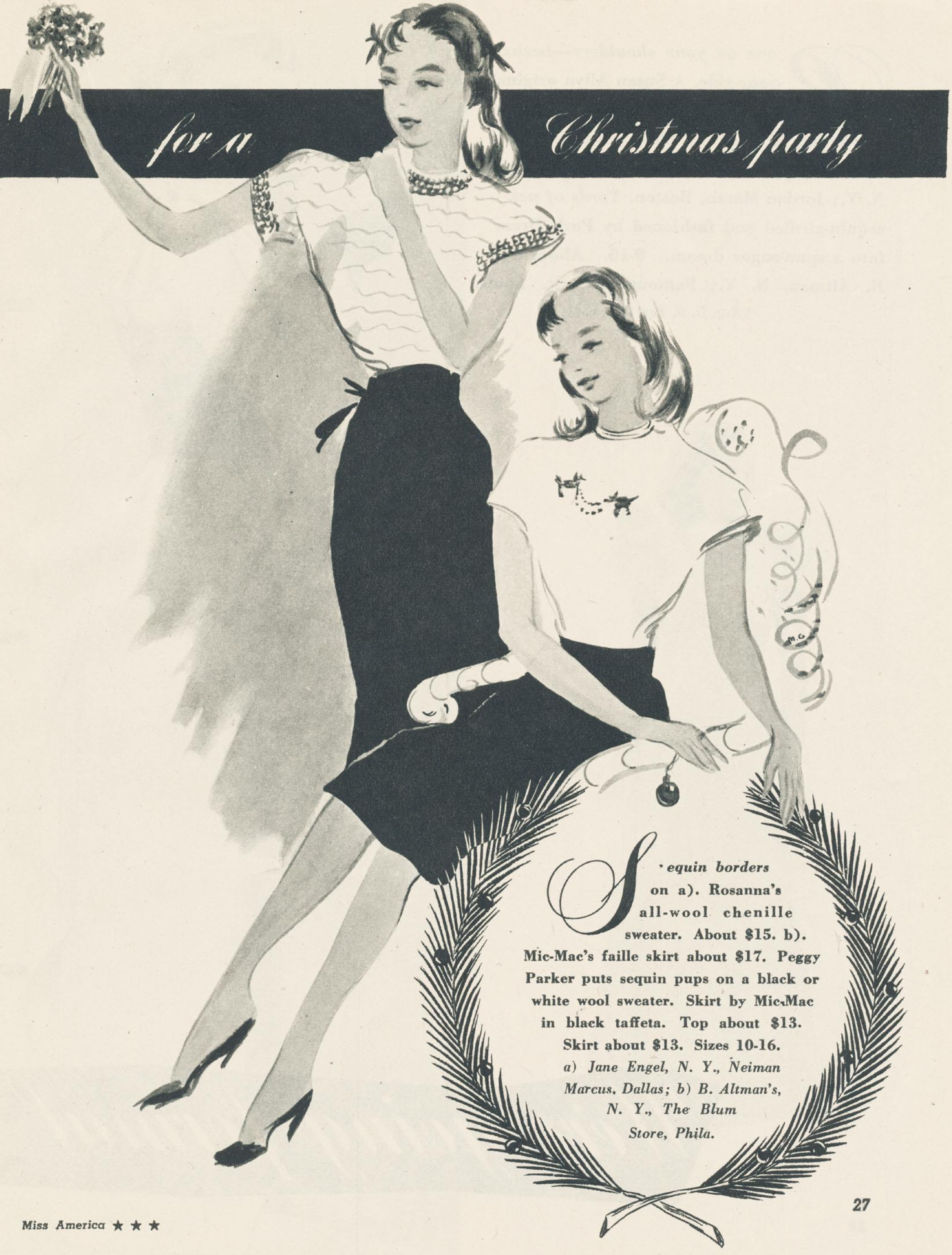


Separates get together for a Christmas party



Party pleasures, by Winston Sportswear, a rayon blouse, hand-painted and sequin-starred, over a black crepe skirt. Skirt about $11. Blouse about $11. *Gibson Girl charm* is in La Femme's rayon eyelet blouse. 9-15. About $9. Skirt is black crepe. 9-17. About $13.

Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh



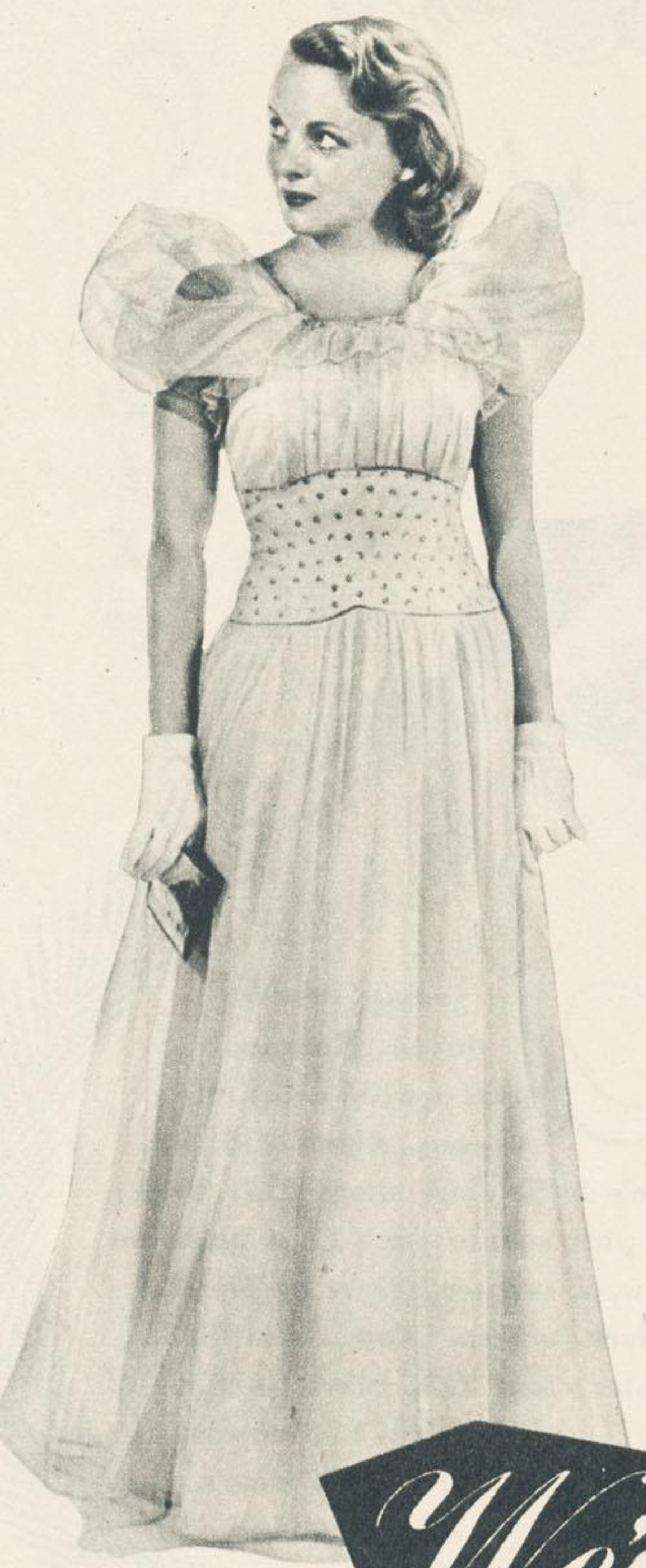
Sequin borders on a). Rosanna's all-wool chenille sweater. About $15. b). Mic-Mac's faille skirt about $17. Peggy Parker puts sequin pups on a black or white wool sweater. Skirt by Mic-Mac in black taffeta. Top about $13. Skirt about $13. Sizes 10-16.

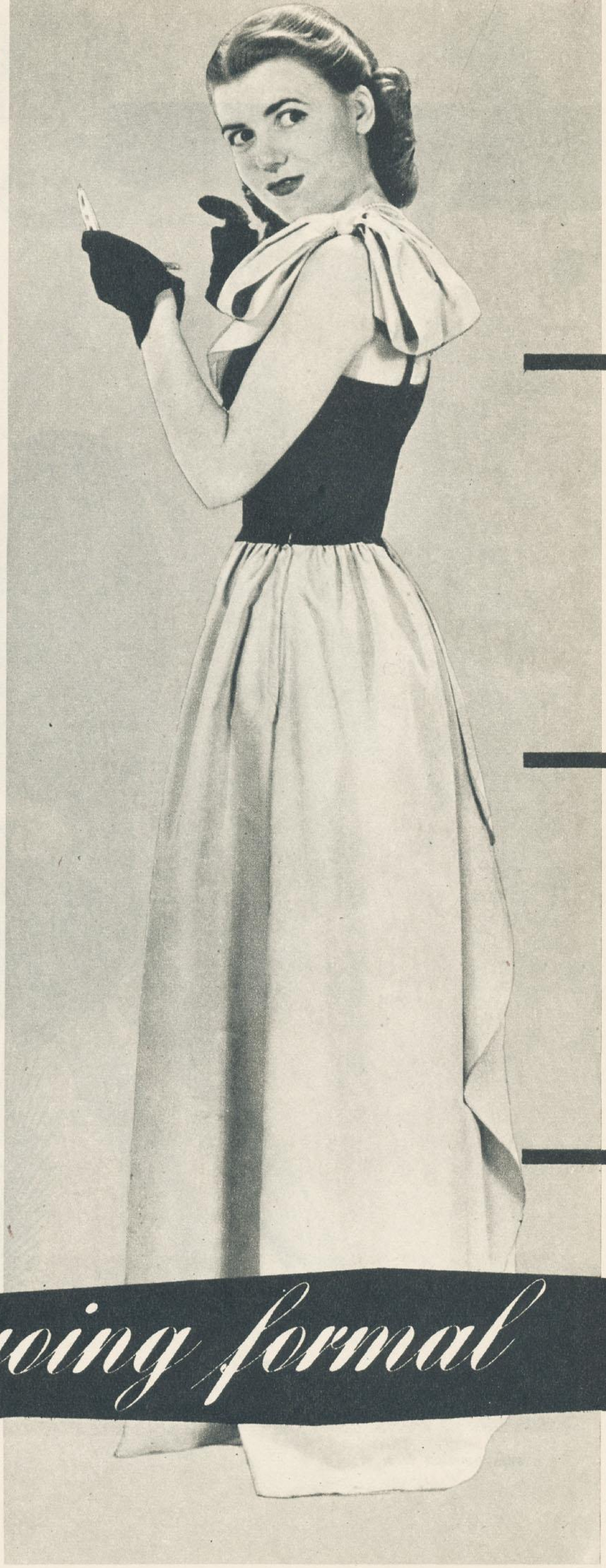
a) Jane Engel, N. Y., Neiman Marcus, Dallas; b) B. Altman's, N. Y., The Blum Store, Phila.

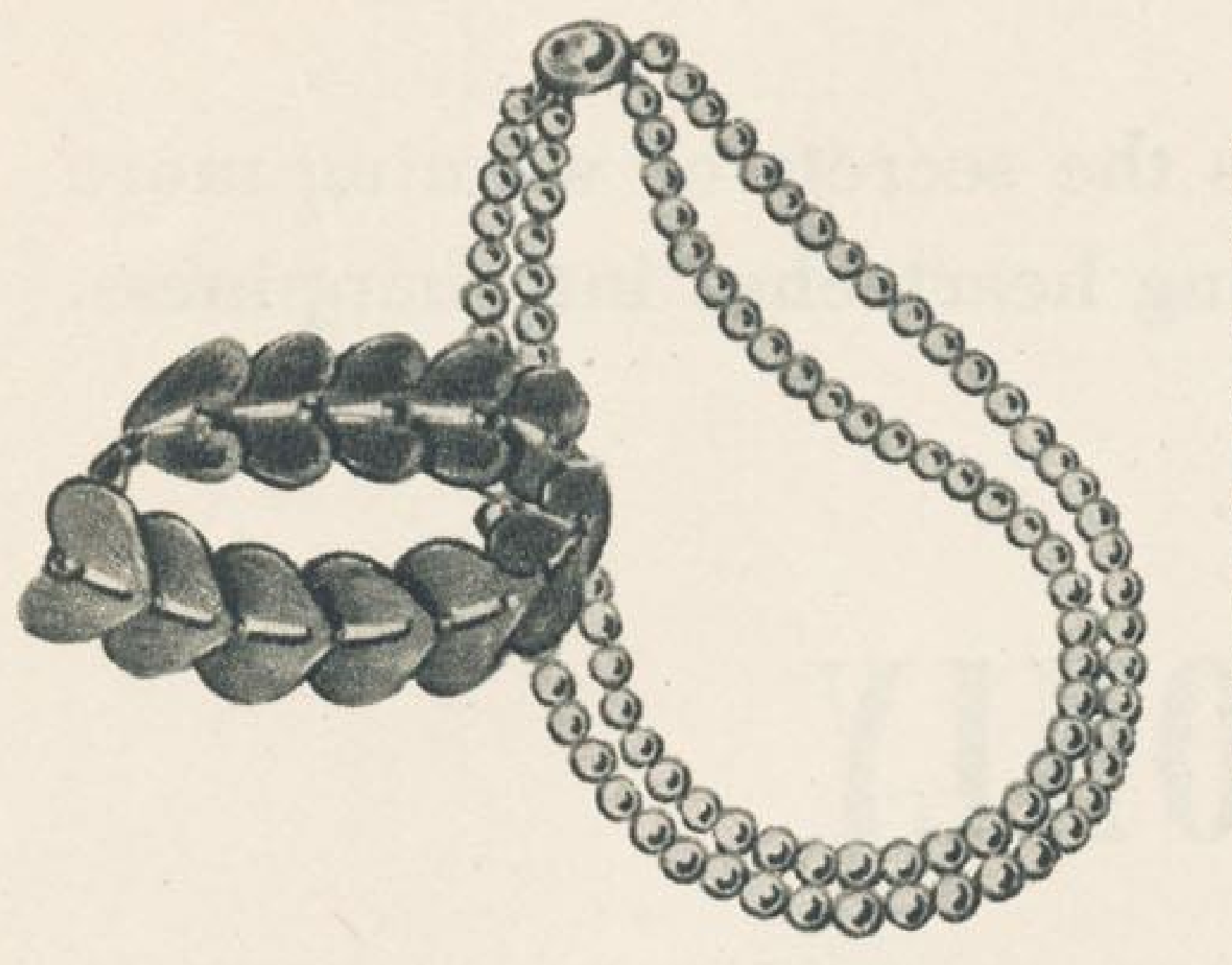
We're going formal tonight

Bows on your shoulders—beaux at your side. A Susan Allyn original combines Hafner's Lastex* yarn and taffeta in blue and black. Behold that back-draping! 10-16. About $20. Jane Engel, N. Y.; Jordan Marsh, Boston. *Yards of net*, sequin-girdled and fashioned by Park Dress into a spun-sugar dream. 9-15. About $23. B. Altman, N. Y.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

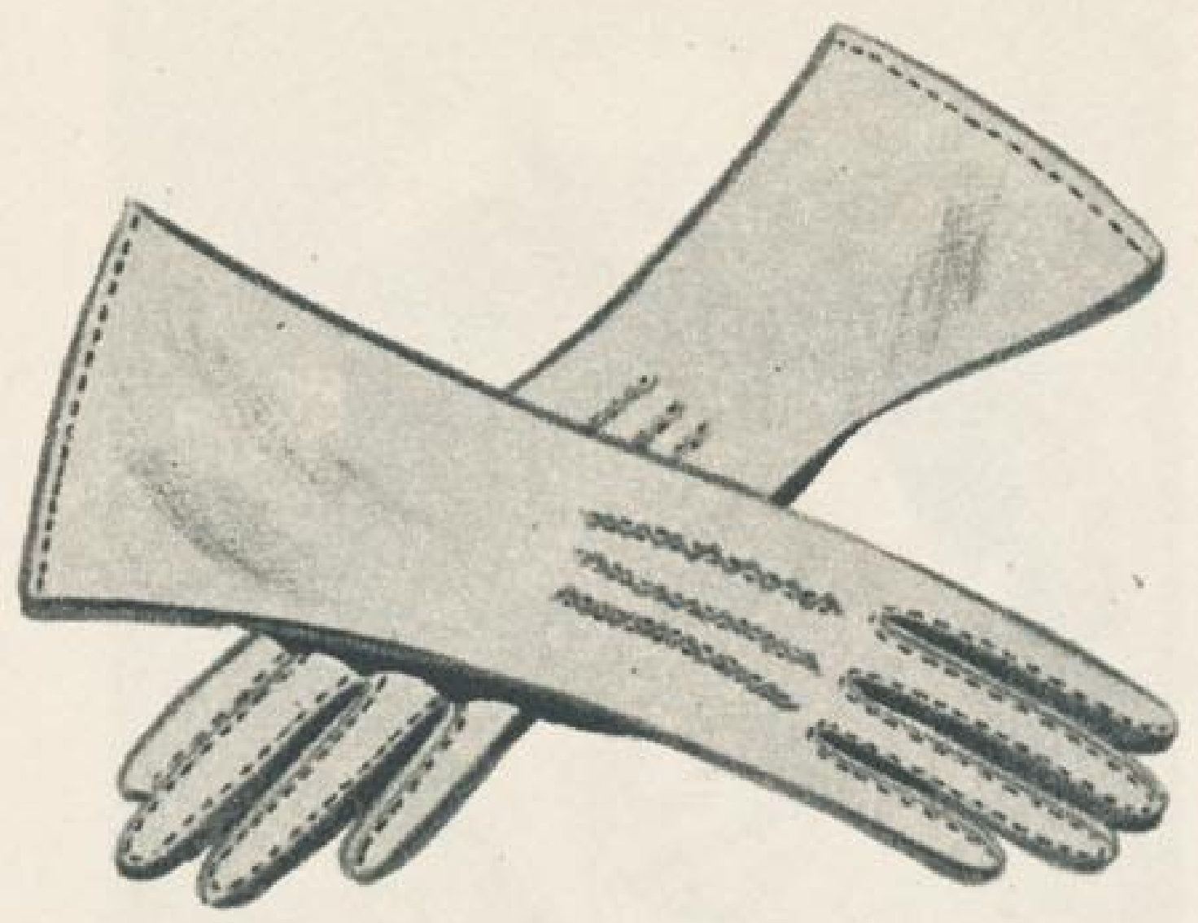
** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

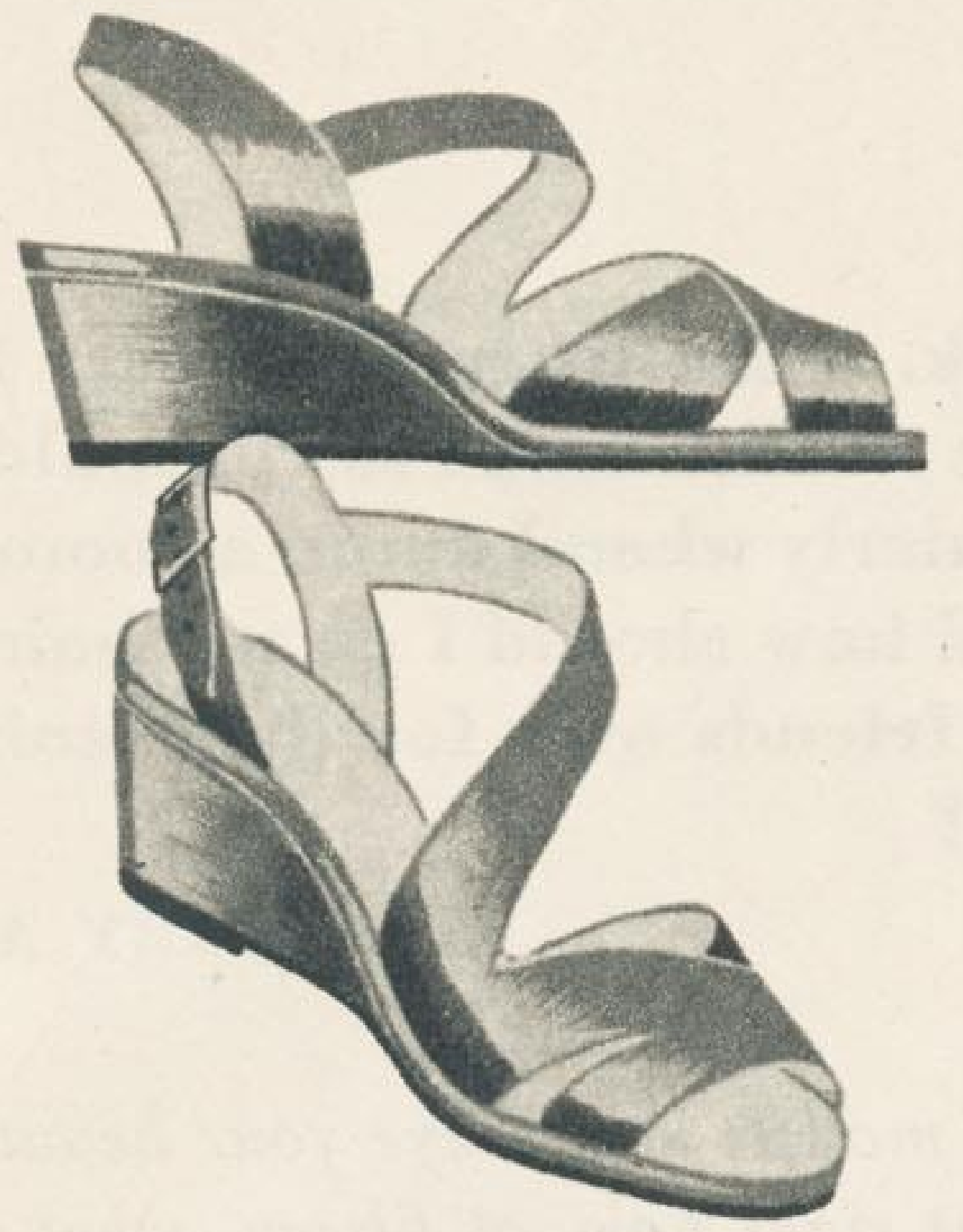




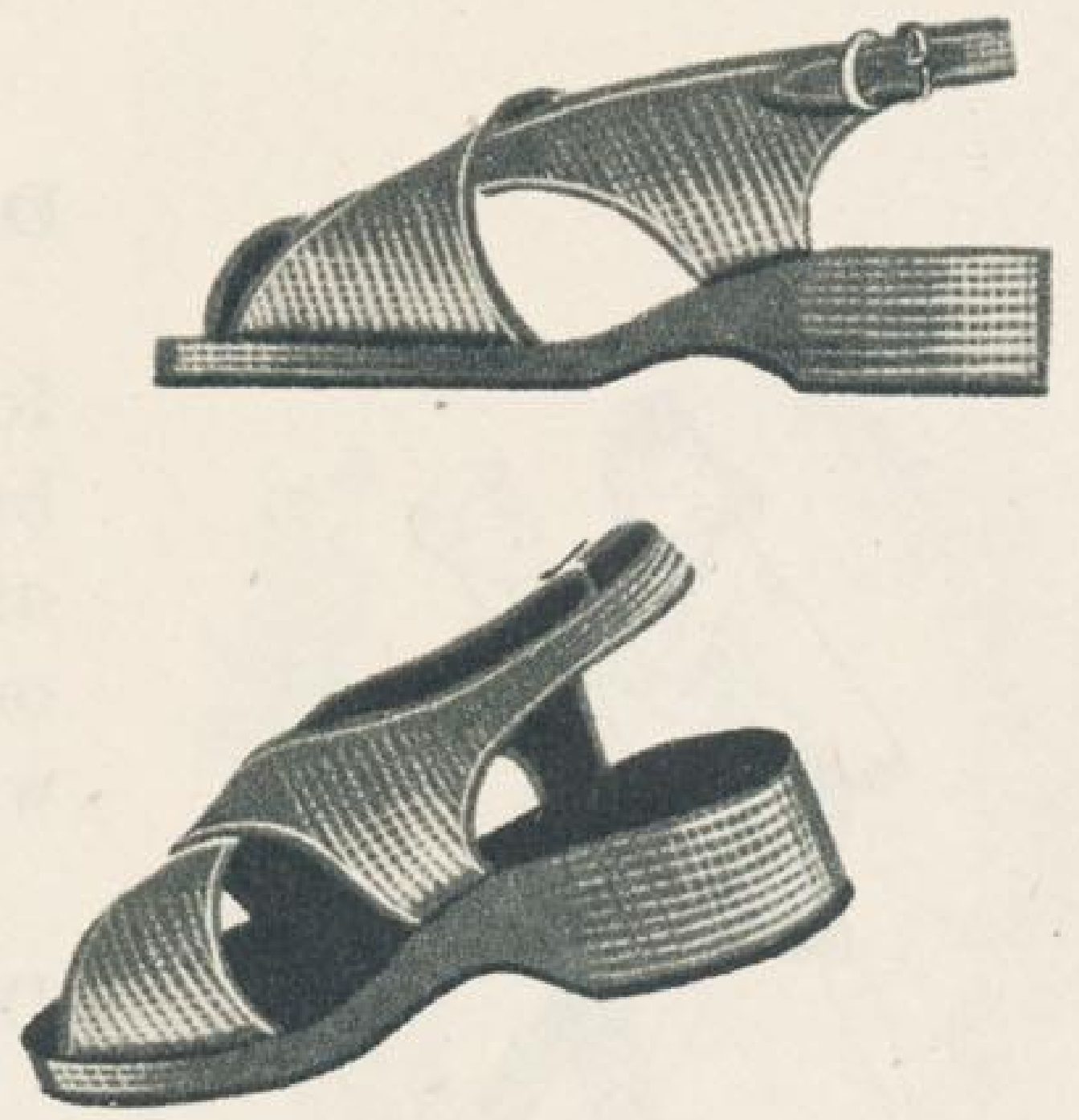


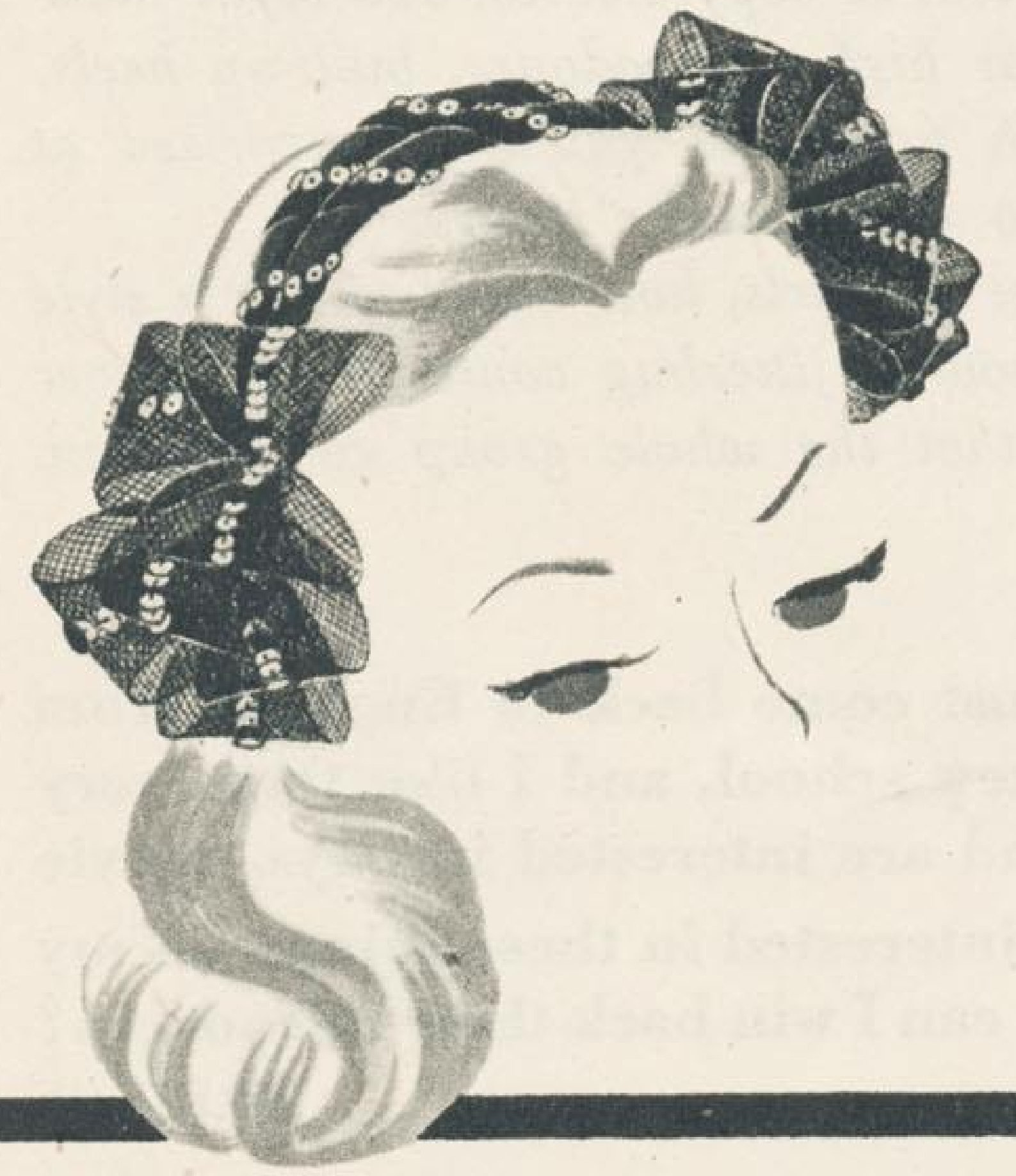
(left) Silver finish heart-to-heart bracelet. About $1*. Dayton Co., Minneapolis. Double strand simulated pink pearls accompanies it. About $2.95*. Pogue's, Cincinnati. Both by D. Lisner. (right) Dawnelle makes the double woven cotton shortie in white for all occasions. About $2. Halle Bros., Cleveland.



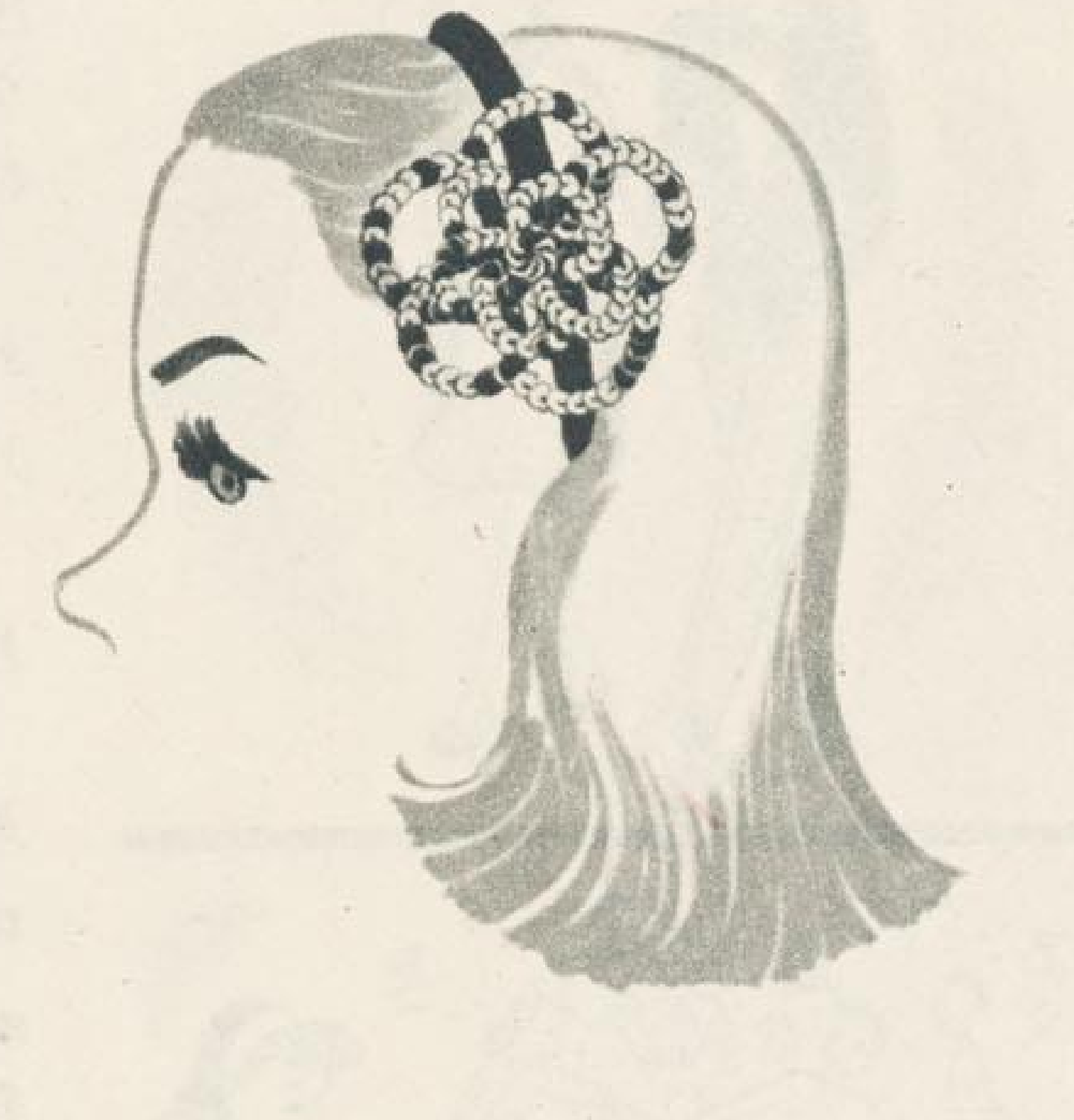


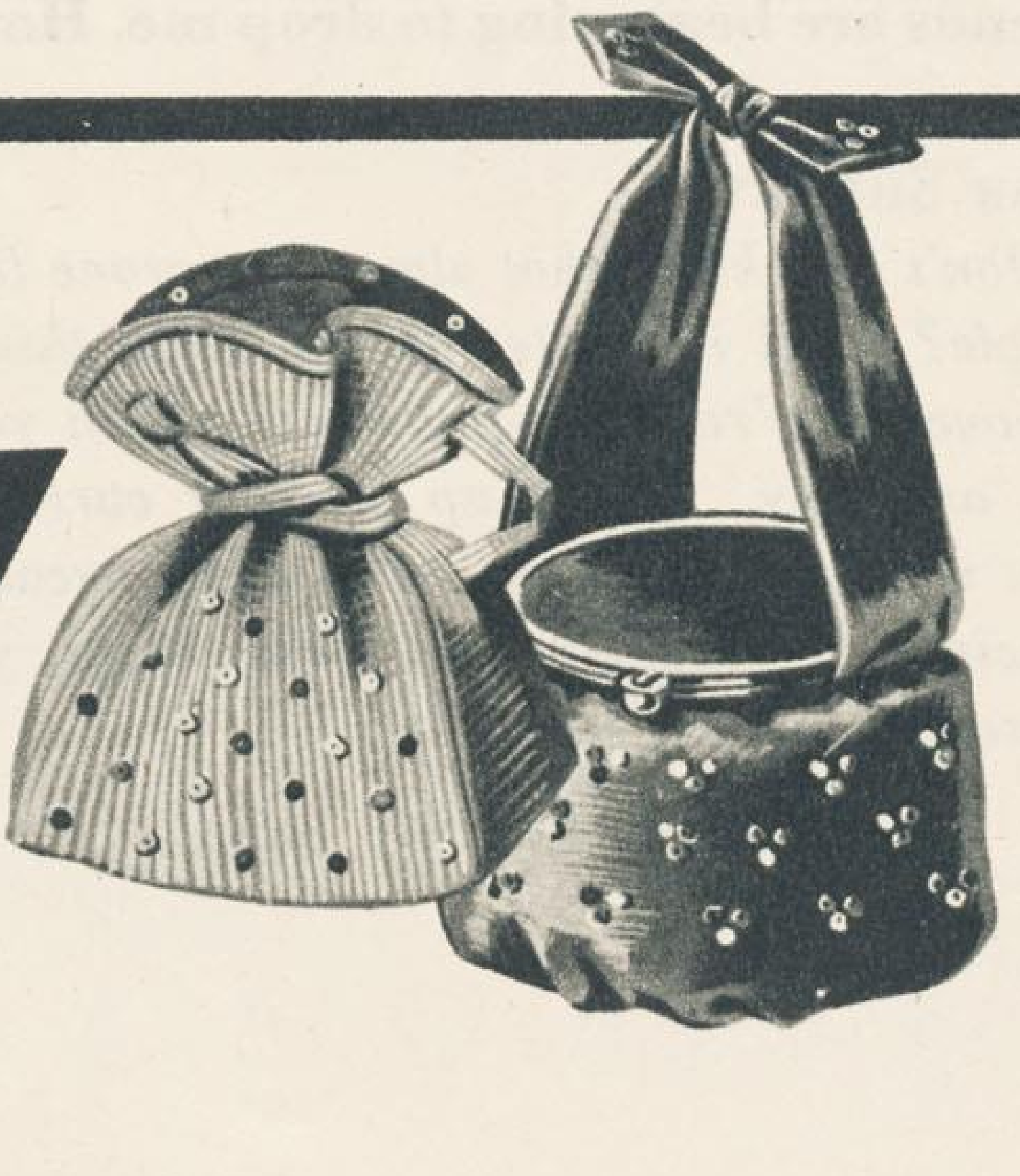
Slippers for dancing feet. The left pair are Oomphies in gold or silver metallic material, wedged for comfort. About $6. Franklin Simon, N. Y.; Filene's, Boston. Right pair are Mercury's silver kid adorable side-swept footnotes. About $12. Hutzler Brothers, Baltimore; Jelleff's, Washington, D. C.





Frame your face with glitter. Velvet head clips by Herman Plaut, bear net and poufs of sequin flowers. (left) Double band with shimmering gold trim. About $4. Emporium, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago. (right) Flower flattery on sides. About $3. Best & Co., New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles.





Fat little pouches, sequin-studded, carry your prinking equipment. Pyramid made them both. The "little pitcher" in assorted metallics. About $3. Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; May Co., Los Angeles. Roomy black satin bag. About $5. B. Altman, New York; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

**Plus Federal Tax*

Our sympathetic star reveals the secrets of winning more and more friends, and turning heartaches into happiness.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

By Laraine Day

Dear Laraine:

I have two questions I would like to ask. I am fifteen and very tall for my age (5′ 9″). My girl friends who are smaller than I say I shouldn't be self-conscious about it, but I am, particularly when I am in a roomful of boys and girls. How should I dress and how should I do my hair in order to look smaller? Also, when I have friends over for the evening, what kind of entertainment should I have?

MARY ANN

DEAR MARY ANN:

I can just imagine how enviously the Powers' models would eye your beautiful 5′ 9″! That's the tip-off, Mary Ann. Figure out right now, at fifteen, what you want to do in life that only tall girls can do. Then capitalize on it.

Next, choose tall movie actresses from whom to copy clothes, hair-style, manner, and walk. You'll find they don't wear high pompadours, built-up heels, or coy pinafores. Be the slick-and-smooth type, and you'll be surprised at the number of boys who will prefer you to your smaller sisters.

As for what to do: if the gathering is just for girls, how about giving a style show? Or if it's a mixed group, how about a jitterbug contest? Whatever you do, organize some game or contest that the whole group can join in.

LARAINE

Dear Laraine:

I am thirteen years old and have just come back to England from America. I have made friends at my new school, and I like them very much. They are about my own age and are interested in boys, movie stars and ballroom dancing. I am not interested in these things, so my friends are beginning to drop me. How can I win back their friendship?

SHIRLEY

DEAR SHIRLEY:

Don't you know that almost everyone likes to describe their interests to other people? Act interested in the same things your friends are, and you'll soon discover they're becoming interested in you. Find out who your school heroes are, and why. Brush up on your current events, too. As for dancing, learn now while the learning's still easy, because you can't go through life without dancing. If you'll do all these things, you'll be the belle of Surrey. That's a promise!

LARAINE

(*Continued on page 62*)

PULL DOWN
U.S MAIL
LETTERS
DELIVERY ZONE 19

OUT OF THE MALEBOX

By Eleanor Hiteshew

The boys tell you the *how* counts more than the *what*, when you're giving and getting Christmas gifts . . .

ANYBODY who lays claim to being even vaguely sane usually, is pretty mad at Christmas. Boys and girls who have scrapped like cats and dogs all year round turn mutually mellow when the season sets in. They love the flurried fun and suspense, with everything all wrapped up in the loveliness of carols and tinsel and peace and family togetherness.

The only item that seems to introduce a slightly off-key note in all this holiday harmony is the stuff some people pull when it comes to giving and receiving presents. We're not talking about family circle giving-and-getting, but about the way boys give tokens to girls and vice versa.

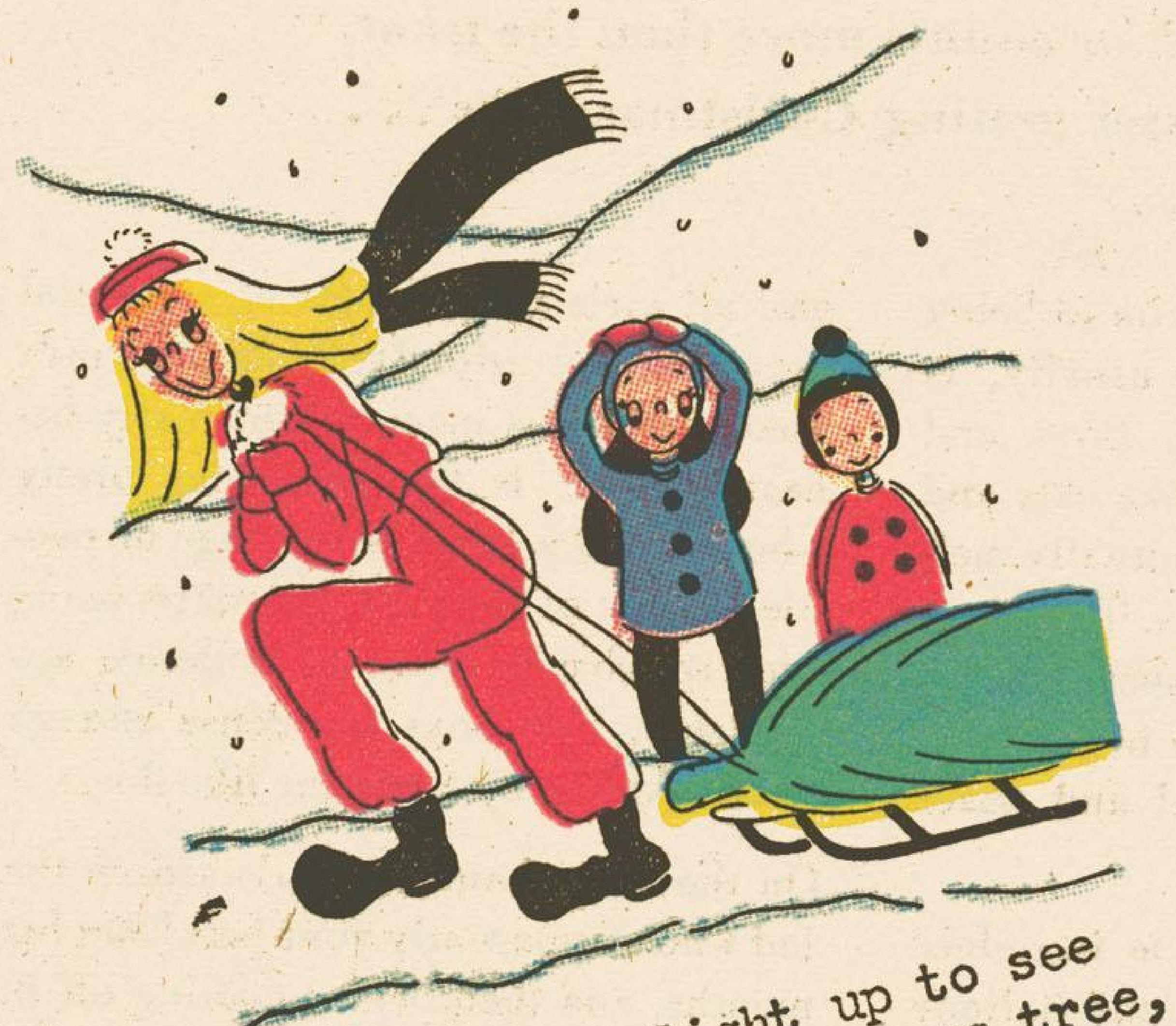
Going through basic training for lifelong unpopularity is the mercenary little *femme* who starts in around the beginning of November to spark off hints as to various trinkets she'd like to have in her possession come December 25. Strangely enough, these little thoughts always seem to pop into her head when she's within earshot of the boy she is currently dating. He develops a slight aversion to things closing in on him. If he figures she's an outstandingly smooth article who makes his heart beat faster in spite of himself, chances are he'll fork over. If his feelings are only registering lukewarm at that point, he'll fold up his tent and quietly steal away. But either way, he begins brewing a faint resentment, and is apt to give the girl a double-take evaluation, wondering if he's been squiring around a gold digger in bobby sox disguise. Boys point out that they like present-giving to be strictly their own idea, and they suggest all girls make a note of same and keep quiet accordingly. Probably worth a contemptuous mention but really beneath notice, is the poisonous pretty who ignores a large percentage of people the rest of the year, but starts being ever so nice to them as Yuletide approaches. Few boys are dense enough to be taken in by a routine like this.

On the other hand the girls scorch the lad who's apparently your best beau for months, and then begins cooling off in all directions around the December point. He works this up with yearly regularity, applying it to *the* girl he's currently rushing, and, with the same regularity, develops new interest in her as soon as the season slides by. Girls write that if he isn't in the money or the mood to give his best gal a present, okay, so he isn't. But why manufacture a slight and temporary tiff. And anyway, claim the girls indignantly, any boy with the sense of a mouse ought to know that a girl doesn't award months of dates to one particular boy just because she's laying the groundwork for cashing in at Christmas time.

Well, he gives her a present. Maybe it isn't *just* what she needed, maybe it's actually a problem to figure out what on earth she's ever going to do with it. But he's given it to her and he feels definitely deflated if all he gets is a limp-sounding acknowledgment. Even if his Christmas spirit turns up as a pamphlet on how to build model airplanes or as a box of violently colored hankies, she should indicate some nice enthusiasm. And while he is very partial to getting it somewhat on the q.t. It gives him

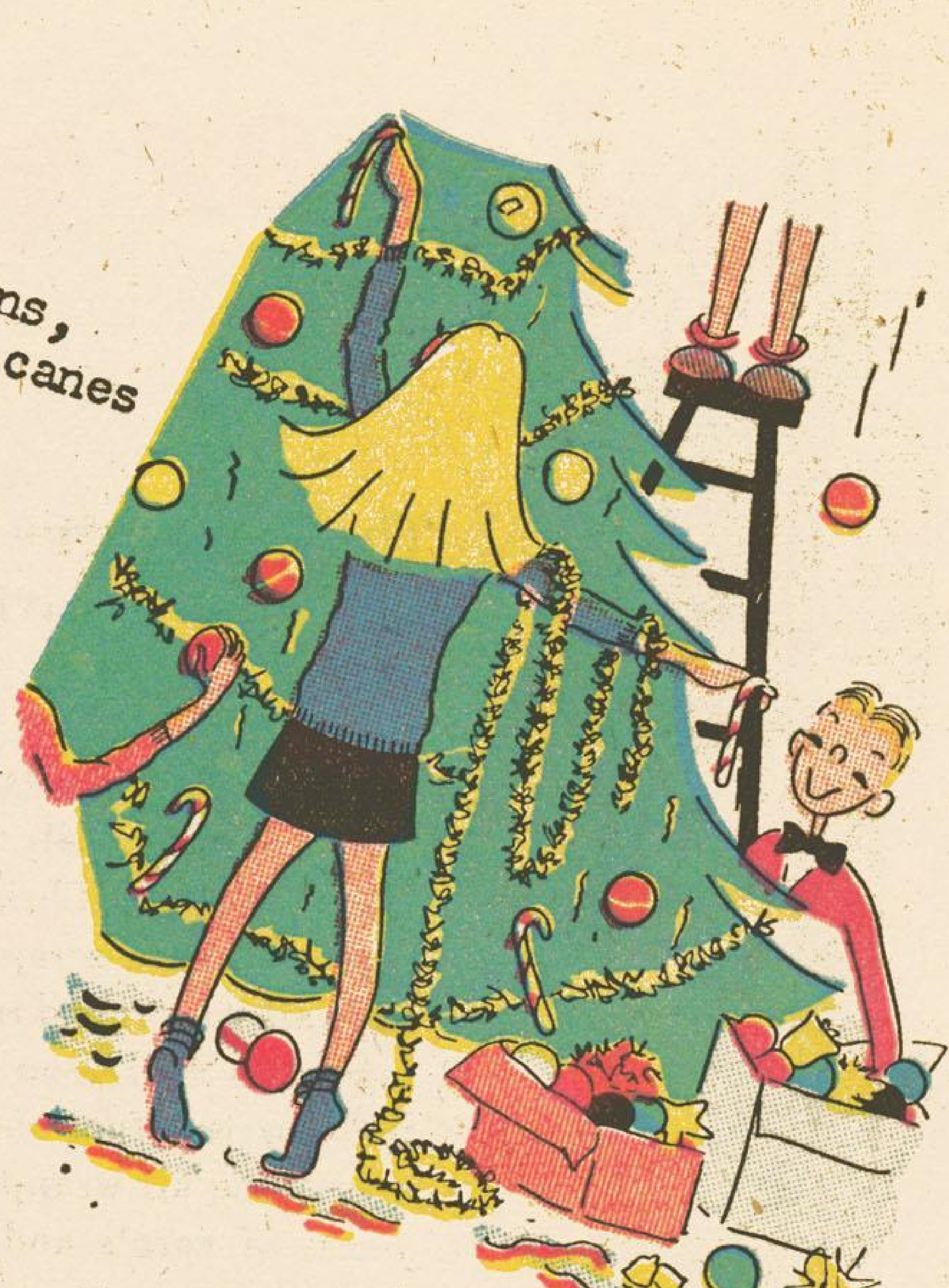
(*Continued on page 72*)

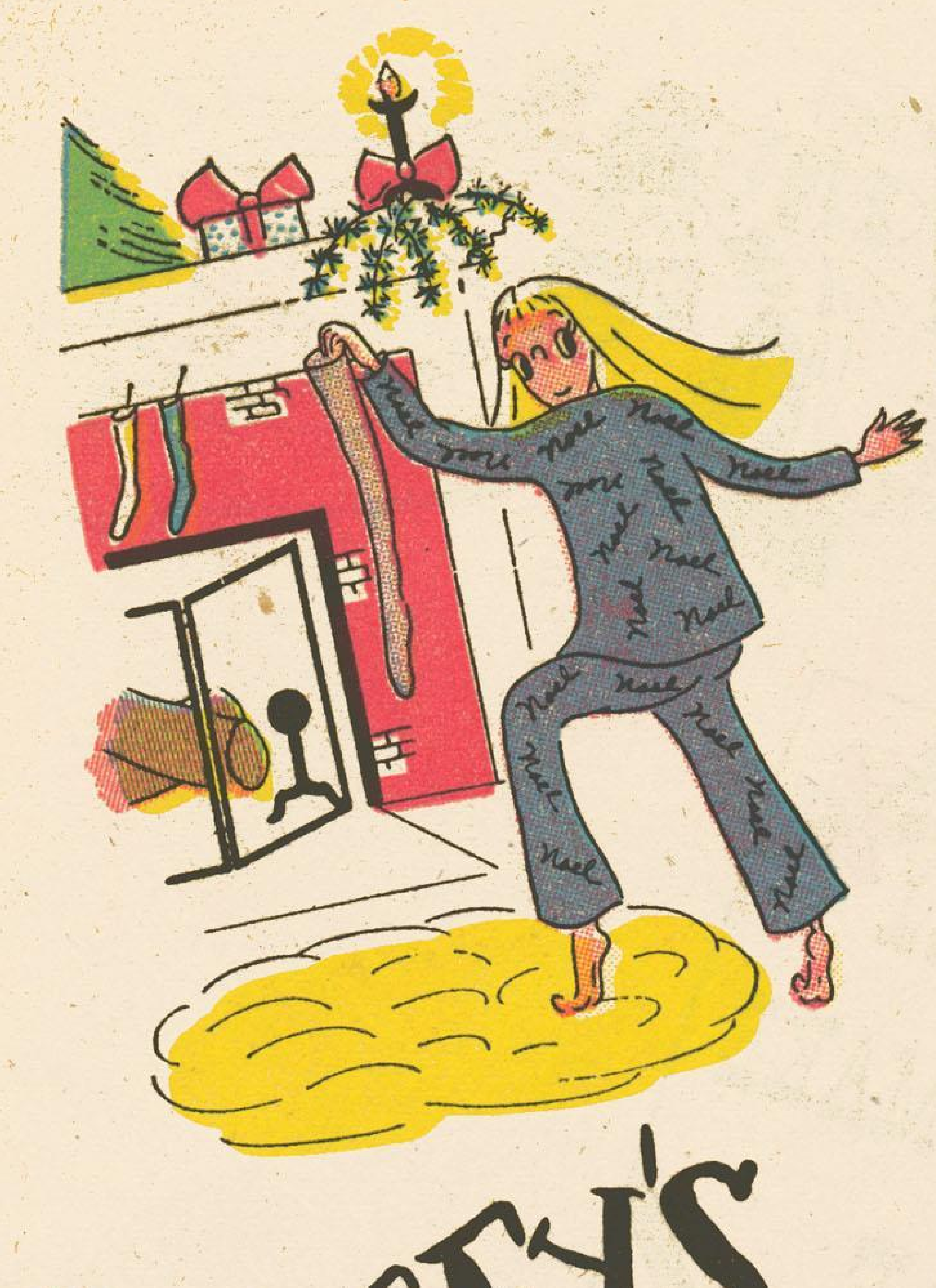
TAFFY'S MERRY CHRISTMAS



Little eyes light up to see
Taffy's giant Christmas tree,

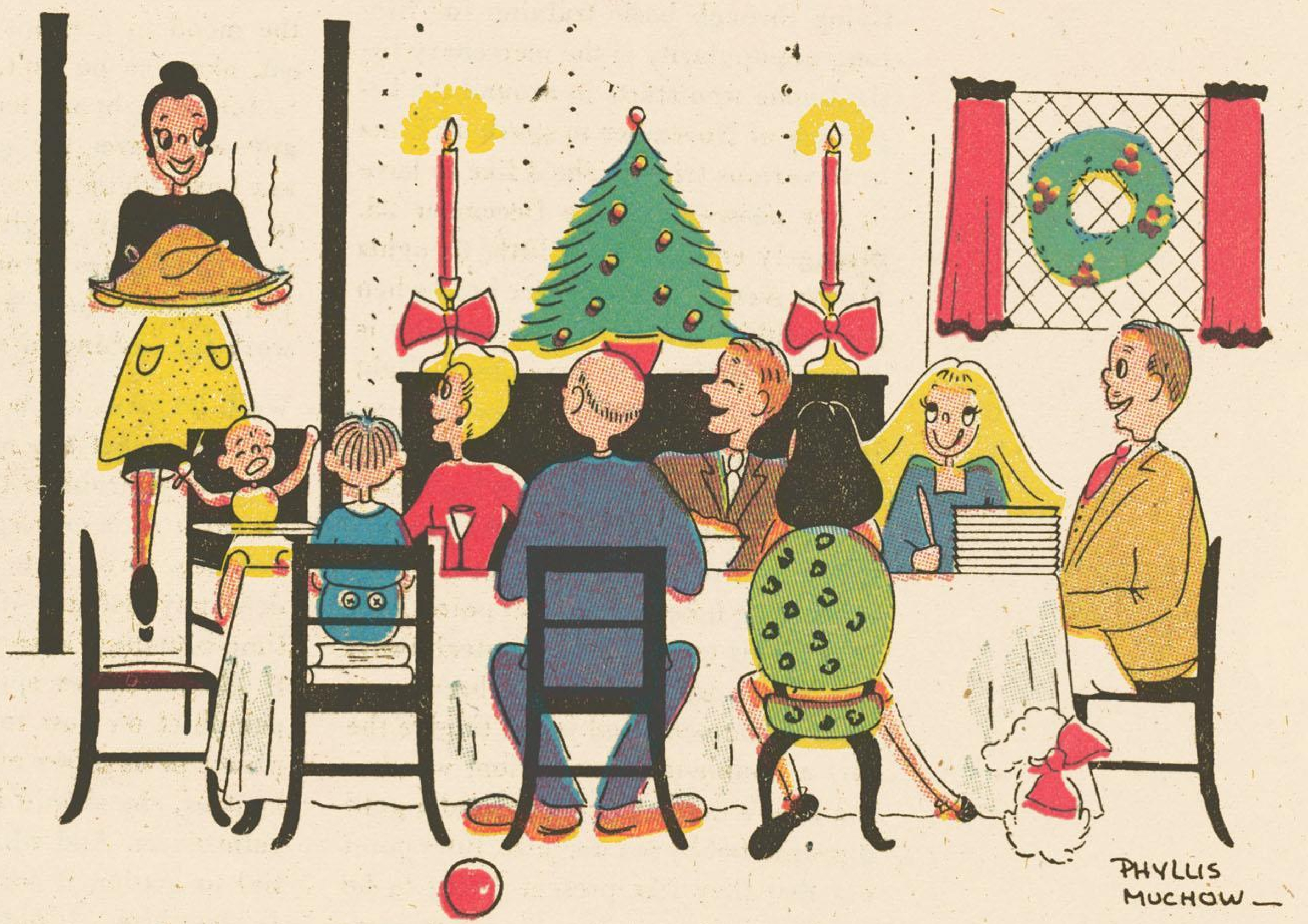
High on tiptoe Taffy strains,
To hang up balls and candy canes



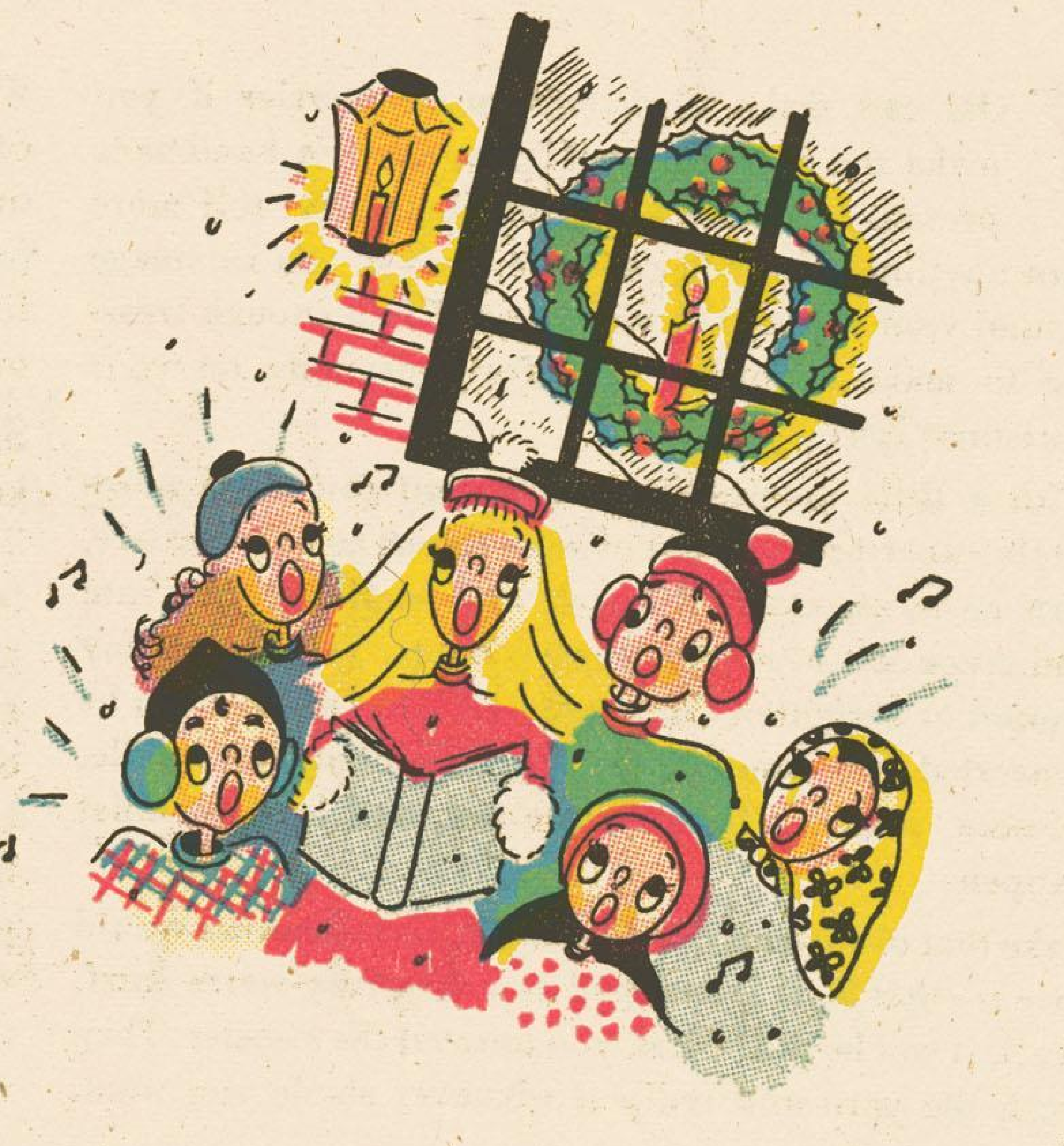


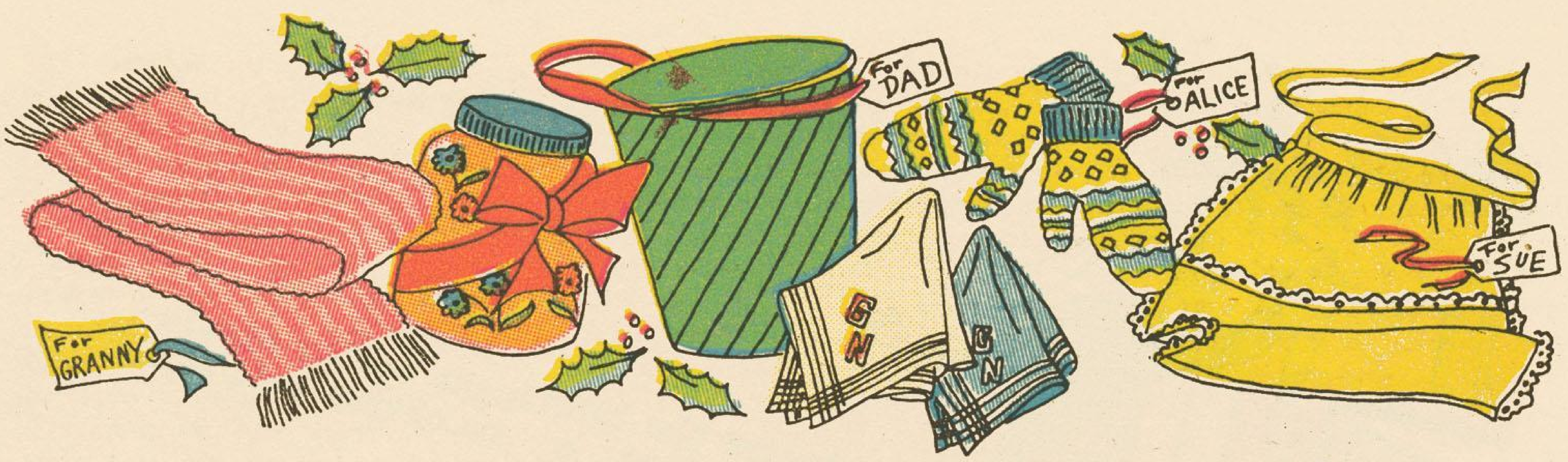
Toward the hearth she softly steals
At midnight, as the church bell peals

Happy hearts are filled with cheer,
Christmas feasting time is here. . .



Carolers' voices through the night
Ring out warmth and beauty bright.





By Ann Glover

MAKE MERRY WITH GIFTS YOU MAKE YOURSELF

There's a gold-mine of gift ingredients right in your house...

YOU can make Christmas much merrier if you make the gifts yourself! Somehow, a handmade present expresses your own thoughtful self more than anything else you can give. And if you rummage around your house, I'll wager you'll find enough treasure to make beautiful gifts for everybody on your Christmas list!

With a little magical knowhow, you can make absolutely super presents out of such things as old sweaters, torn curtains, emptied boxes, and scraps of gingham and crepe left over from sewing bouts. Yes, almost any unused or forgotten thing you find lying around can be converted into something clever. So get out your needle, scissors, paintbrush and paste pot, and let's see what happens.

Take that old sweater, for example. Grandmother would love it—that is, if it emerged as a soft, rosy-warm scarf. Well, it can be did! First, you unravel the sweater. Then wash the yarn and redip it whatever shade you want. When it is dry, the "kinks" will all be gone and you can roll it into nice fat balls. Then get out your knitting needles and get to work. If you already have a gift for grandmother, how about making a pair of mittens for your best friend? And if there's enough yarn left over, a beanie to match would be a simple matter.

So you're not the only one in your crowd who likes to knit? Aha, then do give one of them a knitting apron! They're gay and time-saving—and easy as pie à la mode to make. Take one of those worn-out curtains your ma gave you and cut out a piece of material 30 inches long and not more than 23 inches wide. Okay. Turn up 10 of those 30 inches into a deep end-of-apron pocket! This is the place that holds the yarn. Now take some narrow lace and sew it onto the apron sides and top edge of the pocket. Shir the apron at the top and cover the shirring with a band of more salvaged material—or use curtain tie-backs. Be sure to have this band long enough so you can tie it in an extravagant, splashy bow in the back.

No doubt your mother or Aunt Susan or your next-door neighbor would like an apron, too. Maybe you'll make theirs from that pretty bit of gingham left over from your summer dress. If the left-over material is too short, add a narrow waistband sash and sewed-on hem of solid-color material (you had some solid-color scraps left over from another dress, didn't you?). Pleats, in case you hadn't thought of them, give an apron a gay air.

A flattering gift for your teacher would be a jewelry box; an old candy box can be "reconverted" into a very snazzy one. First, take a sheet of cotton batting and glue it flat on top of the lid of the box. Then go treasure-hunting through the house for the prettiest material you can find. Cretonne left over from the draperies (or cut from discarded ones) would be fine. So would that taffeta from your mother's housecoat (not her good one, silly, but the one she doesn't wear any more because the sleeve is worn). Cut the material to fit the four sides of the box, inside and out. This means you'll cut a strip long enough to go completely around the box (with a half-inch extra to make the two ends meet nicely), and twice as wide as its depth. Glue it on the outside, fold it over the edge, and glue it on the inside, too. Then stick strips of old braid or ribbon over the places where the pieces of material join—and your box looks as "finished" as it does fetching!

A shame that you had to outgrow that pretty slip or real silk blouse, isn't it! Well, you can't cut yourself down—but you can cut up the slip or blouse and make a darling hanky case. These cases, as you know, may be almost any size—some are envelope-shaped, with the hankies to be slipped inside, and others are mere oblongs which simply fold over the hankies. Again cotton batting, or plain old cotton from the five-and-ten comes to the fore. Sandwich it between two pieces of silk and sew around the edges. You can make pretty seams—or you can sew ribbon over them. Quilted cases are favorites and they're not a bit difficult to make. Just buy a quilting pattern in a department store, or draw one yourself. Then take a pencil and trace the pattern lightly on the silk, before you attach the cotton. After the cotton is inside, retrace the pencil marks with a light running stitch—or use a sewing machine, if you wish.

A lingerie case, by the way, is actually nothing more than a large-sized hanky case. If your older sister will let you choose from her discarded evening gowns, satin is a wonderful fabric to look for.

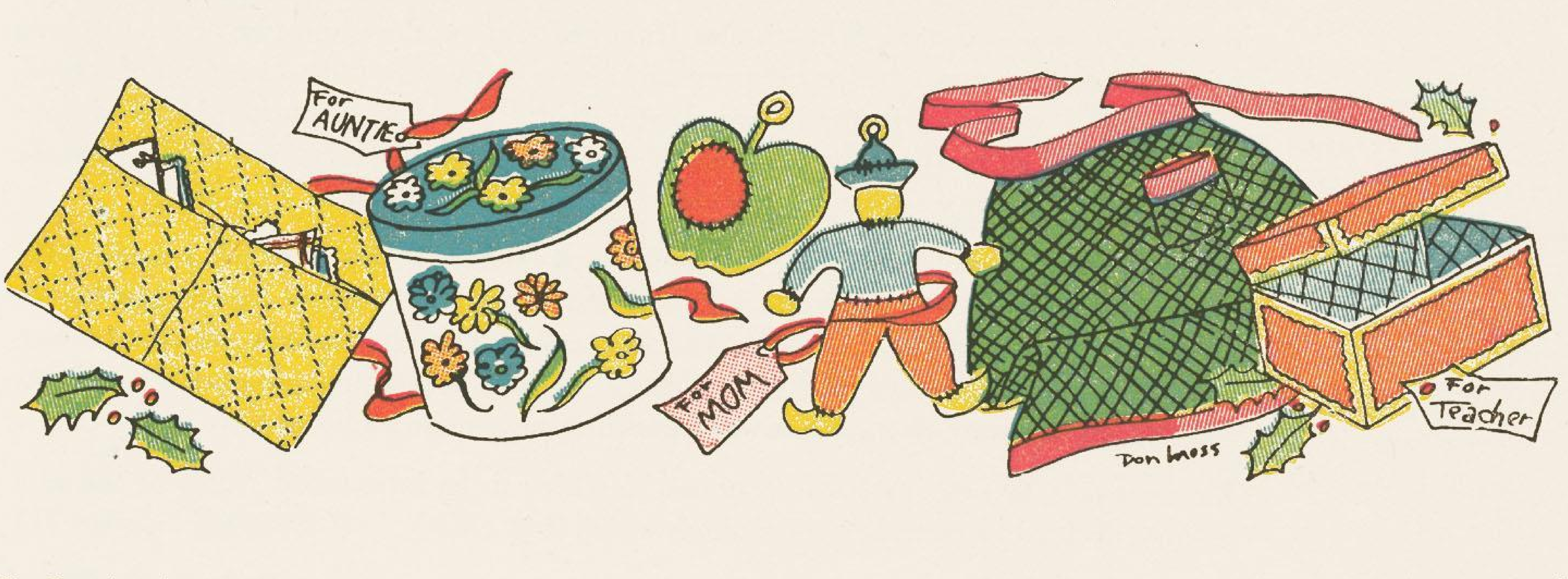
What? Oh, you think Aunt Susan would rather have a sewing box than an apron? That's fine—there's an empty cracker tin out in the kitchen, isn't there? Just give it a good dousing—on top and sides—with black enamel. Then add contrast via gay-colored flowers—violets, poppies, or yellow roses, say. The flowers are a breeze to do. They come in packages of little paper stickers. Just get them at your paint or hardware store and stick them on. For a really smooth finish, lacquer them with a clear varnish. And there you are—all finished!

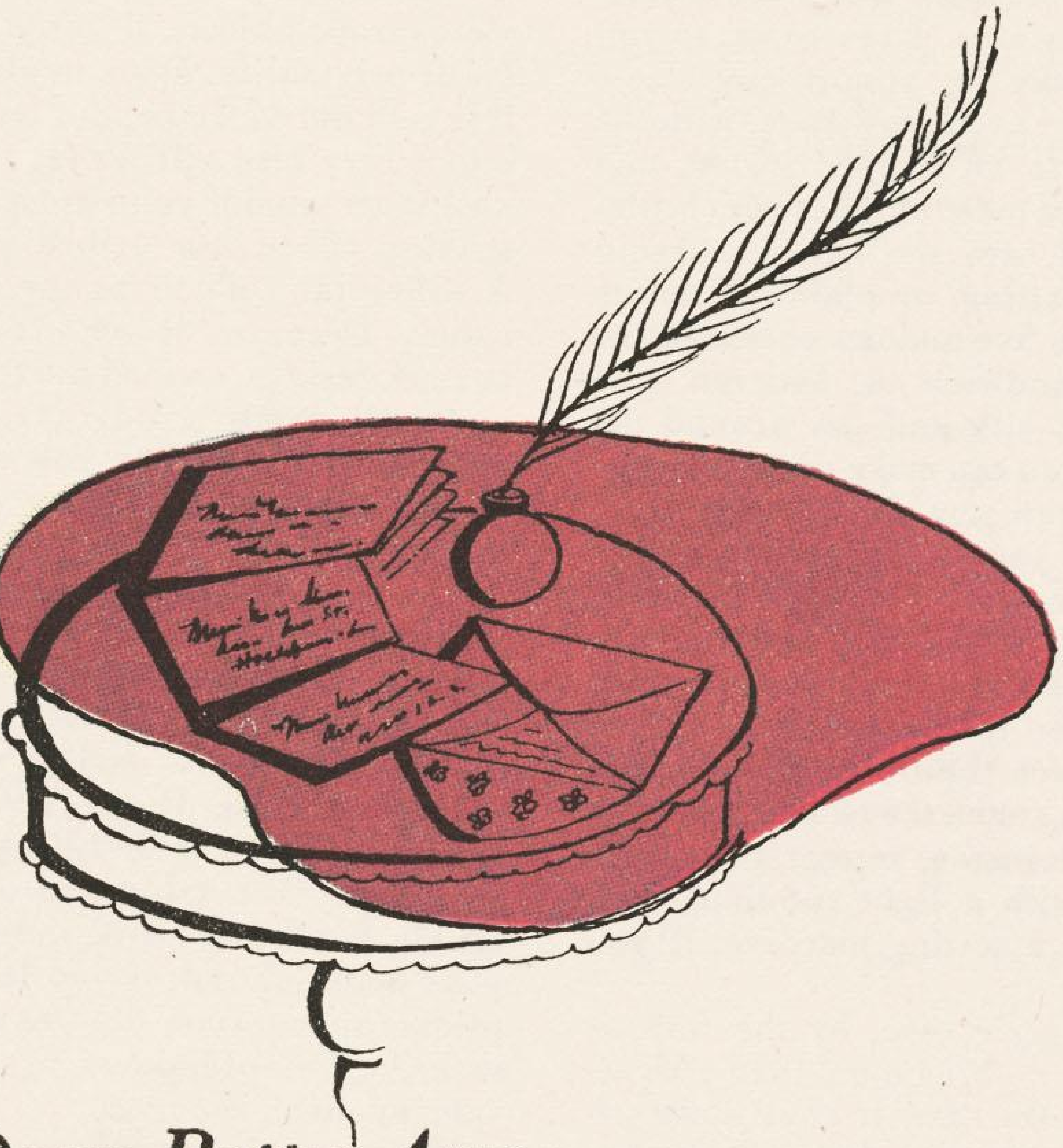
Wastebaskets can become very glamourous objects, if you'll use a bit of originality. Even an old one, if it isn't out of shape, can be made into a very nice gift. Cover it with wallpaper—and if you want a really striking effect, use striped paper! A coffee jar isn't to be sneezed at either. Decorate it with colored enamel designs, enamel the top and you've a dandy candy jar. (Fill with sourballs before you give it away and your gift offering will be a double-header!)

You've still some odd scraps of fabrics? Well, we can't forget potholders! Can't keep house without 'em. They can be round, square, oblong—or they're darling in the shapes of hens, Dutch boys and girls, etc. Make their filling from an old blanket, table mat or bath towels. Sandwich filling in between your material and, if you like, appliqué appropriate designs on the covering. Sets of holders, in slightly varying sizes, are nice.

Dear me, we haven't mentioned Dad! You can't very well make hankies for him out of drapery scraps or left-over gingham — but you can give him something with a personal touch. For ten cents, buy packages of monograms and some plain white hankies, stamp his initial on the hankies, and embroider them in mercerized cotton. He'll be tickled pink!

At this point, you're probably bubbling over with ideas of your own. And time is on the wing! So gather all the scraps you can find around your house, wave your magic wand over them, and see what wonderful gifts your nimble wit and flying fingers can turn out.





Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann:

I've been laughing and crying so much lately that Pops said, "Mother, do you suppose Vicky's social life is placing too great a strain on her constitution, now that she's going without malts to keep up her strength, so she can be skinny like Lauren Bacall?"

"Lauren Bacall's slender, dear," Moms corrected. "But that's not the real reason—Vicky has too many worries now." Wasn't that swell of mom? Because I *have* simply devastating worries. Remember, Betts, in my last letter I was busy getting ready for the "Harvest Hop." Darlene had cornered my best boy friend, Rusty Bramwell, the Third, and had tricked him into taking her to the dance, while her Uncle Sonny Martin was to take me. I was perfectly furious with Darlene. Now that she's moved next door, she's always running to intercept Rusty, every time he passes her house on his way to see me. It's really all terribly peasant-like.

Anyway, I decided not to let it all upset me, and I began making wonderful plans for the dance, which was to feature an "Angel Hop" Contest with a harp and silver wings to be awarded to the prettiest girl. And the decorations were to be white celestial clouds made out of big boxes draped with white bunting and cotton and glistening with silver dust and moons and stars. When Lester Hunt heard about the contest he began thinking how wonderful it would be for my proposed movie star career (when I get out of school, if ever) if I were to win the award. Lester said, "You'd be photographed and your picture would go in all of the papers as the prettiest girl at Hollywood High. Then the movie talent scouts would come flocking to school to sign you to a contract."

The student body voted on the contestants, and Betts, I really worried, because they might easily have overlooked me. But they didn't, and I was one of the ten selected to go in for the "Angel Hop" Contest. And Betts, of all people, Darlene was voted a contestant. Of course she is probably very beautiful, but I'm just prejudiced, what with her walking off with my date, and always heckling my movie ambitions.

We were told to wear unusual costumes, in which to be introduced. Some of the contestants decided to wear flower-costumes which they could (*Continued on page* 71)

Aid of the Party

"C'MON over to my house—we're having a party!" you say in a friendly red-and-green crayoned note. And from the moment the invitations are sent, until your guests walk in the door, you live in a whirl of hectic party preparations. Dashing hither and thither, you whip up the menu, plan your entertainment, interior-decorate, make last minute hitches and switches—and generally feel pretty wan and wilted by the time your guests arrive. But this time—ha, *this* time is going to be different! All the hurry and worry is done right here, by us—all *you* have to do is go ahead and "give the best party ever!"

And don't forget, you've got the season on your side. There's something about a party during the holidays that makes it *very special.* Perhaps it's the frosty sparkle on the panes, the colorfully decked house, or the pervading spirit of hearty good will. In keeping with this spirit let's throw open the big front door to crowds and crowds of people and make merry with a gala informal buffet!

Decoration Dept. Get a touch of seasonal Jack Frost with a snowy tablecloth, balanced with bright green and red paper napkins, showing cut-out pictures of Santa . . . A small evergreen tree decked with angels, reindeer and gingerbread boys makes a wonderful centerpiece. Surround it with tall, white candles in green bases, and light up a circle of friendly festive cheer. We're showing only the shiniest silver and sparkling-est crystalware, of *course!*

Let's Eat...O LITTLE STAR... Sliver the family turkey, and place a cranberry star smack in the center of each slice (a cookie-cutter and a can of cranberry sauce are all you need for stars). Serve with salads—pimento and green pepper, or tomato and watercress, to carry out your color scheme.

BUTTER BUNS—Here's a trick straight from Santa's sleeves. To make special-for-the-holidays rolls, spread them with butter, salt generously. Place on a baking sheet and heat in hot oven (450°F) for 5 to 8 minutes. They'll be golden brown, crispy, and buttery rich, so serve at once.

CHRISTMAS ORANGES—Cut a slice from the top of an orange and scoop out the pulp. Cut the skin with a sharp paring-knife and fold it back to form four or five petals. Fill with orange or grape sherbet; garnish with fingers of fruit cake.

Let your guests eat, drink and be merry 'round a rip-roaring fire crackling in the fireplace. Popping corn's a swell idea for after supper—likewise cocoa and cookies.

Christmas Plays. Make some snowballs from cotton batting and crepe paper. Put a slip of paper in each, describing some stunt. Then, have every one line up and try to catch the balls as you throw them. As soon as someone does catch a snowball he must drop out. A girl who is successful in capturing a snowball is privileged to present hers to her favorite boy (and vice versa). Now, when everyone has caught a ball and exchanged, have each person break hers open, and carry out the instructions inside.

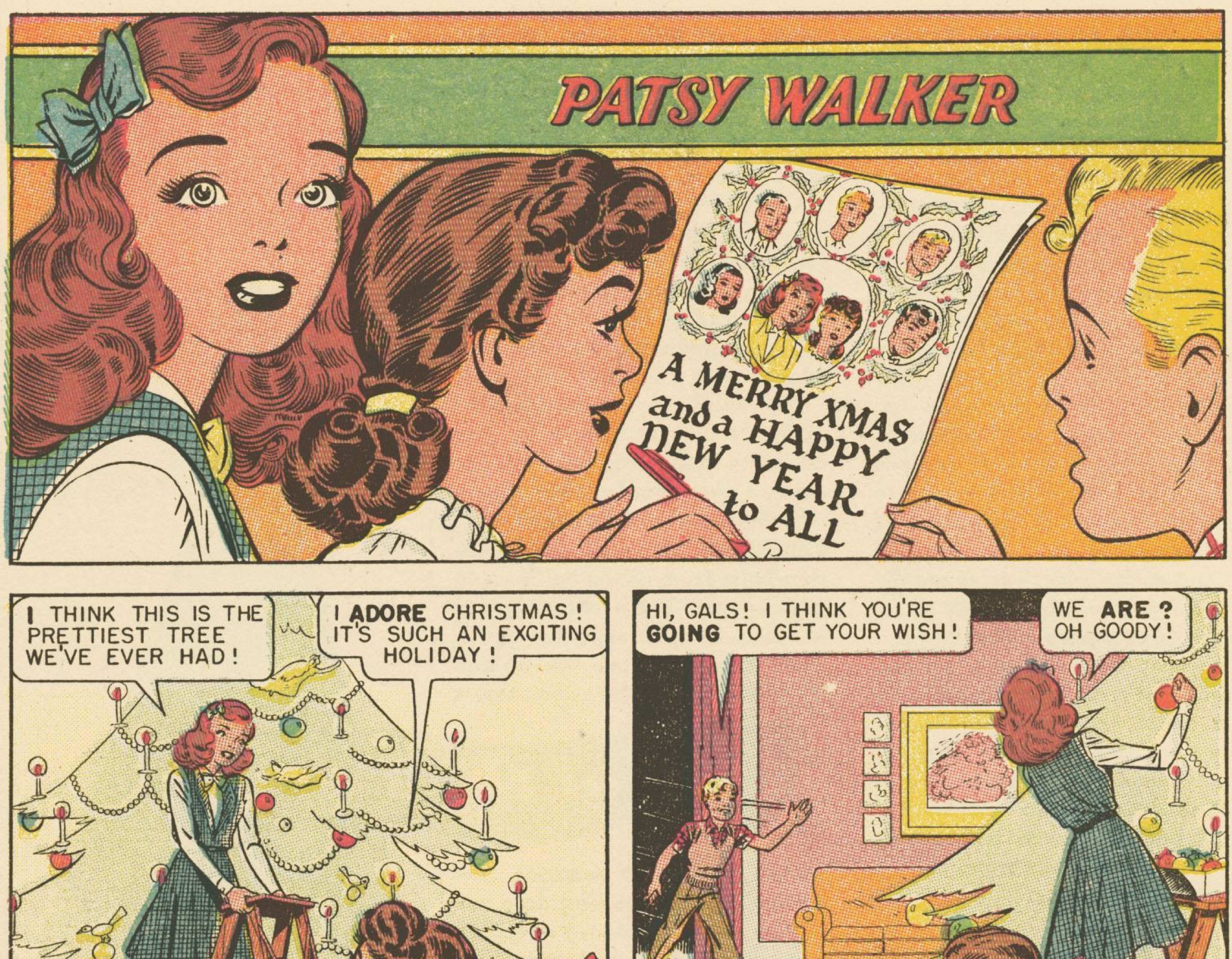
No Christmas party is complete without *one* jolly Santa. Have some Joe—or your dad—play the part, and make an entrance, with an overflowing pack of dime-store gifts, each tied up with an appropriate verse for each guest.

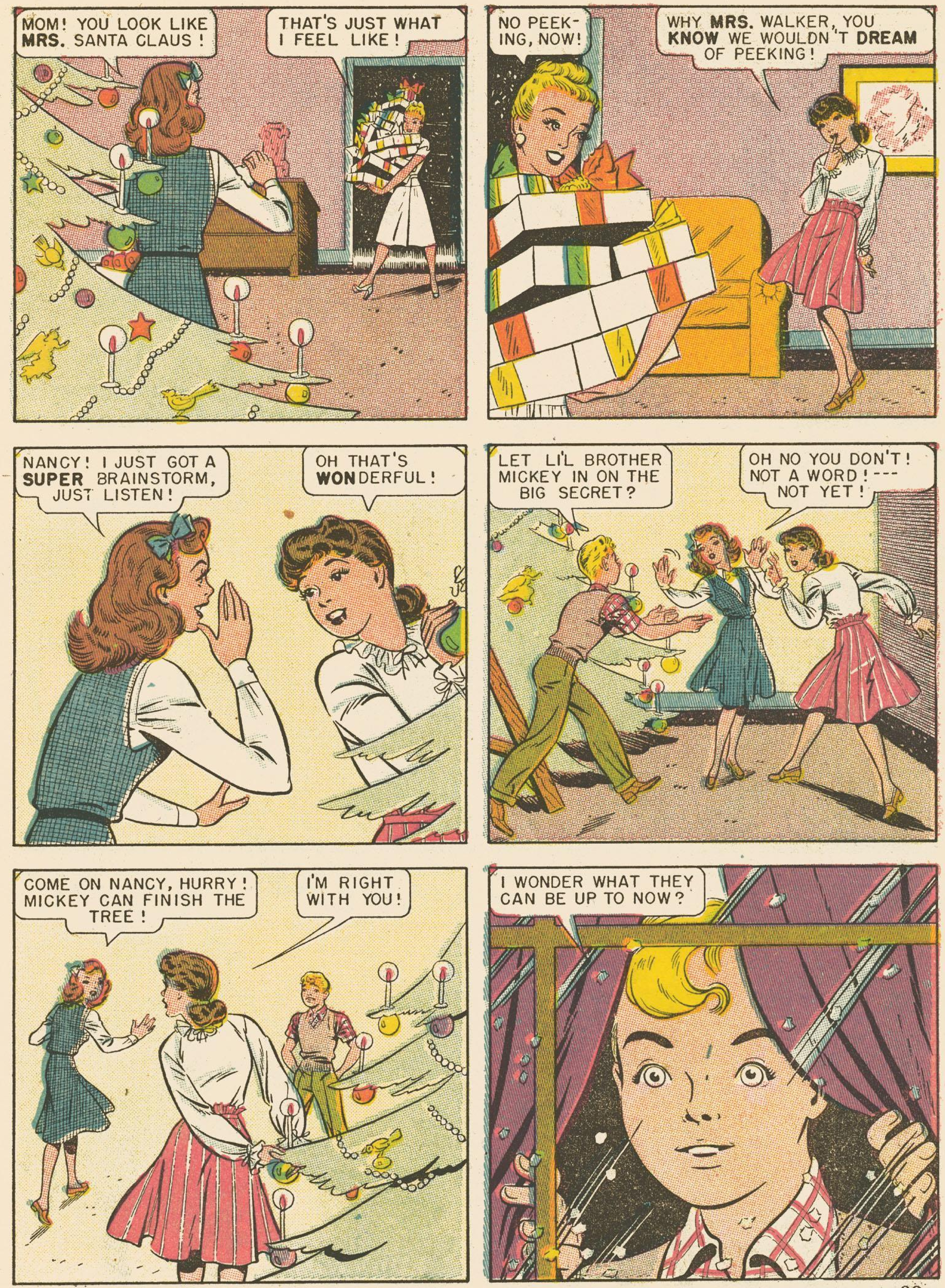
Wandering Minstrels. Christmas is a joyous time, a singing time. So let's all gather round the fire to sing again the beautiful old carols. Or better yet, make up a thermos of piping hot boullion, let the kids bundle up warmly, and tramp out into the clear icy air, brimming over with Yuletide spirit and an impressive repertoire of songs. An en-*chanting* way to end the evening, and to assure you of a

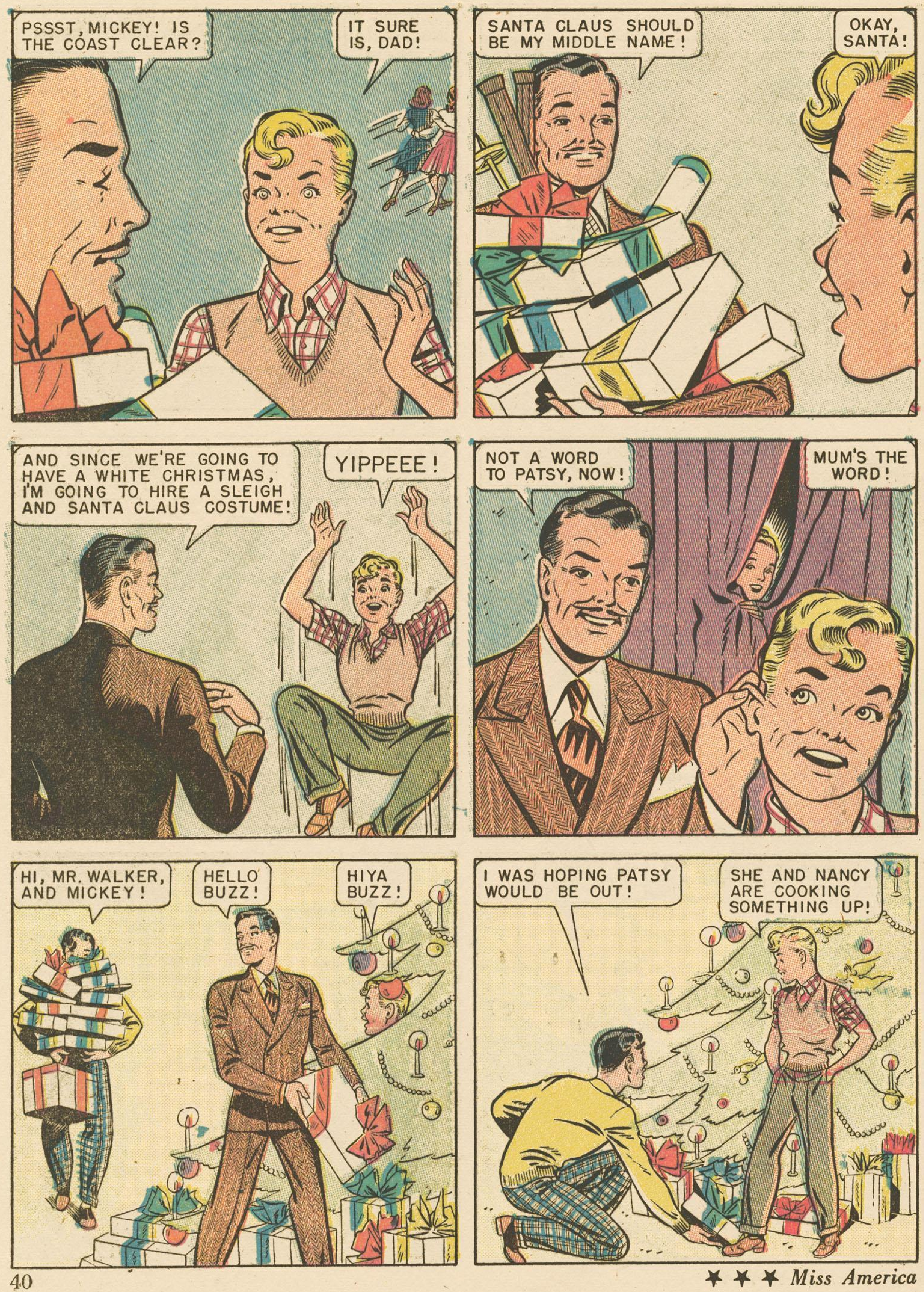
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

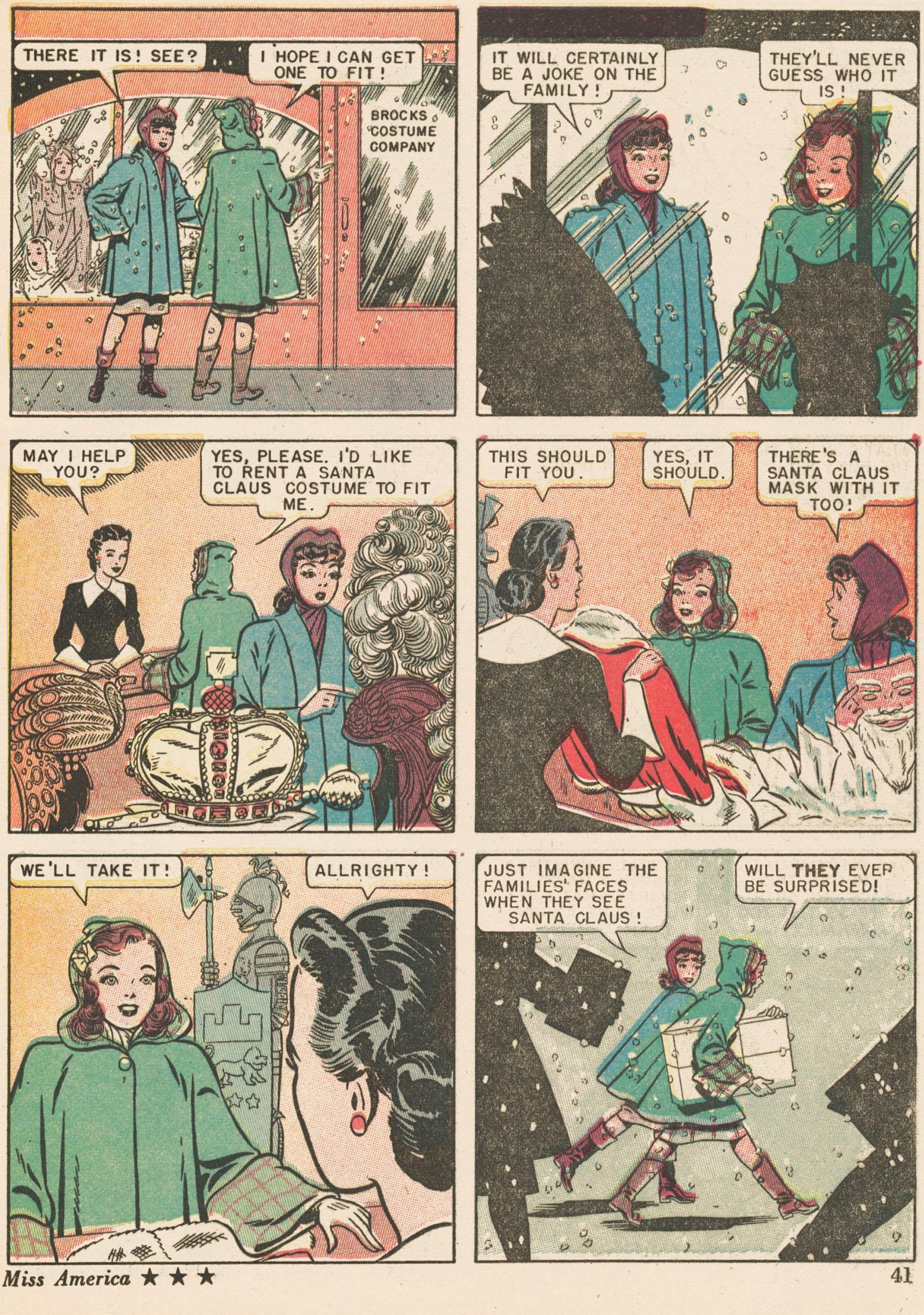
Good food, good fun, good cheer—now's the season to be jolly! The time for warm friendliness, scrumptious hospitality and gala gatherings!

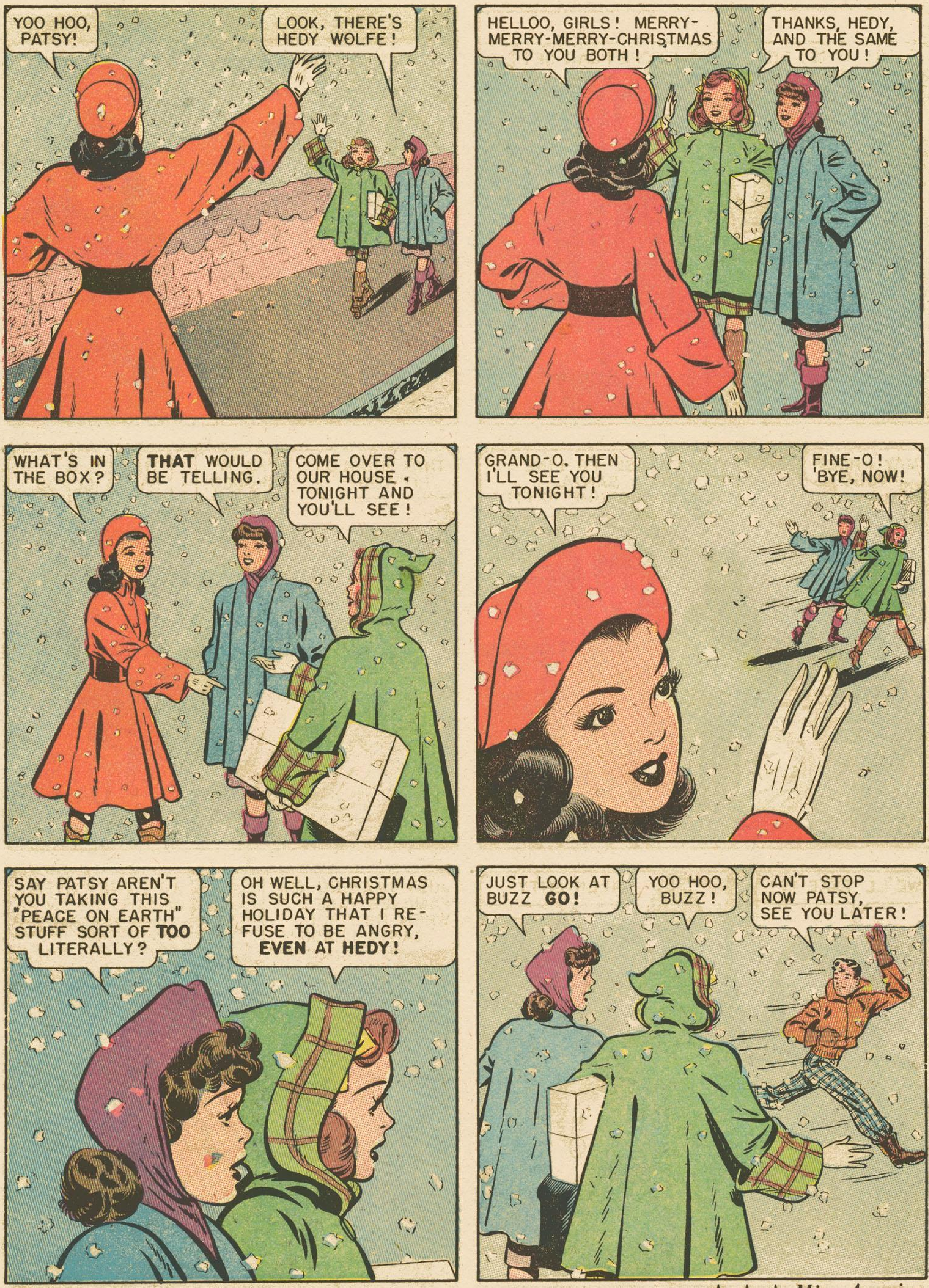
By Annette Blackman

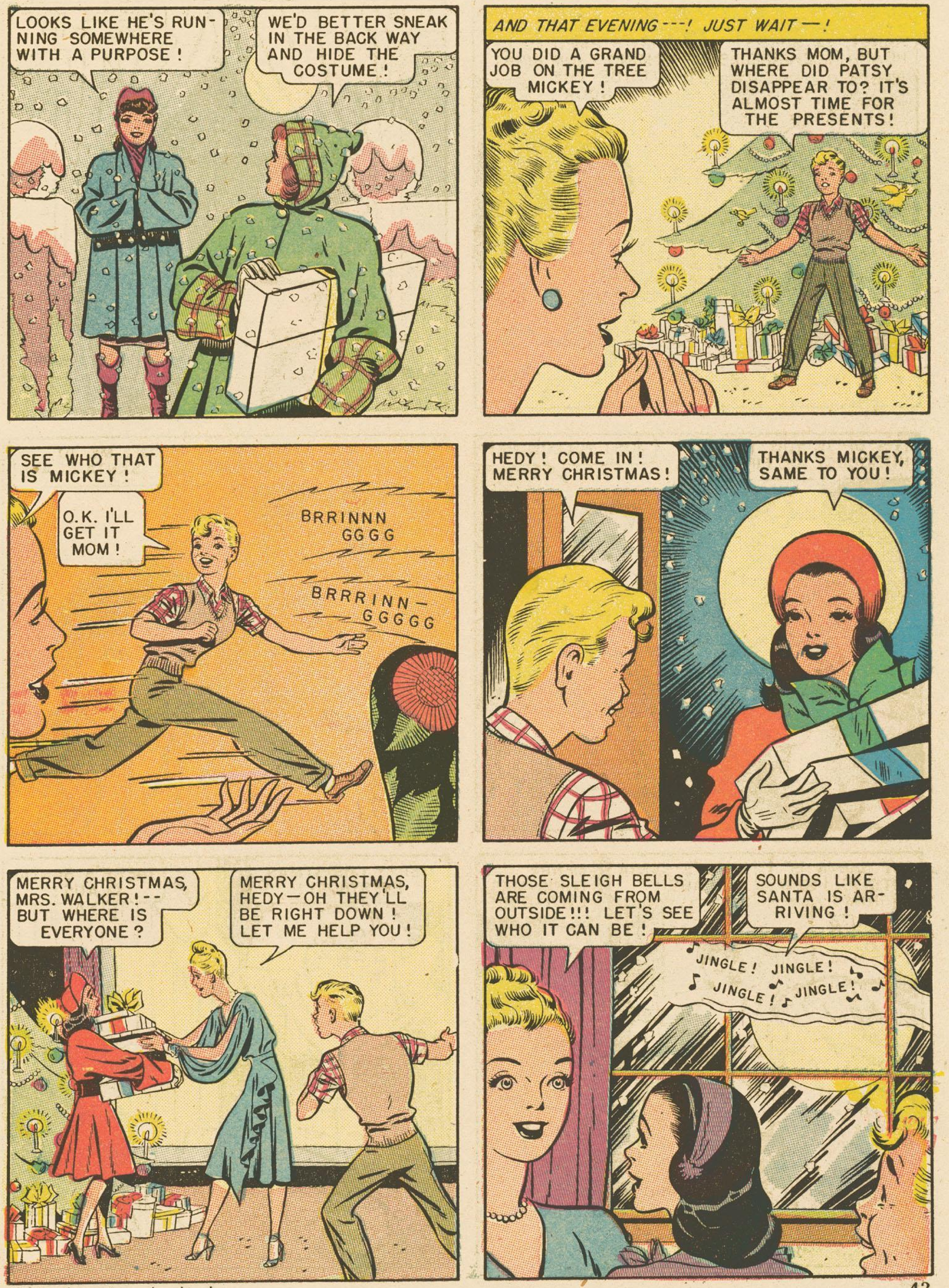

PATSY WALKER
A MERRY XMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR to ALL
I THINK THIS IS THE PRETTIEST TREE WE'VE EVER HAD!
I ADORE CHRISTMAS! IT'S SUCH AN EXCITING HOLIDAY!
HI, GALS! I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WISH!
WE ARE? OH GOODY!
LOOKY!
JEEPERS! SNOW!
OH SUPER!
THE WEATHERMAN MUST HAVE HEARD OUR WISH!
OH THERE'S NOTHING NICER THAN A WHITE CHRISTMAS!

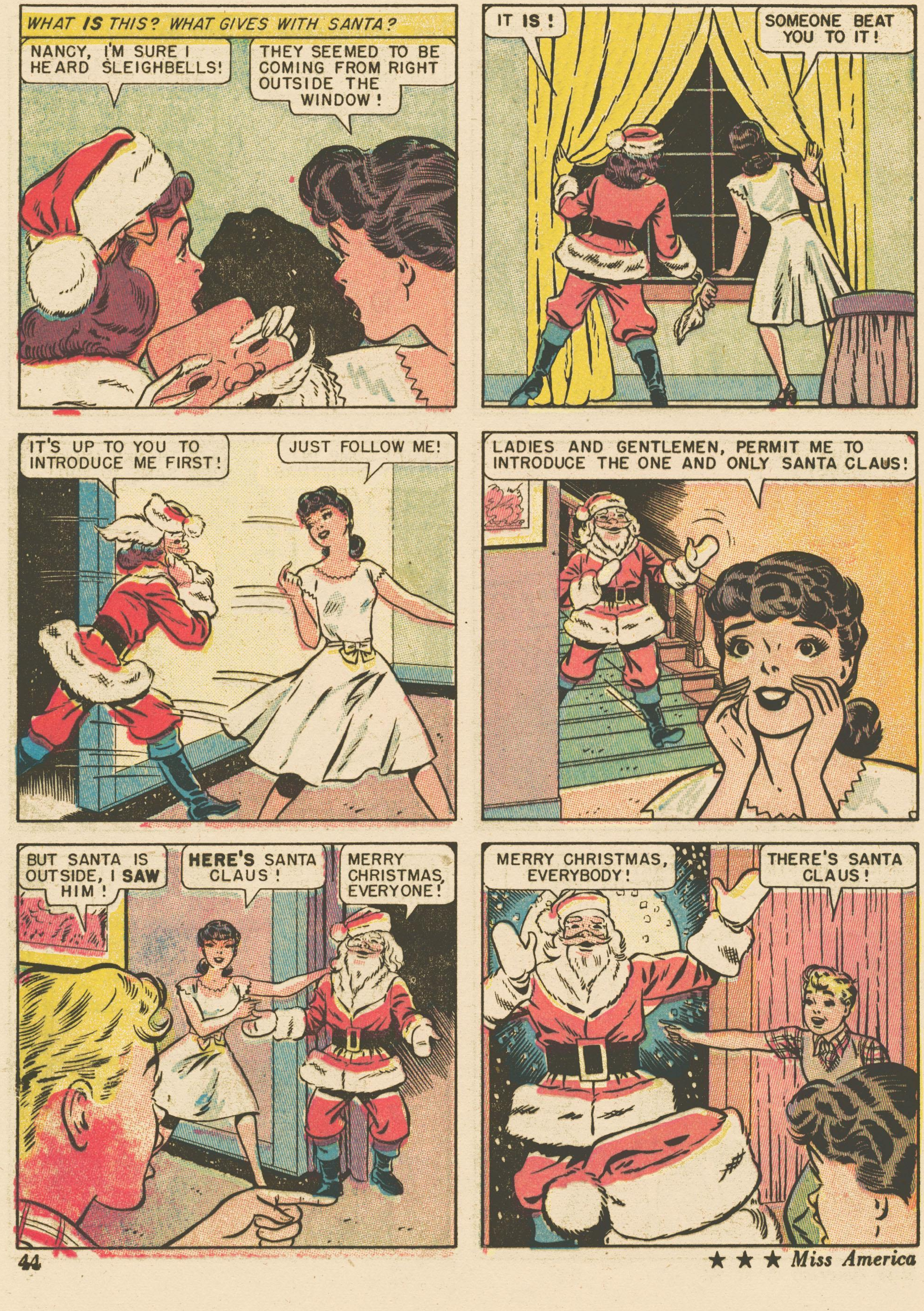

MOM! YOU LOOK LIKE **MRS.** SANTA CLAUS!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I FEEL LIKE!
NO PEEKING, NOW!
WHY **MRS.** WALKER, YOU **KNOW** WE WOULDN'T **DREAM** OF PEEKING!
NANCY! I JUST GOT A **SUPER** BRAINSTORM, JUST LISTEN!
OH THAT'S **WON**DERFUL!
LET LI'L BROTHER MICKEY IN ON THE BIG SECRET?
OH NO YOU DON'T! NOT A WORD!--- NOT YET!
COME ON NANCY, HURRY! MICKEY CAN FINISH THE TREE!
I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!
I WONDER WHAT THEY CAN BE UP TO NOW?

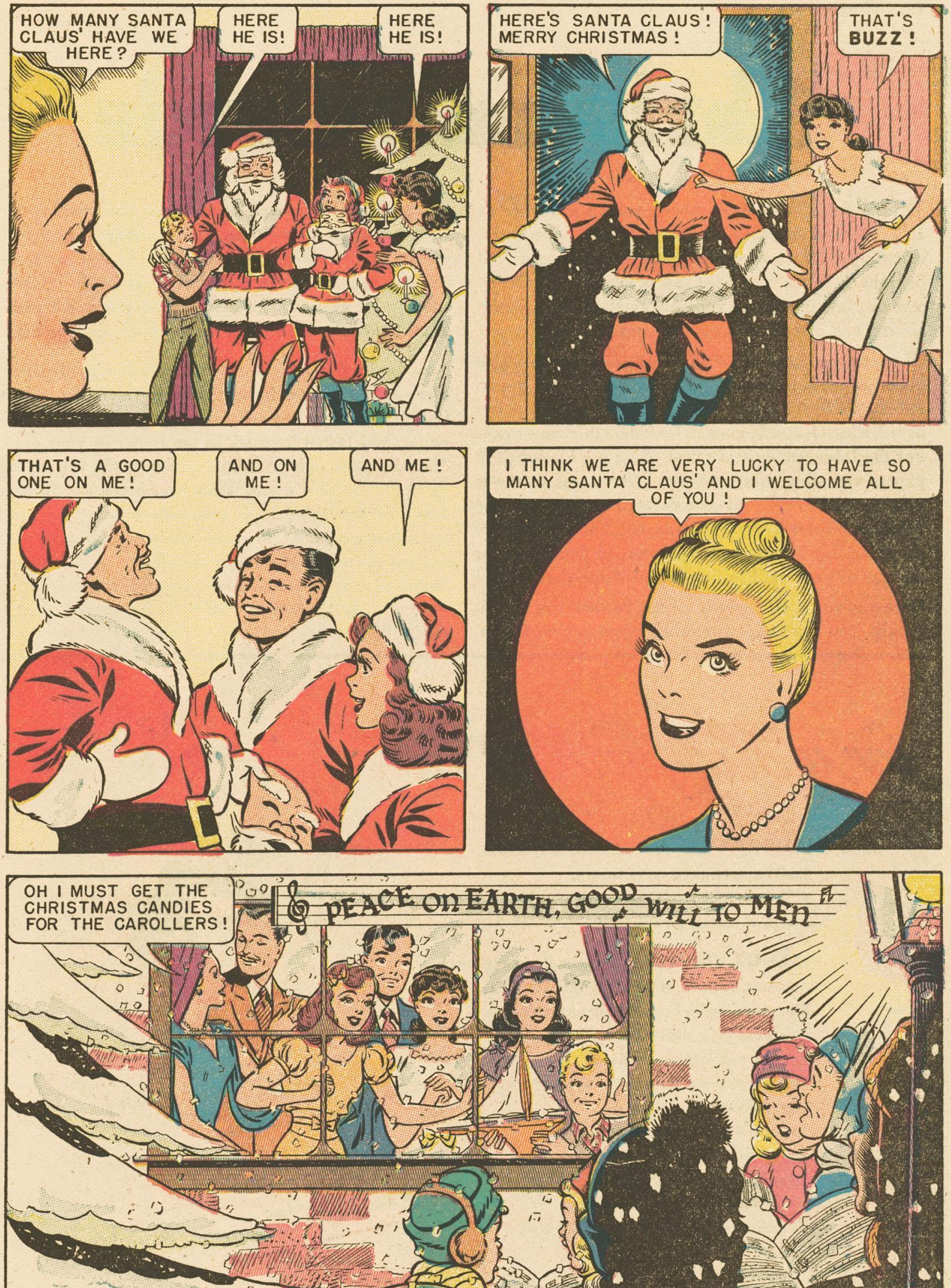

PSSST, MICKEY! IS THE COAST CLEAR?
IT SURE IS, DAD!
SANTA CLAUS SHOULD BE MY MIDDLE NAME!
OKAY, SANTA!
AND SINCE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A WHITE CHRISTMAS, I'M GOING TO HIRE A SLEIGH AND SANTA CLAUS COSTUME!
YIPPEEE!
NOT A WORD TO PATSY, NOW!
MUM'S THE WORD!
HI, MR. WALKER, AND MICKEY!
HELLO BUZZ!
HIYA BUZZ!
I WAS HOPING PATSY WOULD BE OUT!
SHE AND NANCY ARE COOKING SOMETHING UP!


THERE IT IS! SEE?
I HOPE I CAN GET ONE TO FIT!
BROCKS COSTUME COMPANY
IT WILL CERTAINLY BE A JOKE ON THE FAMILY!
THEY'LL NEVER GUESS WHO IT IS!
MAY I HELP YOU?
YES, PLEASE. I'D LIKE TO RENT A SANTA CLAUS COSTUME TO FIT ME.
THIS SHOULD FIT YOU.
YES, IT SHOULD.
THERE'S A SANTA CLAUS MASK WITH IT TOO!
WE'LL TAKE IT!
ALLRIGHTY!
JUST IMAGINE THE FAMILIES' FACES WHEN THEY SEE SANTA CLAUS!
WILL **THEY** EVER BE SURPRISED!


YOO HOO, PATSY!
LOOK, THERE'S HEDY WOLFE!
HELLOO, GIRLS! MERRY-MERRY-MERRY-CHRISTMAS TO YOU BOTH!
THANKS, HEDY, AND THE SAME TO YOU!
WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
THAT WOULD BE TELLING.
COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE. TONIGHT AND YOU'LL SEE!
GRAND-O. THEN I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!
FINE-O! 'BYE, NOW!
SAY PATSY AREN'T YOU TAKING THIS "PEACE ON EARTH" STUFF SORT OF **TOO** LITERALLY?
OH WELL, CHRISTMAS IS SUCH A HAPPY HOLIDAY THAT I REFUSE TO BE ANGRY, **EVEN** AT **HEDY**!
JUST LOOK AT BUZZ **GO!**
YOO HOO, BUZZ!
CAN'T STOP NOW PATSY, SEE YOU LATER!


LOOKS LIKE HE'S RUNNING SOMEWHERE WITH A PURPOSE!
WE'D BETTER SNEAK IN THE BACK WAY AND HIDE THE COSTUME!
AND THAT EVENING---! JUST WAIT—!
YOU DID A GRAND JOB ON THE TREE MICKEY!
THANKS MOM, BUT WHERE DID PATSY DISAPPEAR TO? IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE PRESENTS!
SEE WHO THAT IS MICKEY!
O.K. I'LL GET IT MOM!
BRRRINNN GGGG
BRRRINN-GGGGG
HEDY! COME IN! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
THANKS MICKEY, SAME TO YOU!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MRS. WALKER!-- BUT WHERE IS EVERYONE?
MERRY CHRISTMAS, HEDY—OH THEY'LL BE RIGHT DOWN! LET ME HELP YOU!
THOSE SLEIGH BELLS ARE COMING FROM OUTSIDE!!! LET'S SEE WHO IT CAN BE!
SOUNDS LIKE SANTA IS ARRIVING!
JINGLE! JINGLE! JINGLE! JINGLE!


WHAT IS THIS? WHAT GIVES WITH SANTA?
NANCY, I'M SURE I HEARD SLEIGHBELLS!
THEY SEEMED TO BE COMING FROM RIGHT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
IT IS!
SOMEONE BEAT YOU TO IT!
IT'S UP TO YOU TO INTRODUCE ME FIRST!
JUST FOLLOW ME!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE ONE AND ONLY SANTA CLAUS!
BUT SANTA IS OUTSIDE, I SAW HIM!
HERE'S SANTA CLAUS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
THERE'S SANTA CLAUS!


HOW MANY SANTA CLAUS' HAVE WE HERE?
HERE HE IS!
HERE HE IS!
HERE'S SANTA CLAUS! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
THAT'S **BUZZ**!
THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON ME!
AND ON ME!
AND ME!
I THINK WE ARE VERY LUCKY TO HAVE SO MANY SANTA CLAUS' AND I WELCOME ALL OF YOU!
OH I MUST GET THE CHRISTMAS CANDIES FOR THE CAROLLERS!
PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN

By Eleanor King

Christmas Cards

NOW *I* think one of the cheeriest sights in anybody's life is—a crowded procession of Christmas cards, marching gaily across your mantel. And *your* cards will be right up in the very front row of everybody's Christmas display, if you use your imagination and creative ability, and make your own Christmas tokens.

Of course you need a few solid ingredients with which your imagination can work. So let's start with paper. Art-supply stores and most stationery shops have poster board, which is sturdy enough for single thickness cards. For the fold-over type of token, there are blotter thick papers and slick, silky varieties. They come in sheets you can slice to your favorite size and in about as many colors as Shirley Temple's wardrobe! And while you're shopping, lay in your envelopes, too, so you can tailor the size of your card to fit your envelope—but neatly!

Once you've corralled your paper, be sure you slice it evenly. You don't want any rough edges on your Christmas greetings! The ideal slicer is the paper-cutting device—just an overgrown bread knife, really—that you'll find in almost every school art room. If you can't dig one up, you can wield a wicked razor blade (single-edged, please) against a metal-edged ruler or a piece of stiff cardboard, to put a precise edge on your card.

Now, go to town on dressing up your hunks of paper. The spatter method is both easy and exciting. Cut a Christmas tree, or any other holiday symbol, out of stiff paper, and fasten it smack in the center of your card. Then dip your paintbrush in the poster-paint you picked up at the stationer's, too. When your brush has drunk a full load, but isn't drippy, hold it over your paper, and tap the handle gently. Be sure to spatter particularly well around the edges of your design. When you've polkadotted to your satisfaction—using different colors if you want—lift up the tree or whatever. A clean-cut silhouette will be sitting purty on

(Continued on page 73)

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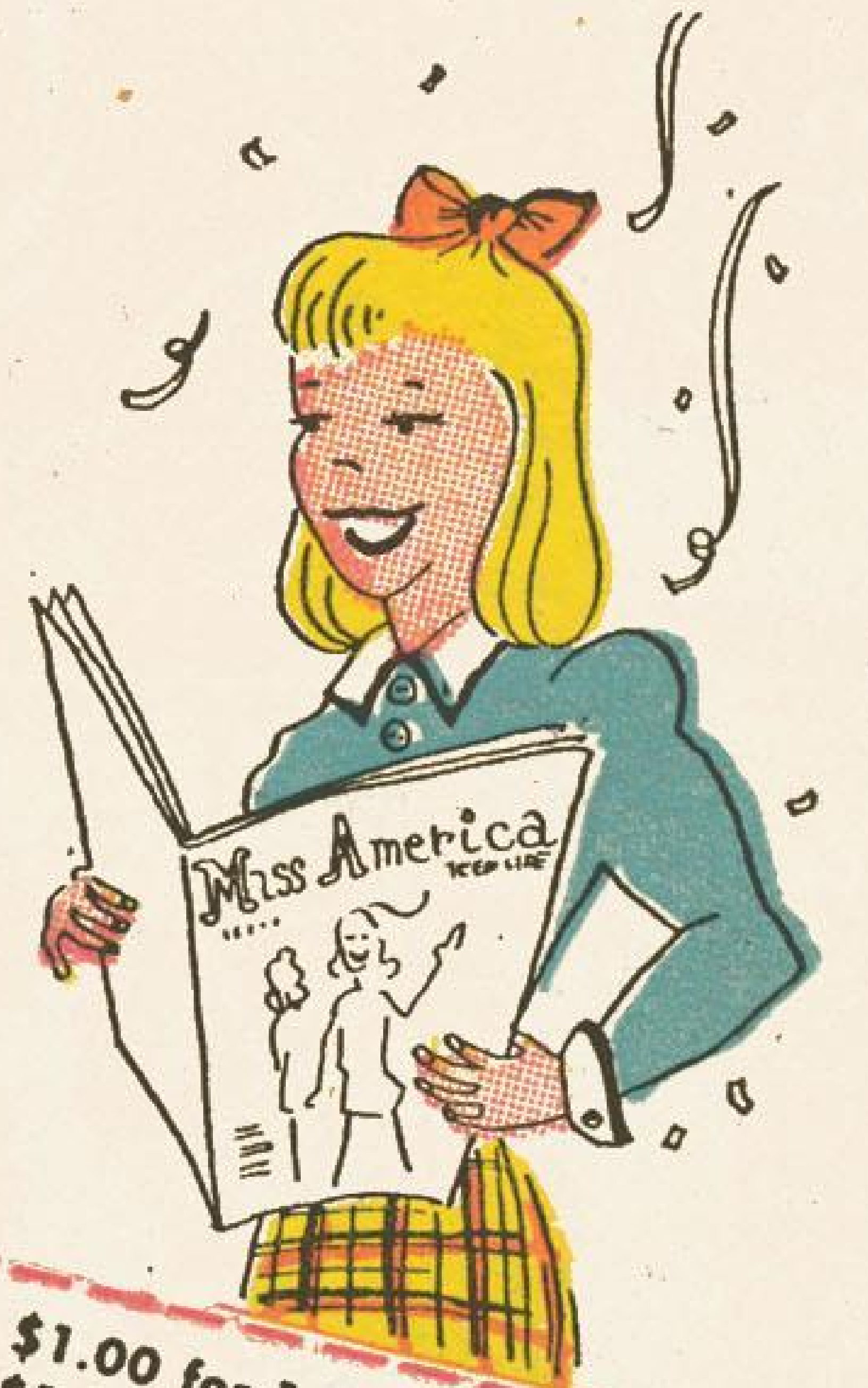
for a Happy New You

RESOLVED: that nineteen forty-seven
Shall be a year right out of heaven,
With more good friends and much more fun
And more success for everyone.

RESOLVED: smart styles shall win us glances
At school, on dates, at formal dances . . .
New grooming tricks shall make us prettier;
New social poise shall make us wittier.
Our own teen magazine will steer
This bright course through the whole new year.
Each issue will be such an aid
To bettering each modern maid.
So Jean and Jane, Louise and Erica,
Subscribe today to MISS AMERICA!
It's planned for you and you and you,
To make each New Year dream come true.



I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year
$1.50 for 2 years (cross out one)
for a subscription to Miss America Magazine.
NAME..
ADDRESS..AGE..........
CITY..
....STATE..........

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Subscription Dept.
350 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q, New York 1, N. Y.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

Tell us your smart thoughts, your experiences and your suggestions, girls . . . we'll send you $1.00 for each of your bright ideas that we publish

Rose Newkirk (third from left) sent us this photo of a couple of her friends on a recent Kay-Dee party.

Smarty Party (for happy holidays)

"Our gang discovered a new kind of party—the Kay-Dee (Kitchen Date)—and I'd like to pass this idea along to other MISS AMERICAS.

"Have the gang over for a casual get-together, and make your own refreshments. Prepare some easy dishes, yet ones that are fun to make and eat—spaghetti, waffles, cheeseburgers. You won't need to plan any entertainment—boys in the kitchen provide more than enough. I'm enclosing a picture of a few of us on our last Kay-Dee. (The fellows just about died with embarrassment, being seen in aprons)."

Rose Newkirk, Otisville, N. Y.

Merry Christmas (for Mother)

"Each year at Christmastime, I make out a dozen little paper tickets good for 'one dish-washing,' 'one dusting of the living room,' and other various things I can do. I put them in an envelope alongside of her other gifts. Then, anytime she gives me a ticket, I redeem it at once."

Lucy-Jo Malloy, Phila., Pa.

Miss America

Margaret O'Brien and Helen Schneible, Tampa, Fla., are avid MA fans. Helen's mom sent us this photo!

Sweater Set (for friends and neighbors)

"To make mittens from an old sweater, cut the outline of your hand from a newspaper. Place the pattern so that the wrist-part comes at the bottom of the sweater, and cut through both thicknesses of wool. Overcast the outside edges with bright yarns. Embroider flowers or your name on the back or cuff of your mitten, and it's finished!"

Edna Box, Minneapolis, Minn.

"For a stocking cap, cut the arm off a sweater. Gather at the wrist end, and attach a tassel. Fold it over a couple of times at the upper edge and there you have it!"

Dona Lou Nelson, Dawson, Minn.

What's Cooking Dept. (Christmas Confection)

"If you like peanut fudge, here's an easy way of whipping up some in a hurry. Use: 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons peanut butter. Mix all ingredients and boil to a soft ball. Remove from fire and beat lightly. Put in a buttered pan and cut into squares. It's delicious!"

Eileen Griffith, Johnstown, Pa.

Sizzling bacon, steaming cocoa.
your gang 'round the fire. . . .
All this by the dawn's early light
when you're on a

SUNRISE BREAKFAST...

By Conrad Frederick Smith

LOOKING for something new in fun these brilliant days of blue November weather? Want to go on an outing that's new as tomorrow's sunrise, as inexpensive as a bottle of pop with two straws, and as practical as cotton socks? Then hang on and keep your eyes from popping wide open while we name it. All right . . . a sunrise breakfast!

Yep, it means jumping out of bed some crisp Saturday morning while dawn's rosy fingers are still groping for the dark blanket of night. And then a hike, jaunt, or ride to the woods, the river bank, or the nearest picnic place for a glorious breakfast that you and your gang cook yourselves. And, no matter whether you're a confirmed cereal, toast and milk breakfaster, we're ready to wager a queenly sum that you'll wolf a man-sized portion of eggs, bacon, toast, and steaming cocoa without a blink of your eyelids.

Sunrise breakfasts are an old custom in some parts of the country, and if you have never been on one, talk it over with the gang and get set for as exciting a morning as you are likely to spend all this school year. This is one big, outdoorsy event you won't have to buy a shred of new clothes for . . . there won't be a mess of dishes to wash . . . and the gay lads in the crowd won't have to divvy so much for their part that they will sing the blues.

You'll find that Mom and Dad will fall right in line with the idea if you tell them that it's simply a picnic that starts early in the morning and ends early—and that you have invited that darling Miss Jones, the new English teacher, and perhaps her returned aviator hero to go along with the gang. Perhaps it's not absolutely necessary—but then, it's nice. And ten to one she'll be more fun than anybody.

For a full Cole Porteresque Night and Day affair, you and the other gals in your crowd may want to have a preliminary in the shape of a bunking party at someone's house. If there's more in your group than one house can conveniently hold, maybe two houses will be better. You know how a room full of midnight gigglers and wigglers can cause as much uproar as a brass band on the loose. But no matter whether you all rise as one or tumble out one at a time, set the alarm for the first crack of dawn and be ready. A Sunrise Serenade isn't made for playing at high noon.

Where to go? Surely some of you have been Brownies, Girl Scouts, and even taggers-along after Big Brother and know where a swell picnic ground awaits enticingly. A site by a rippling stream or lake is dandy, or it might be on a hilltop. But wherever you go, be sure that it's all right to build a fire. Almost any place will reward searchers with enough wood to cook breakfast, but if you're not sure, then a bag of charcoal is in order. Fire without fuel is something for the atomic scientists to ponder over, and one cannot break up the family furniture for outdoor cookery.

You'll find that if the breakfast site is close enough—and what's a mile or two to sturdy lads and lassies who can whirl and dip for hours at a time on a dance floor—you'll enjoy some early morning hiking or biking. It's simple enough to carry the food and a few utensils in packs. If there are enough wheels to transport the party, then it's simple enough to carry the duffel in handlebar baskets. And if one in the crowd has a Dad who will lend an open truck that can be bedded down with straw and blankets, you have a ride as luxurious as Lohengrin's swan boat or Julie's Show Boat.

You can count on the morning air's being brisk in November in most parts of the country, but it will be a rare exception that you will be extremely cold. But those comfortable oxfords, slacks or jeans, and sweaters will feel mighty good at dawn and later. Even if the air has a genuine Jack Frost nip in it, an extra sweater or jacket will ward off the cold shivers and goose bumps.

(*Continued on page* **63**)

"TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, WHEN ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

Christmas Day is *MOTHER'S DAY*

1. BEAUTY BOX

Evening in Paris fragrant cologne and flattering cosmetics. About $3.65*. Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, St. Louis.

2. NIGHTIE AND SLIP

Rayon jersey, nicely-tailored and daintily-trimmed. The set about $9. At all Kayser stores.

3. NAIL POLISH KIT

"Reunion" leatherette case contains complete manicure essentials. Made by La Cross. About $3*. A. Harris, Dallas.

4. BLACK BELT

Flashing gold chevrons on inky suede. Vogue makes it for about $5. Meyer Frank, Portland.

5. MOM & SIS APRONS

In matching flowered chintz set, by Helene Pons. Senior size about $4.95; Junior size about $2.50. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

6. SOFT SCUFFS

Loungee's comfy flat shearling fur comes in six brilliant costume colors. About $6.95*. McCreery's, New York.

7. COMPACT & CIGARETTE CASE

Striped design in shiny polished brass, by Volupté. Compact about $5*. Case about $6*. Halle Bros., Cleveland.

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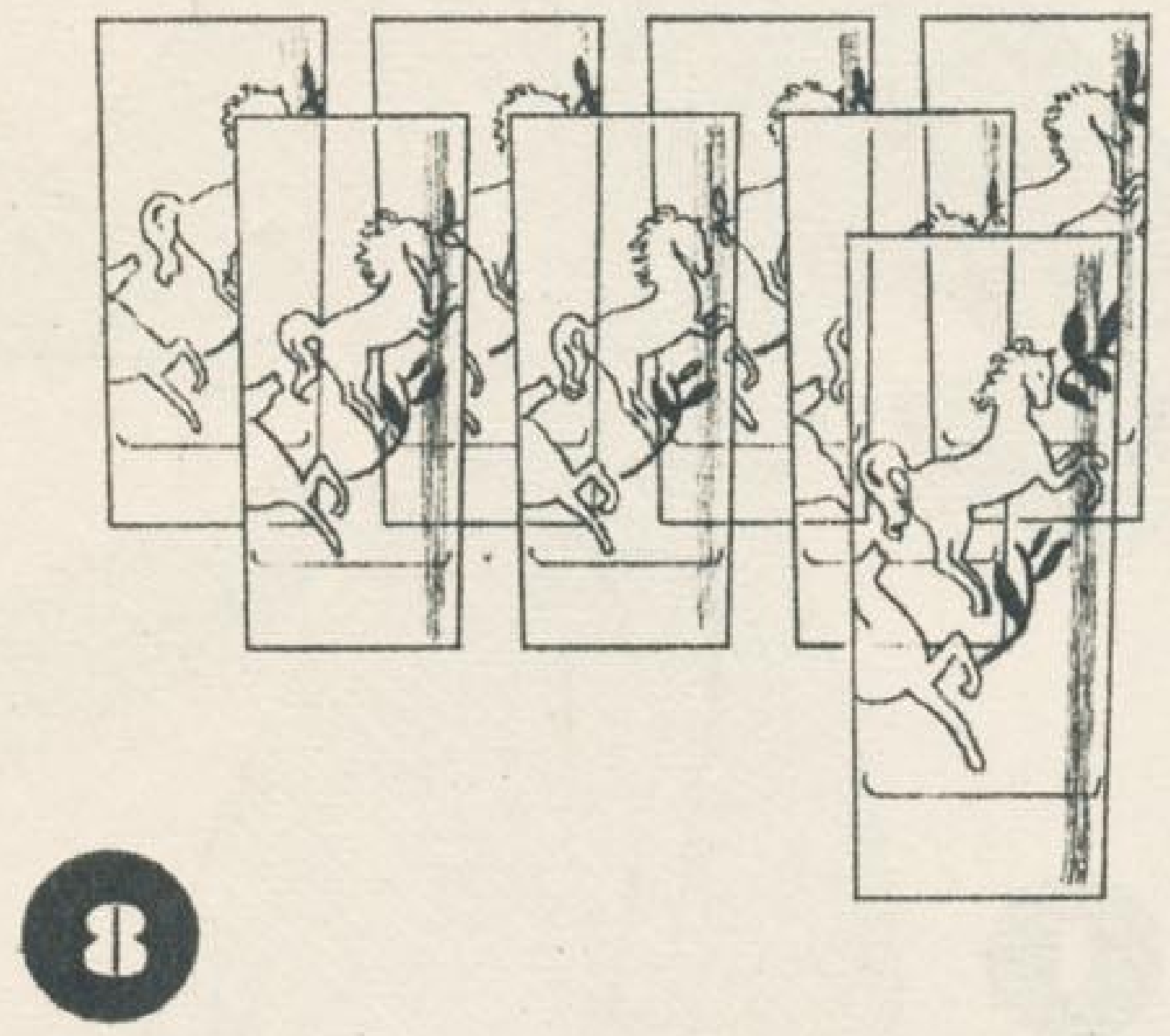
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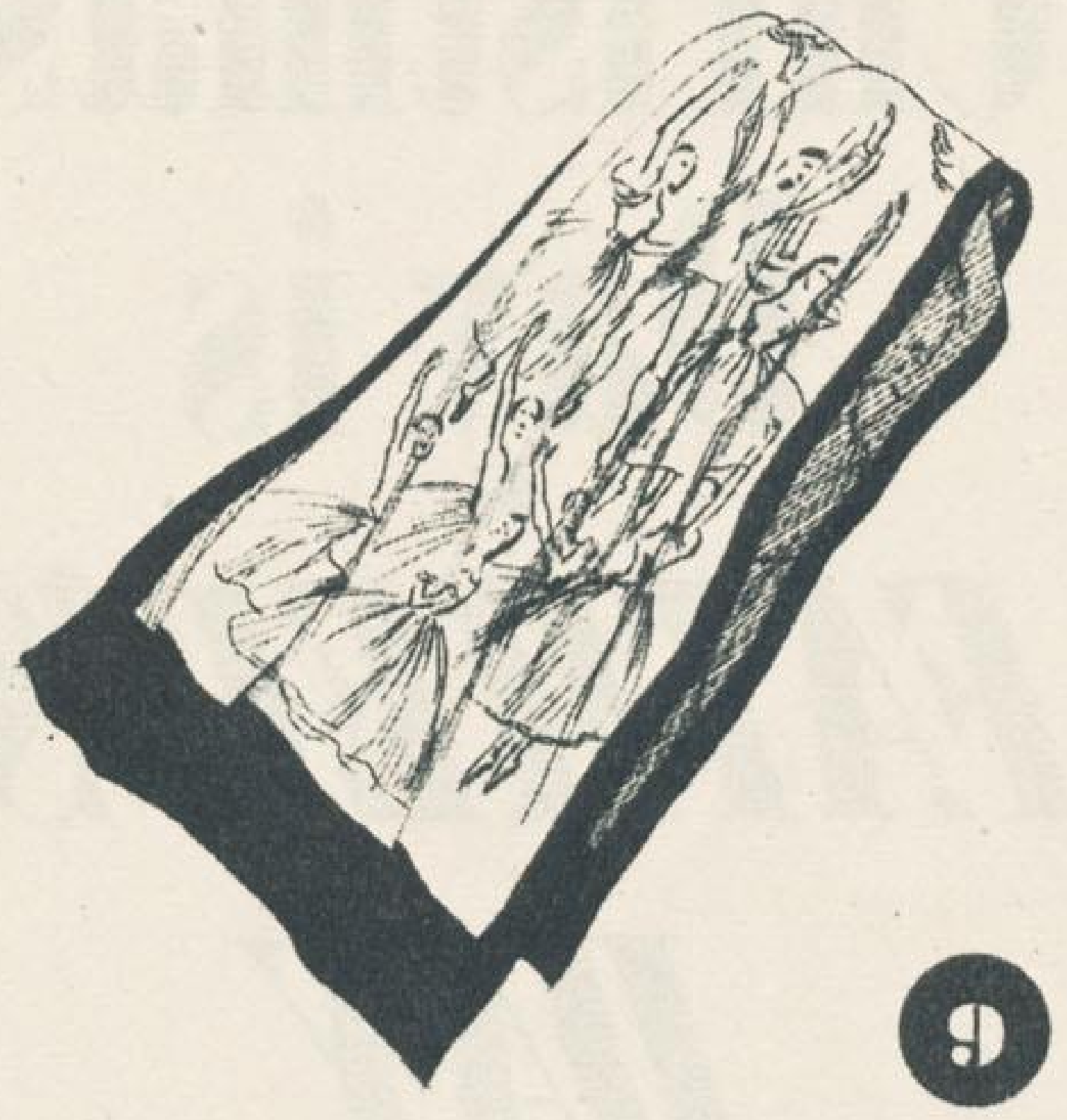
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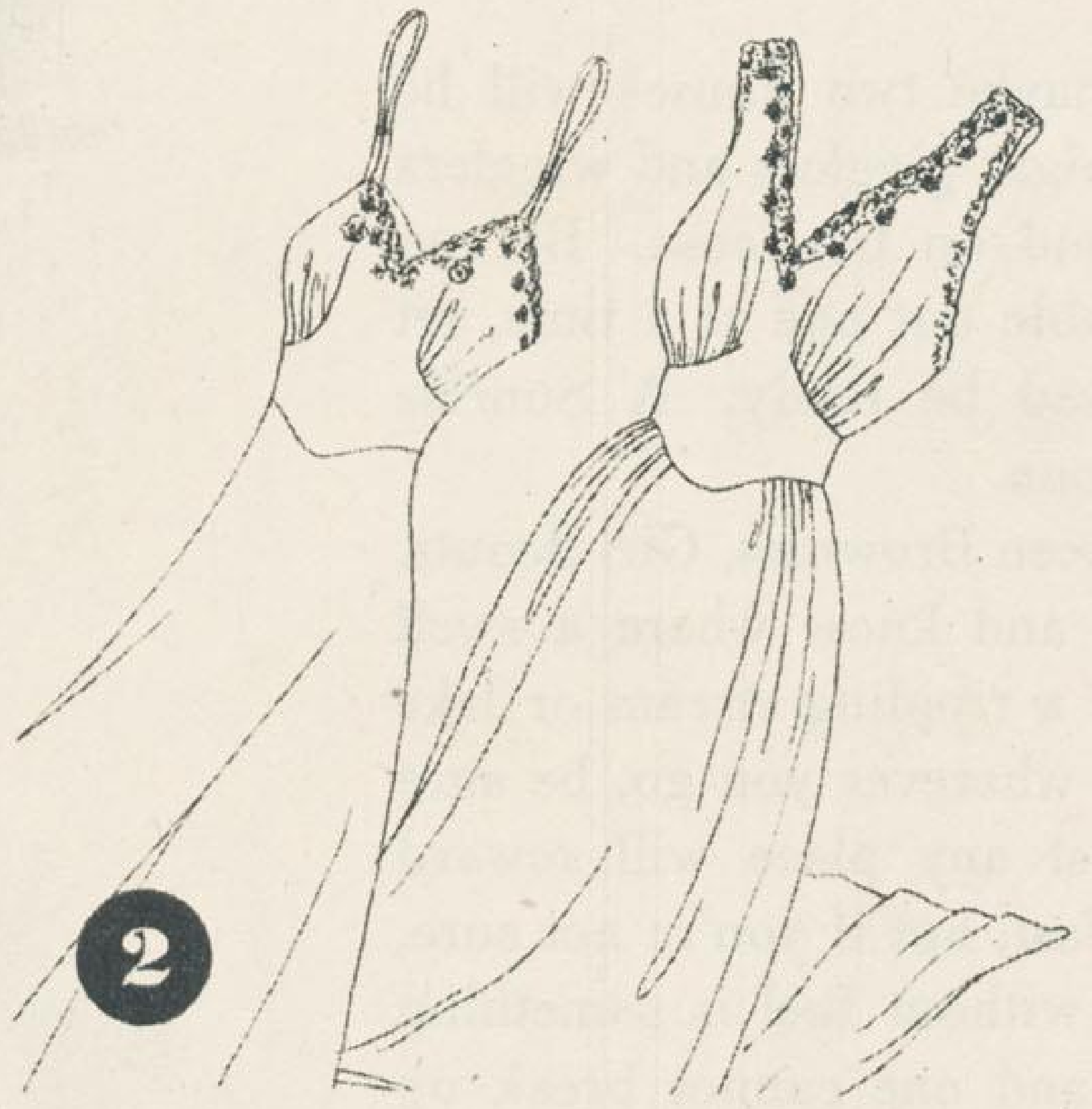
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ORLOFF
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Bubble Bath
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Dusting Powder

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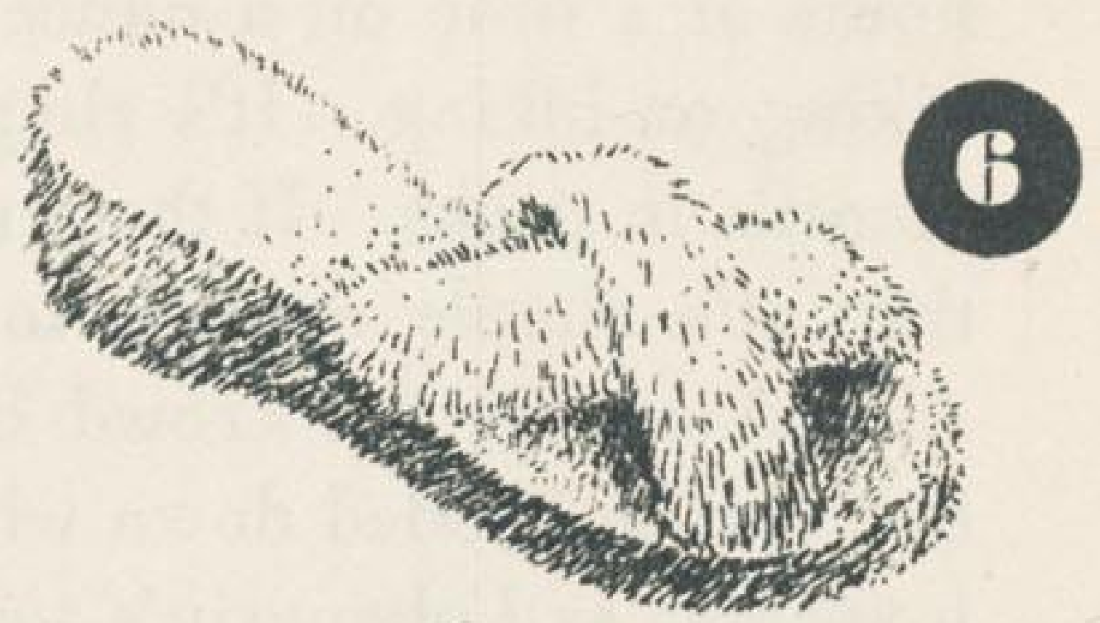
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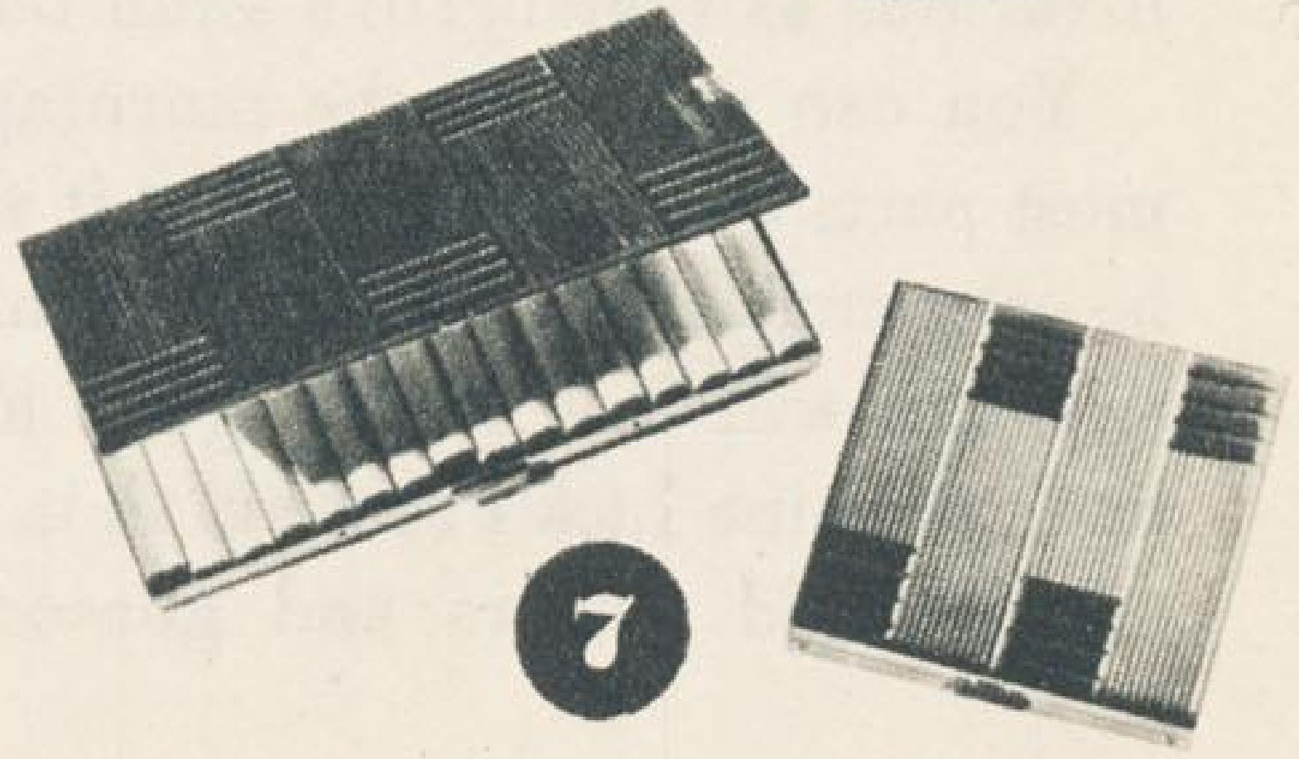
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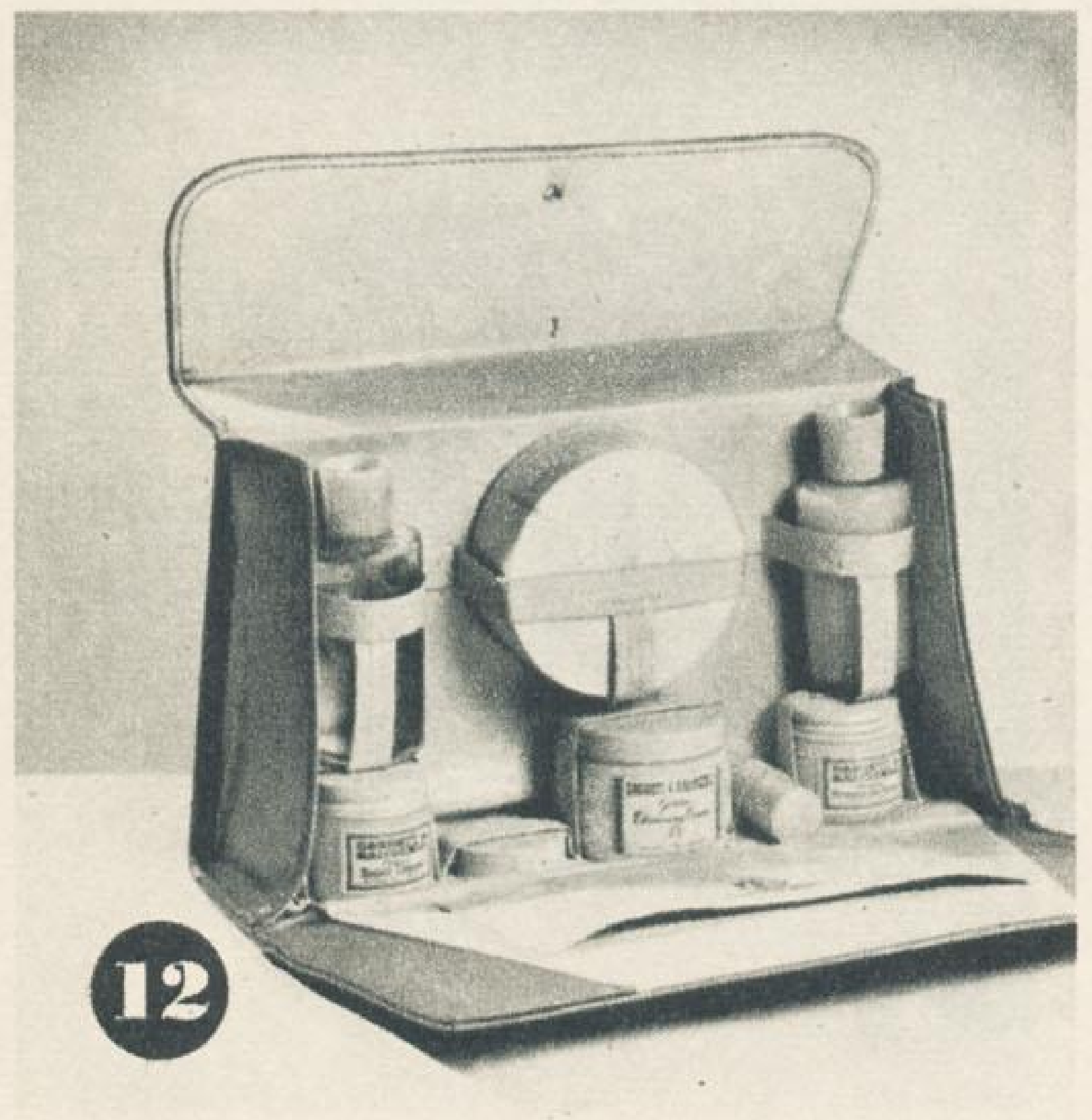
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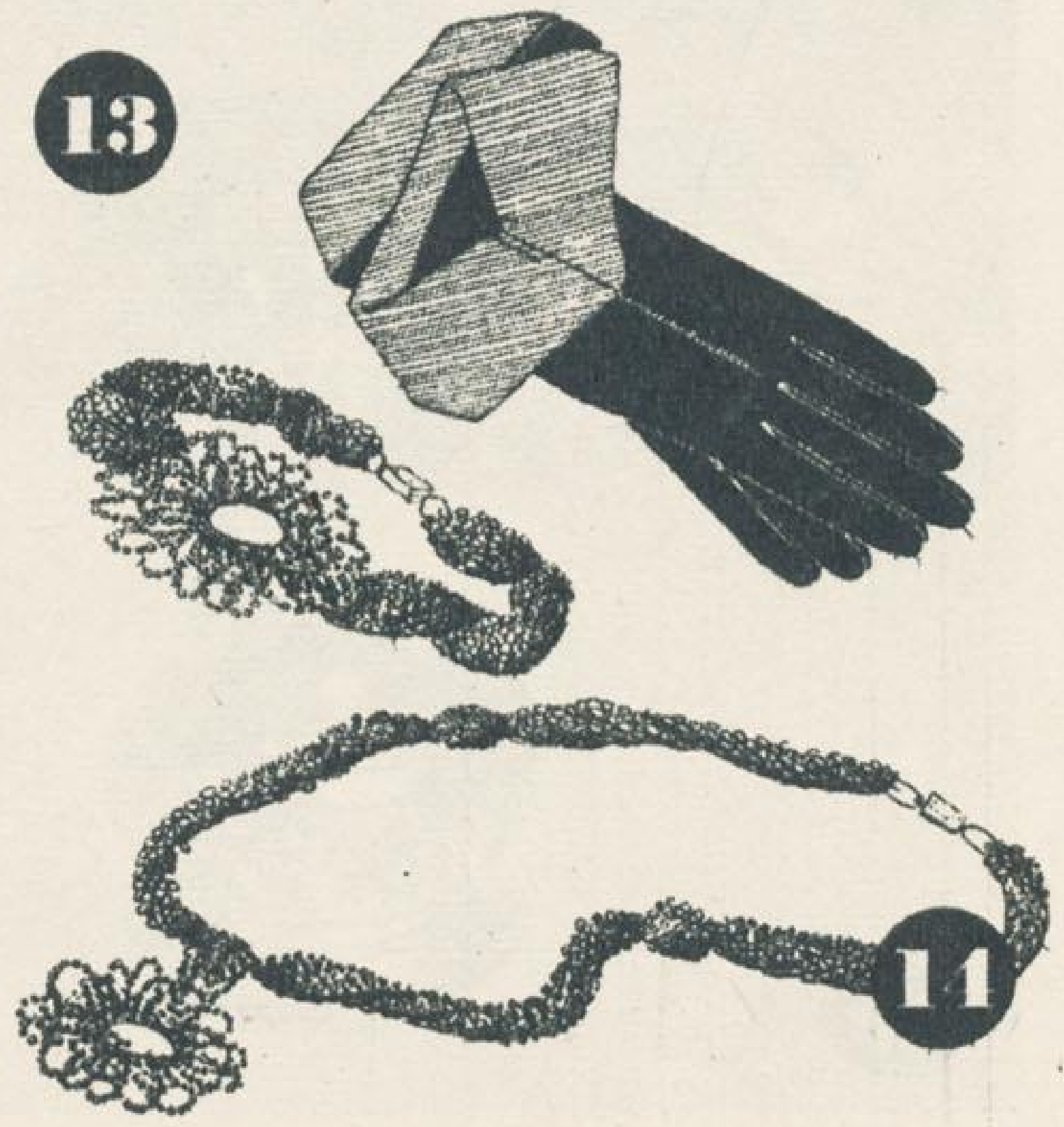
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8. PRANCING COLTS

On Libbey's set of eight glasses, specially welcome for folks "dropping in" during holidays. About $3. Bamberger's, Newark.

9. SILKY SCARF

Ballet dancers merrily whirl across this crepe Glentex scarf in pastels. About $5. Frederick Nelson, Seattle.

10. CLEVER CARRY ALL

In black or brown faille with shell top and matching change purse by David Lewis. About $15. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

11. BATH BOUQUET

Attar of Petals dusting powder and bubble-bath set in lovely jars to dress up Mom's bureau by Orloff. About $5.50*. The Fair, Chicago.

12. CHARM KIT

Simulated leather container of beauty aids by Daggett & Ramsdell, for traveling. About $7.85*. Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D. C.

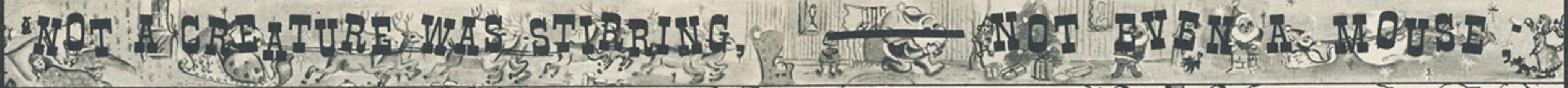
13. HANDSOME GLOVES

Smartly-styled glove with turn-back cuff and contrast leather lining, by Dawnelle. About $5*. Neiman Marcus, Dallas.

14. JEWELRY SET

Cut steel matching necklace and bracelet by Karu. Set about $15*. Higbe Bros., Cleveland.

**Plus Federal Tax*


"NOT A CREATURE WAS STIRRING, — NOT EVEN A MOUSE"

Christmas Day is *FATHER'S DAY*

1. THE ROBE

Cold winter days and nights made warm and cozy. Give dad a Botany wool flannel in navy, green, copen, tan, or brown. Small to extra large sizes. About $15. Stern Bros., N. Y.

2. DOUBLE DECKER

Perfect partners for bridge—two decks of playing cards and score-pads enclosed in a genuine leather case so dad can take it along with him on all of his trips. About $6.45. Bullock's, Los Angeles.

3. INITIALED SUSPENDERS

Hickok makes these smartly-styled suspenders for the favorite man in your life. Comes in regular and also in extra-long size for daddy. About $2.50. Gimbel Bros. New York.

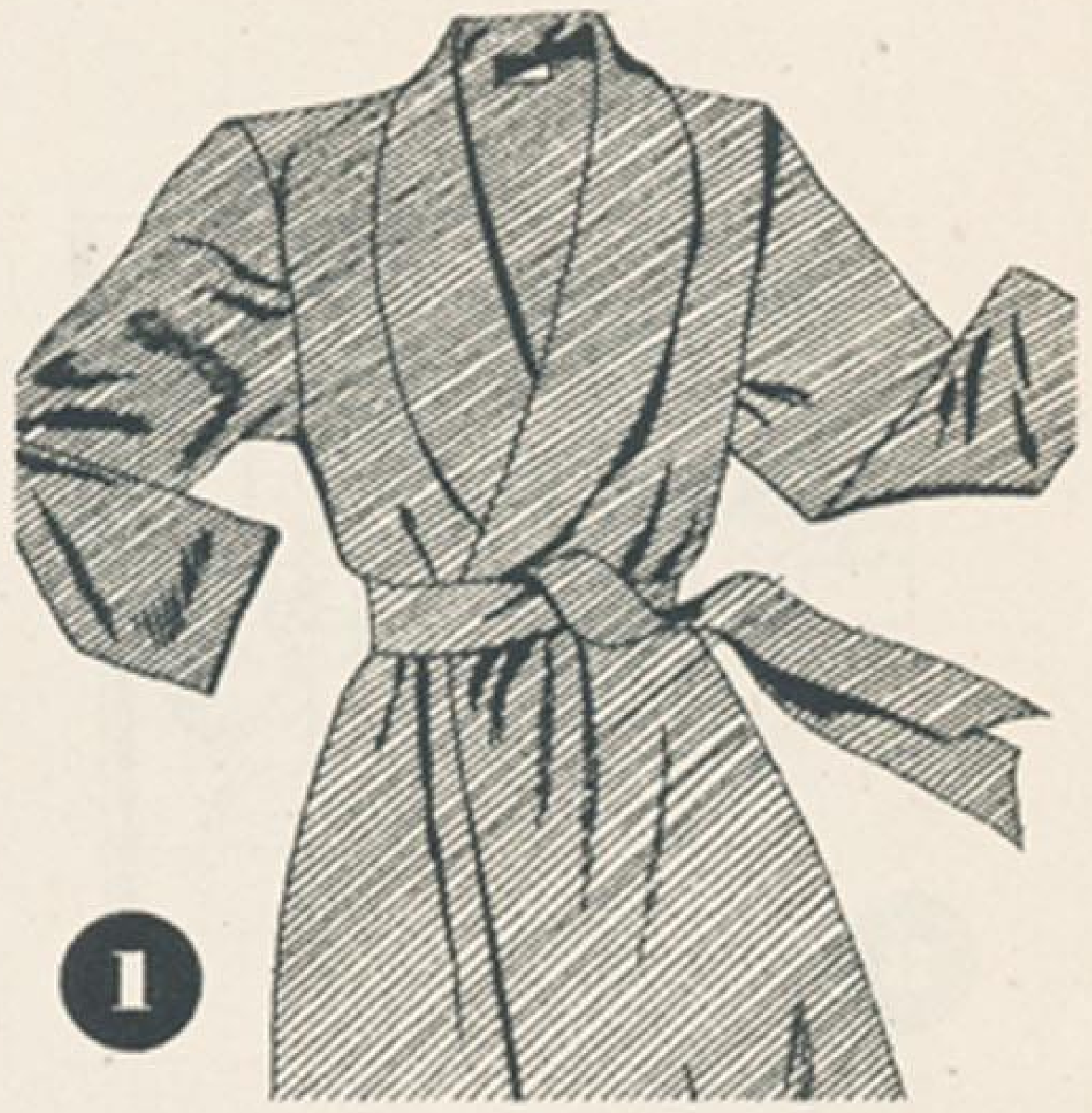
4. DESK DECANTER

Good-looking silver-plated lighter, made by Ronson and just right for dad's office desk or for his writing table at home. $13.75*. At leading stores everywhere.

5. POCKET LIGHTER

A joy forever to dad is this Ronson chromium finish lighter, equipped with disappearing windshield; it goes up for lighting in the breeze, down, indoors. $7.50*. At all leading stores.

** Plus Federal Tax*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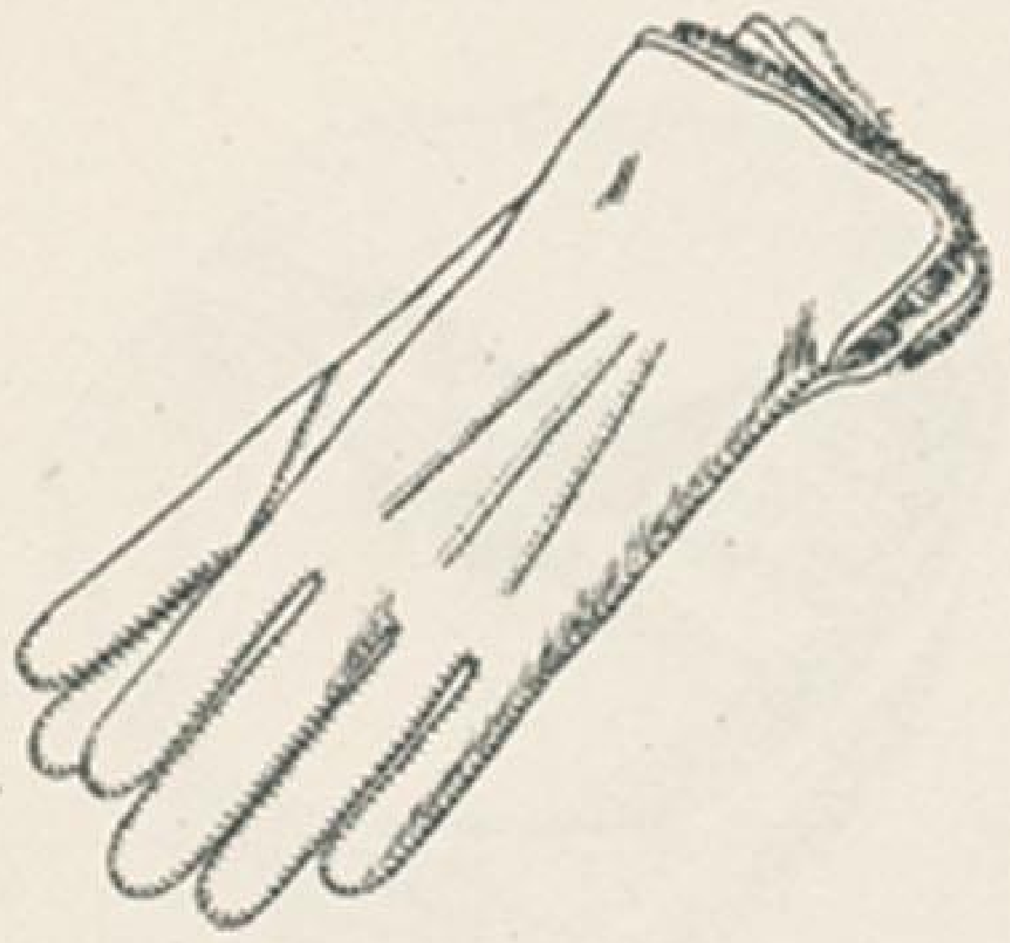
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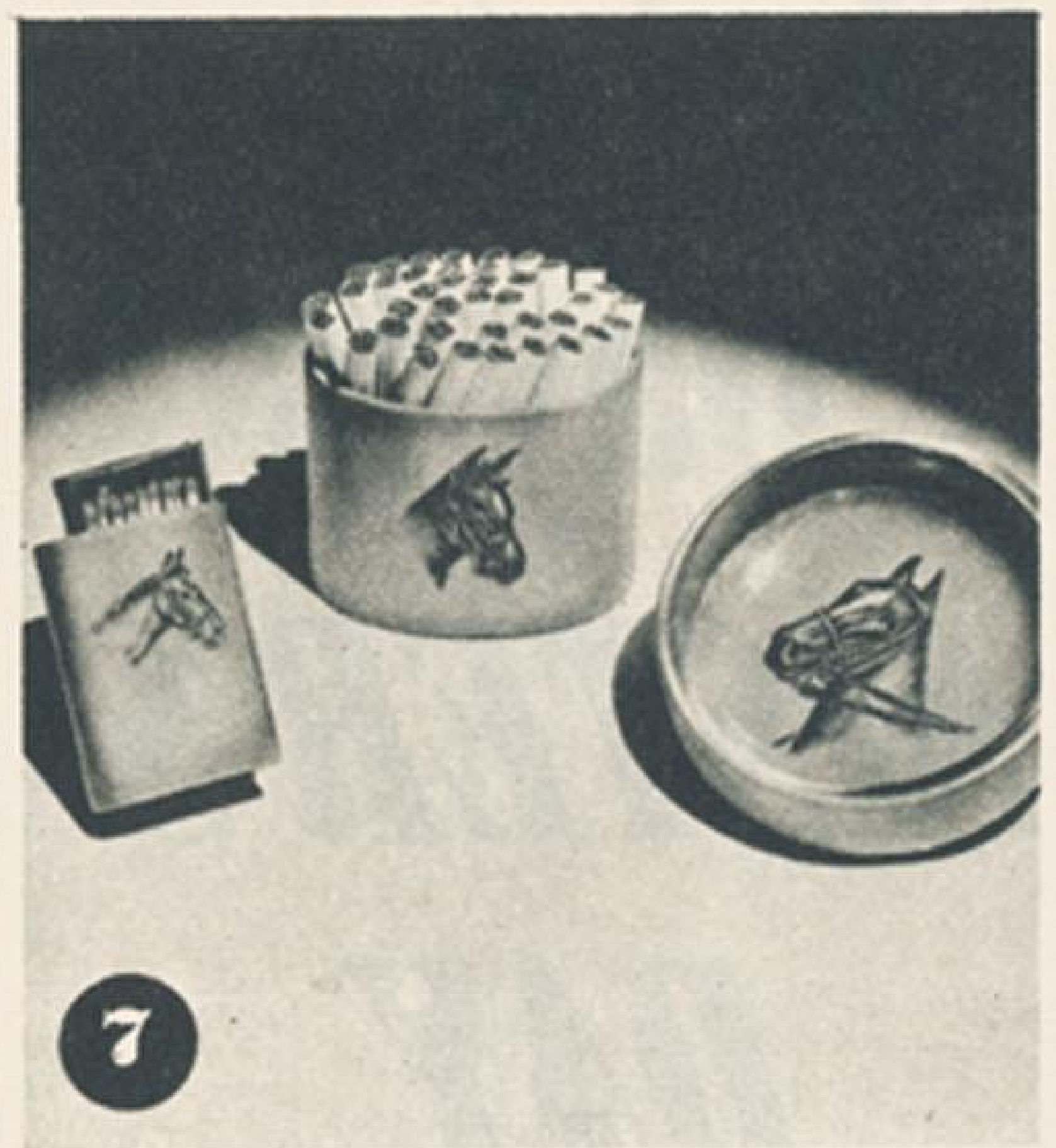
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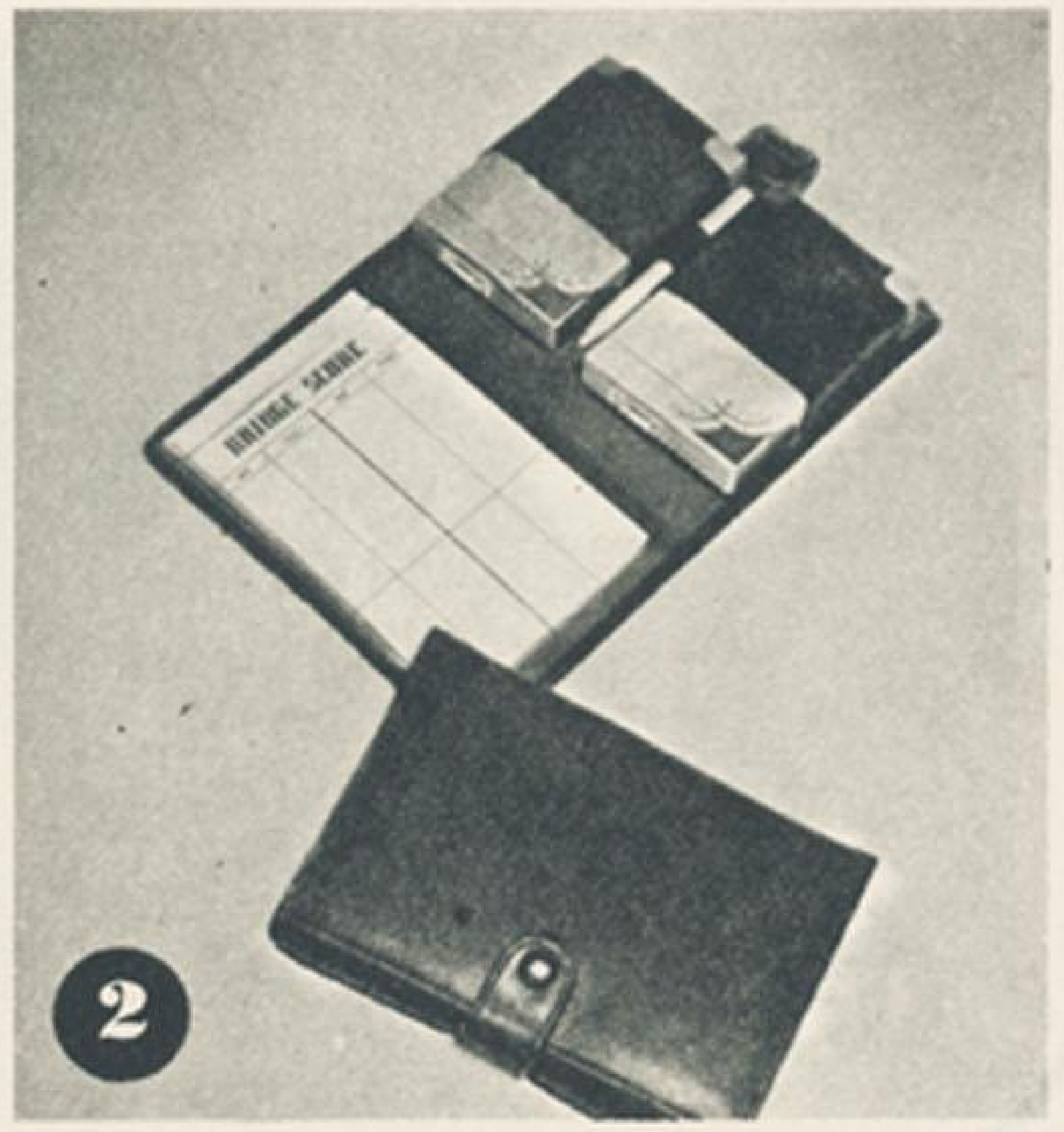

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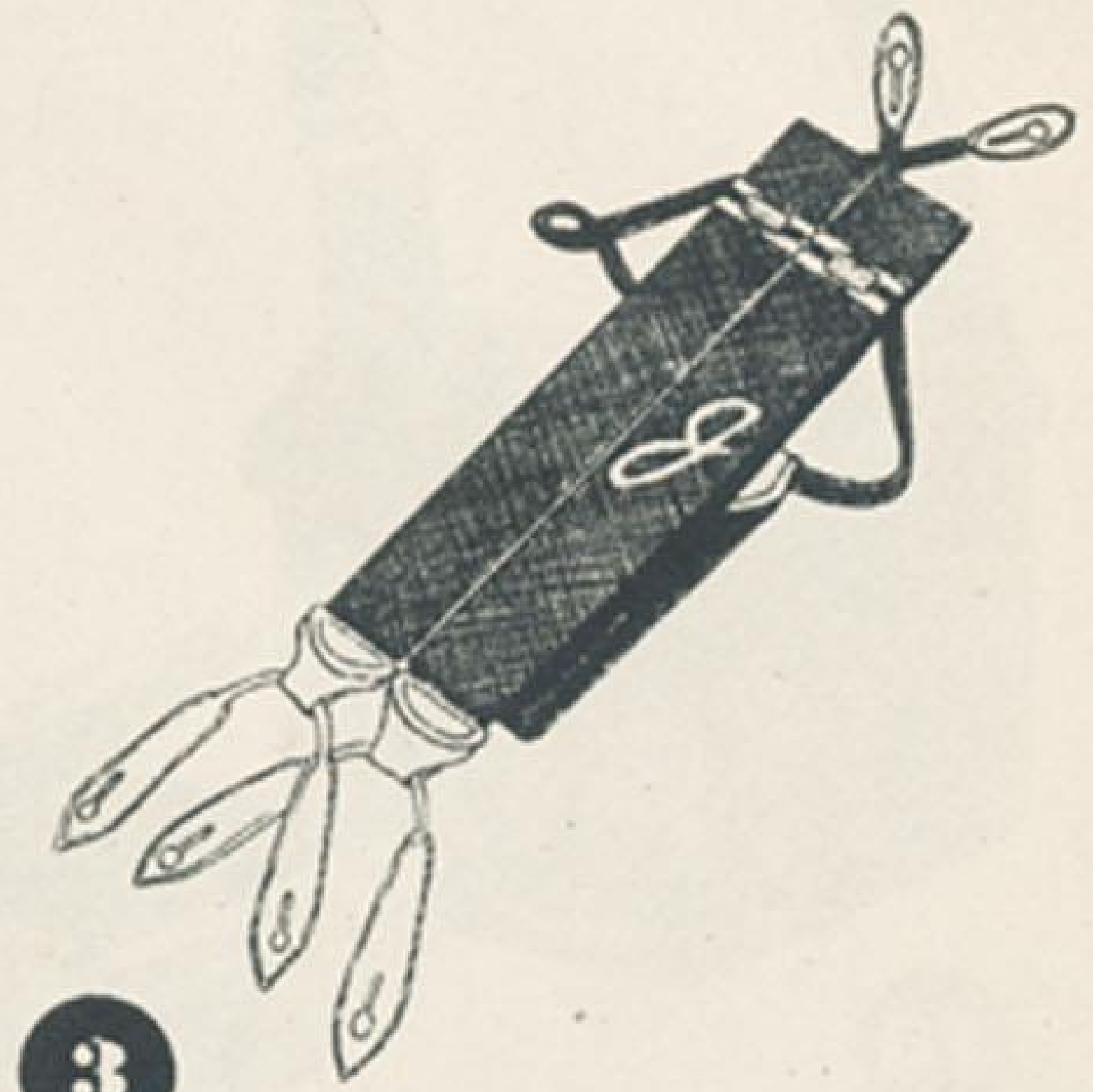
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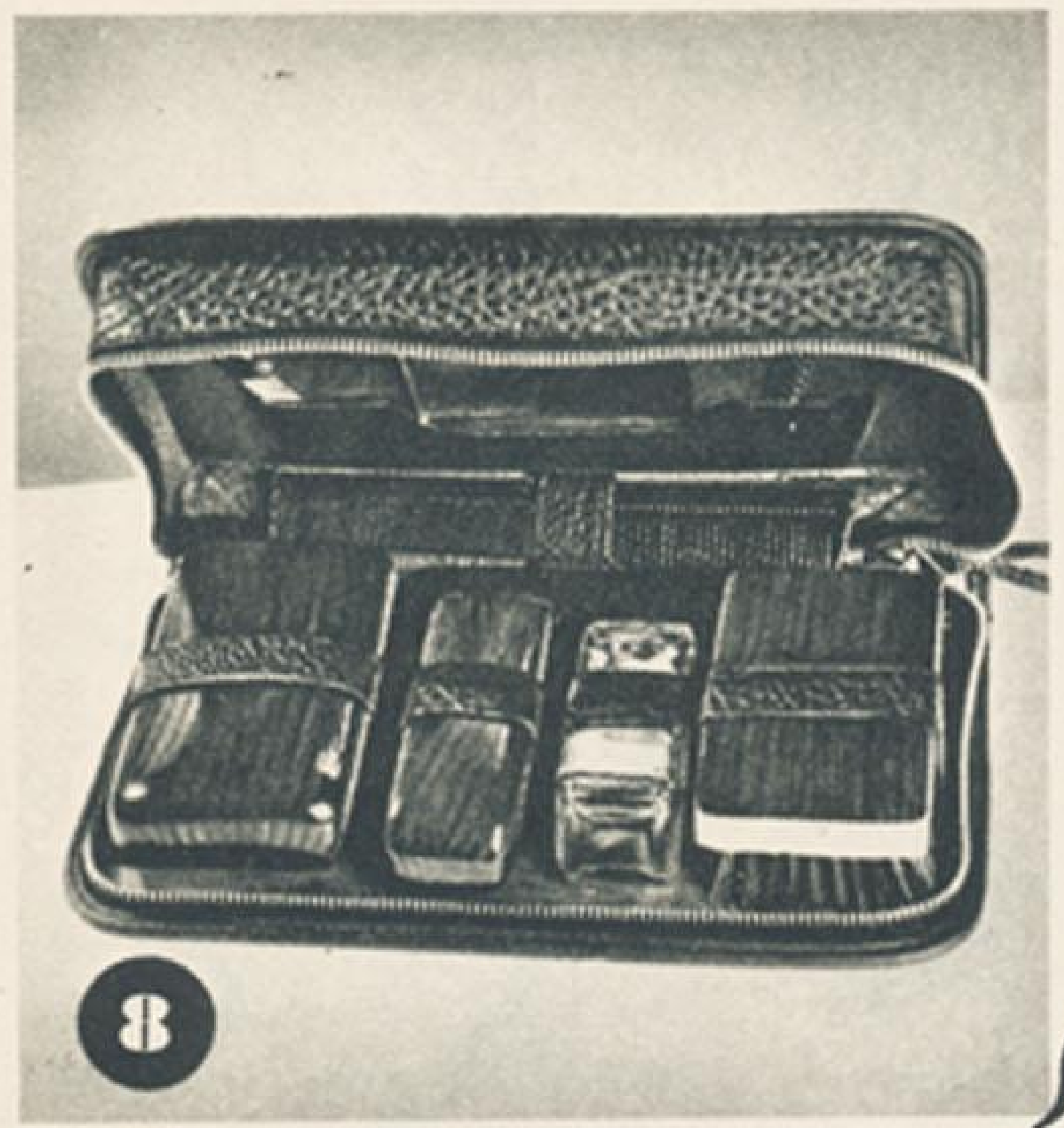
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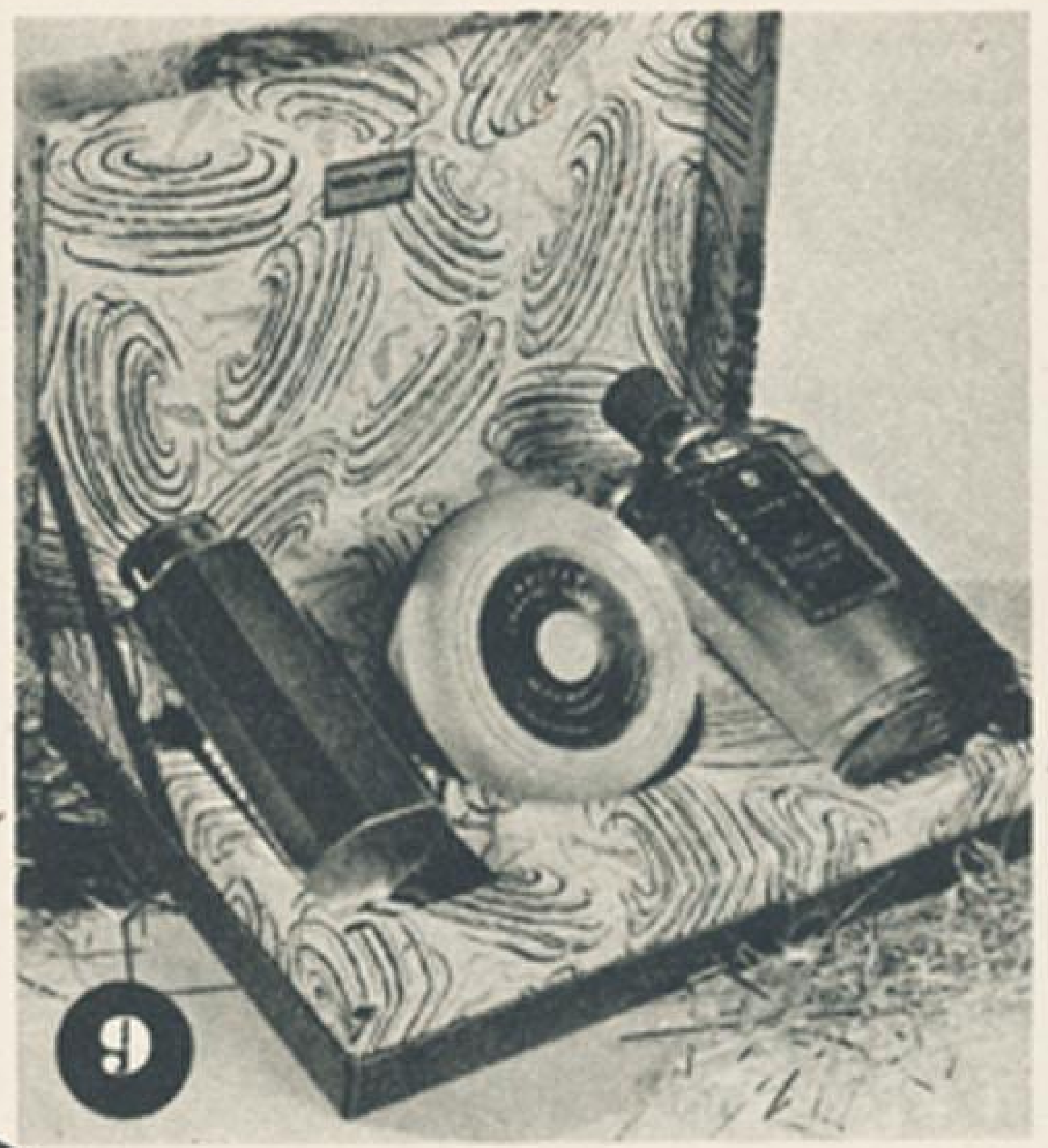
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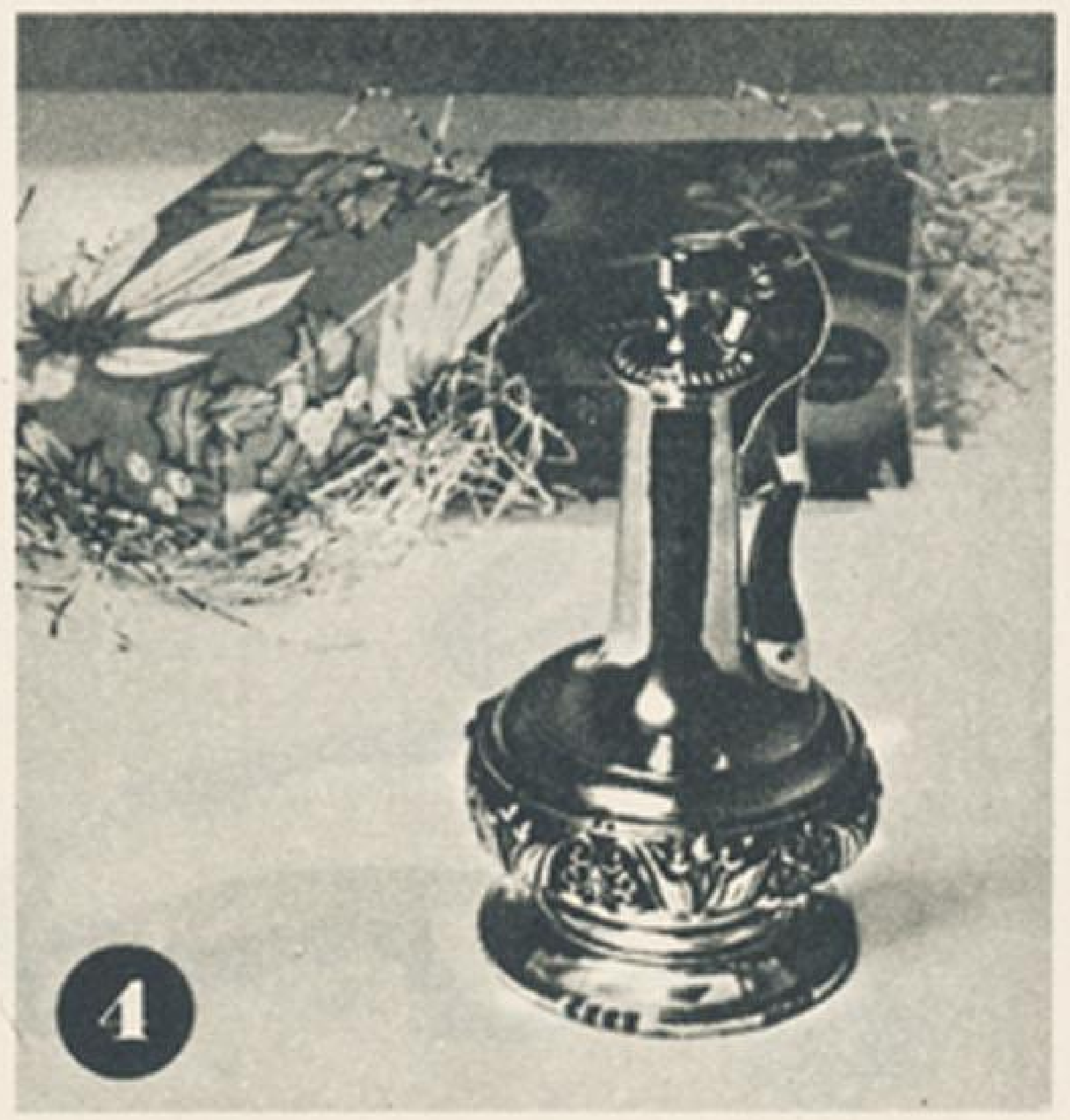
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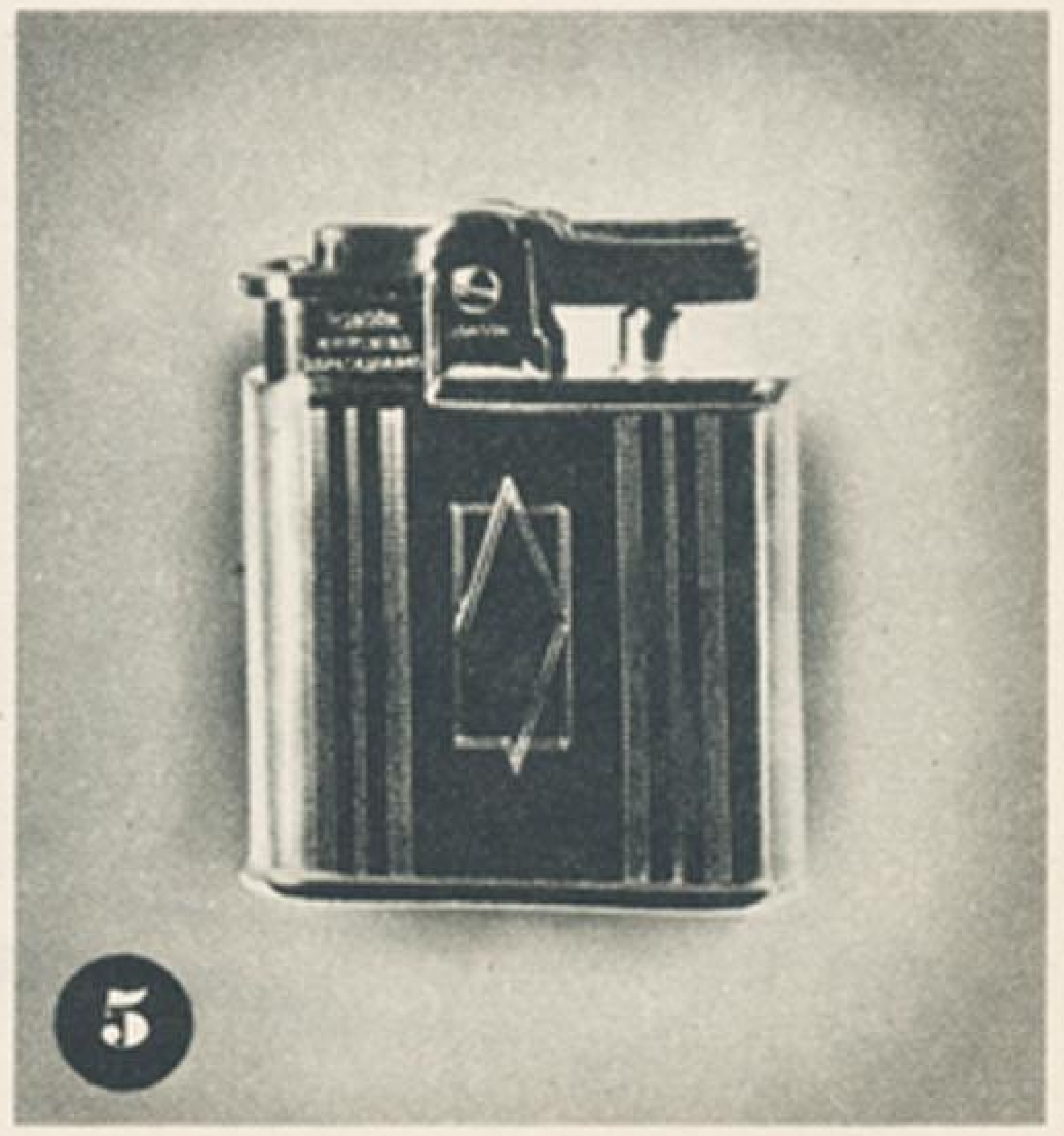
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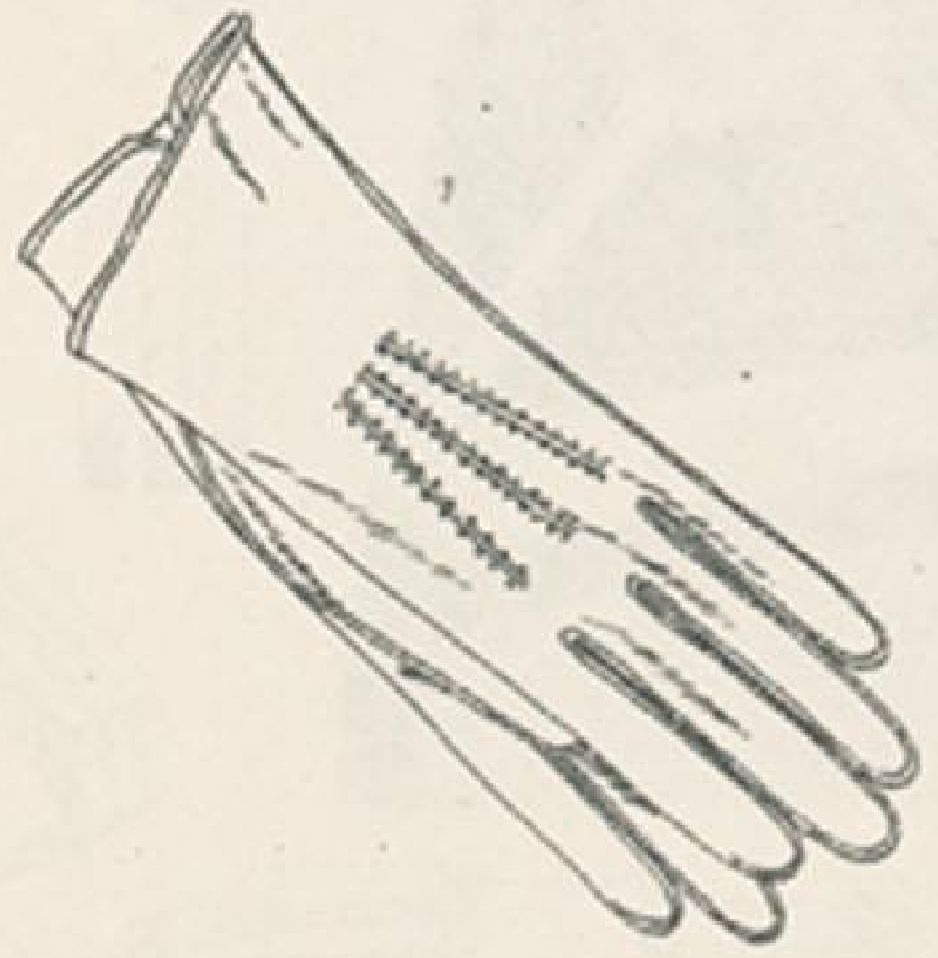
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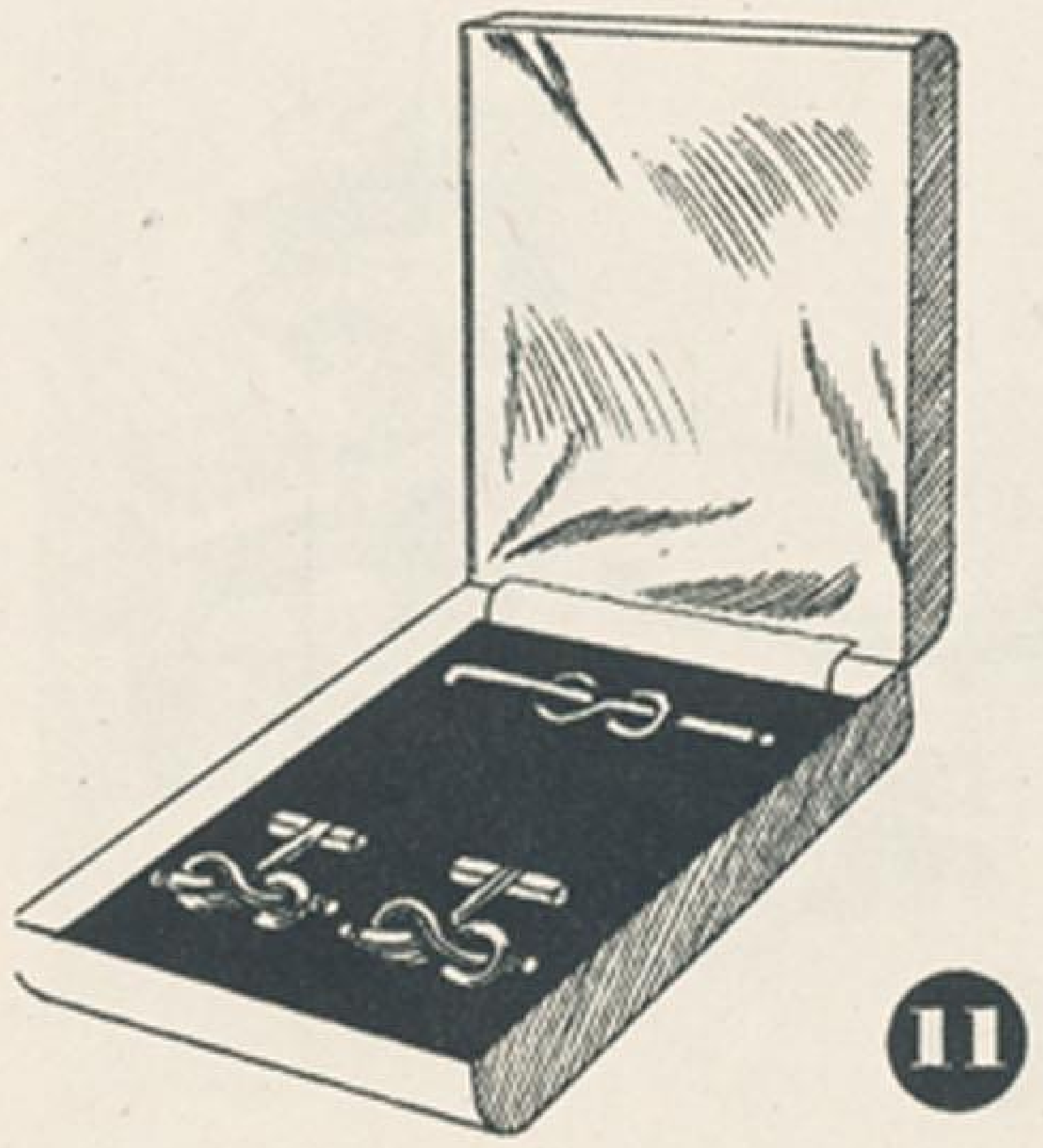
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6. HAND WARMERS

American made wonderfully practical gift lined with rabbit fur to guard against wintry weather. About $6.50. At the Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

7. THE "HORSEY" SET

Genuine leather smoke set—matching ashtray, cigarette container and handsome matchbox. About $8. Hammacher-Schlemmer, New York.

9. TRAVEL KIT

Dad's best buddy—these toilet articles for good grooming wherever he goes. By Aristocrat. About $5.95*. Hutzler & Co., Richmond.

9. SOAP 'N' SHAVE SET

Yardley's essentials for shaving—talc, lotion, mug in gay Christmas wrappings to set the holiday mood. $3.25*. At Bon Marché, Seattle.

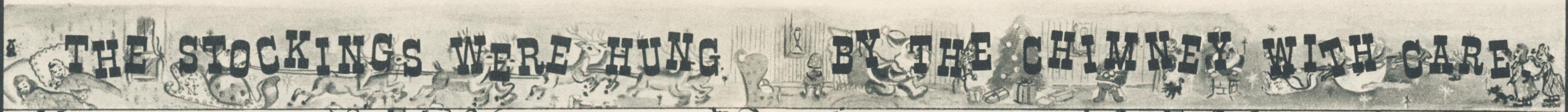
10. GREY GLOVES

Mocca glove, sports hand-embroidered back perfect for holiday wear. By Mark Cross. About $9.50. At Neiman Marcus, Dallas.

11. TIE & SHIRT SET

Swank's gold-filled tie clasp and cuff links, for the best father you've got, on the best day of the year. $7.50*. At Marshall Field, Chicago.

** Plus Federal Tax*



THE STOCKINGS WERE HUNG BY THE CHIMNEY WITH CARE

Christmas Day is *SISTER'S DAY*

1. PICTURE COMPACT

Doe design on handsome bronze. Elgin American. About $5*. Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

2. TOP-NOTCH TOPPER

Glentop's long, sequin-splashed stocking cap. Black, brown, royal rayon wool. About $7.95. Marshall Field, Chicago.

3. PRECIOUS PIN

Teenior's clever "Key to my heart" chatelaine finished in pink gold. About $3.50*. Thalheimers, Richmond, Va.

4. STERLING STEEDS

Gaily animated-animal lapel pins, by Silver Arrow. About $1* each. At May Co., Cleveland.

5. FOAMY FRAGRANCE

"Tussy with Love" set of sweetheart soap and cologne. About $2.75*. At Bon Marché, Seattle.

6. BAG & GLOVES

Double-woven sueded rayon for this double-duty accessory outfit. Bag about $3*, gloves about $1. By Kayser, at all their retail stores.

7. MATCHING GEMS

"Brambly" twin bracelet and earrings in gold or silver plate, by Monet. Set about $8*. At Bamberger's, Newark.

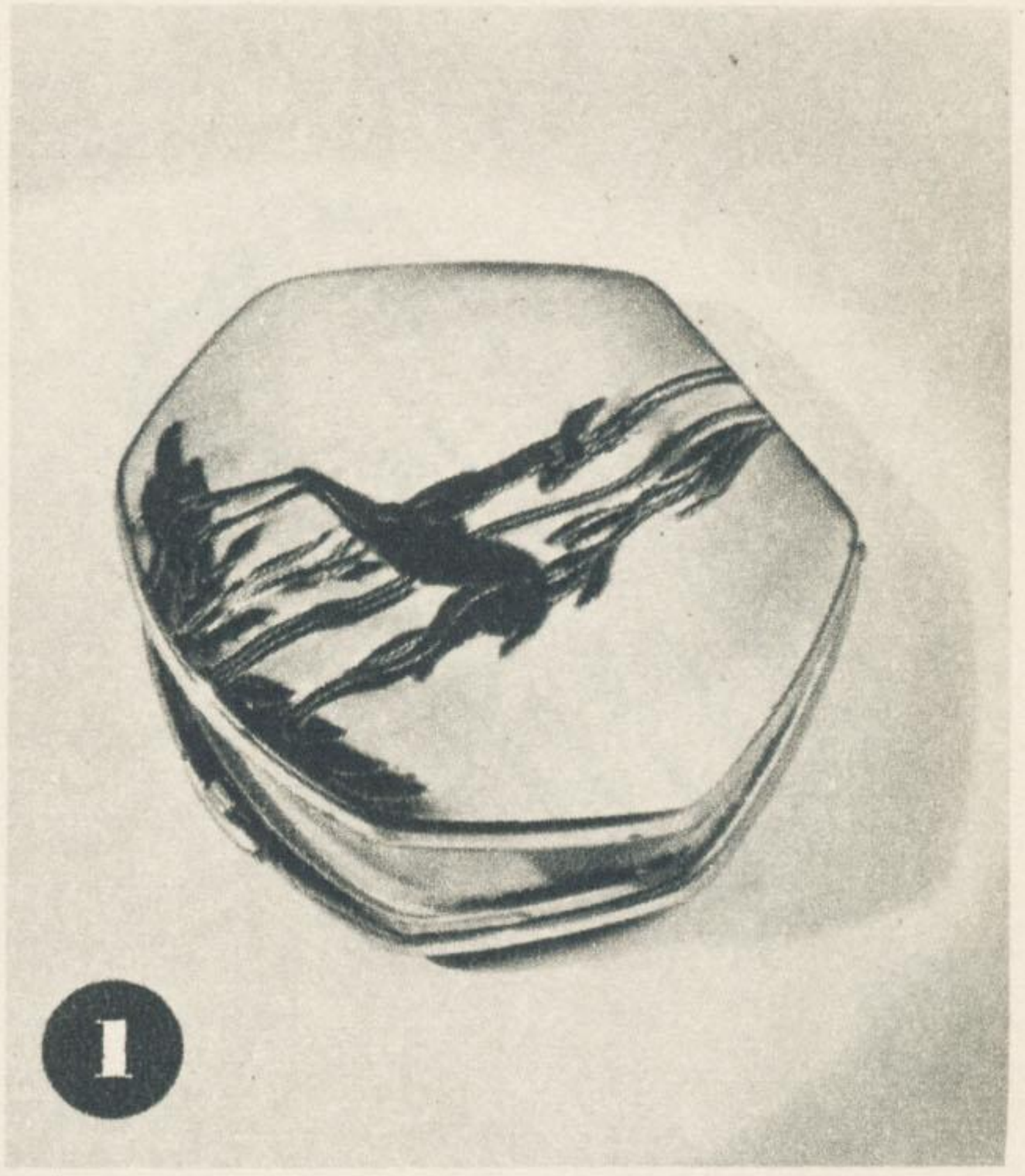
8. DANCER'S DELIGHT

Graceful ballerinas on Coro's chatelaine will bring forth "oh's" and "ah's." About $3*. D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

9. NAME CHAIN

Charming sterling silver chain linked to silver-fashioned letters, by M. A. Fellman. About $5, federal tax included. Boston store, Joliet.

** Plus Federal Tax*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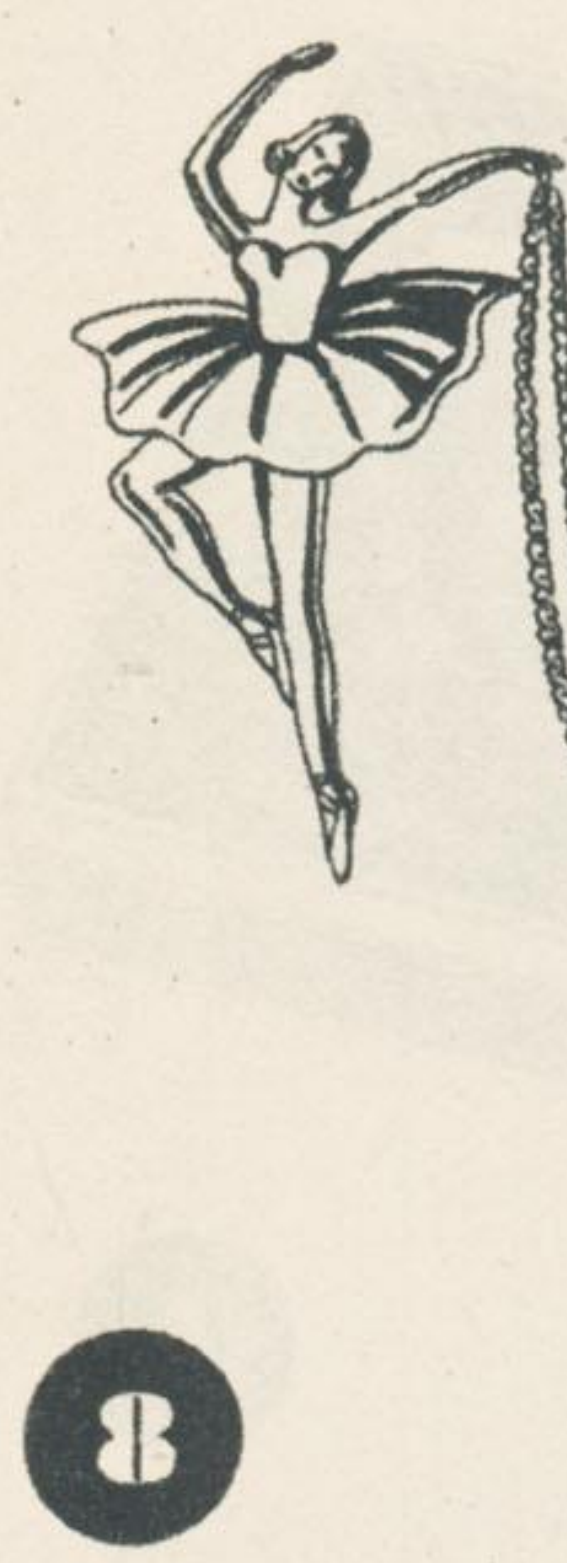
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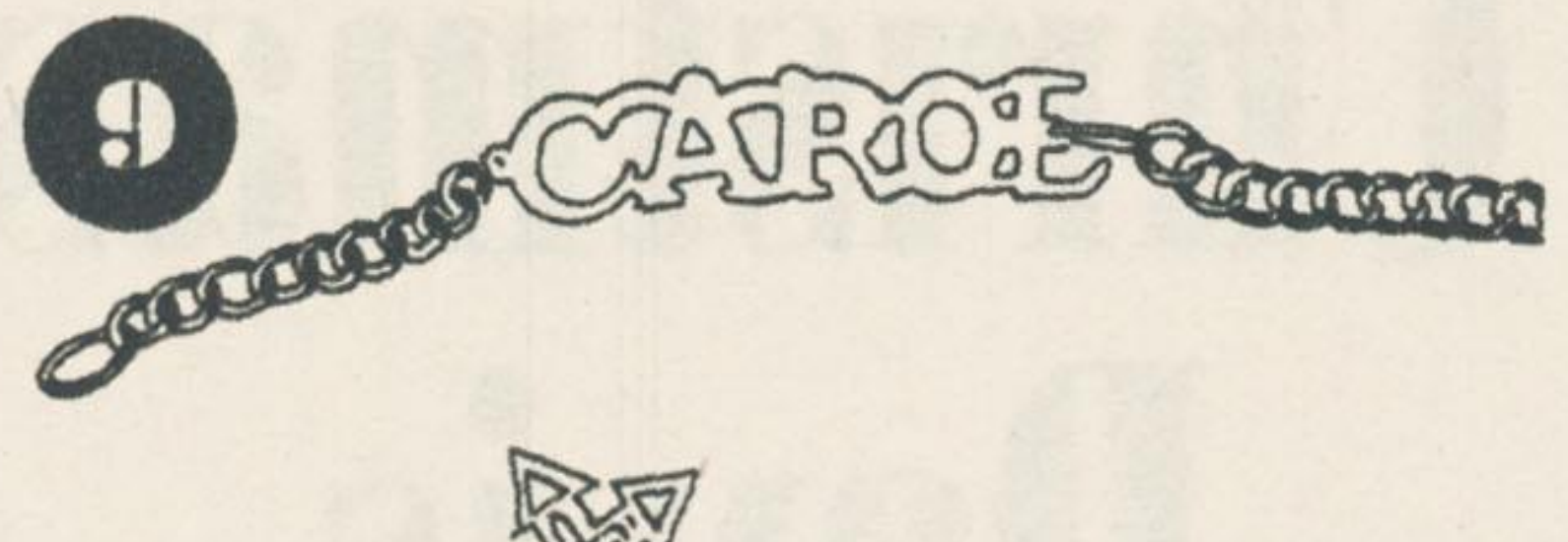
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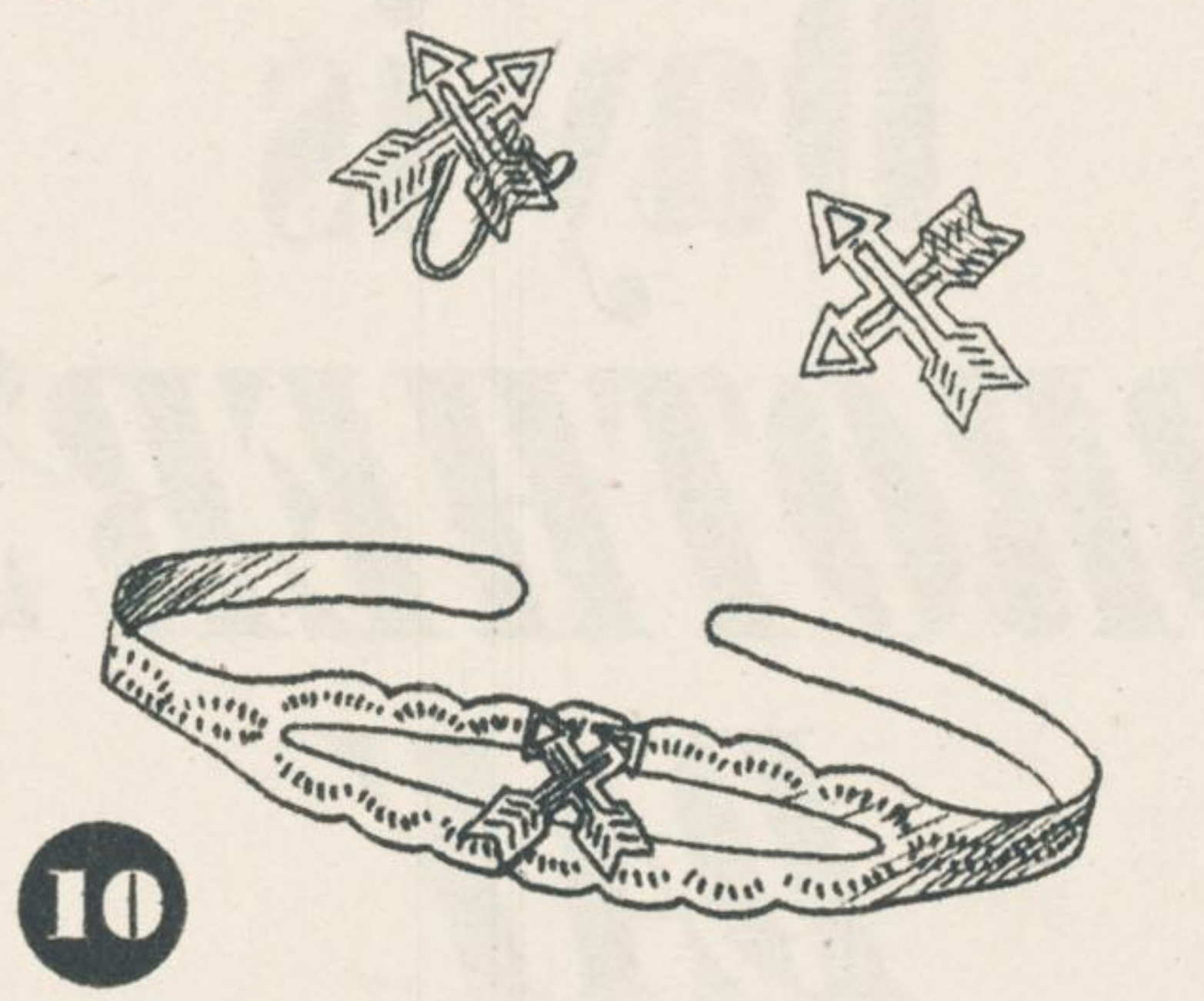
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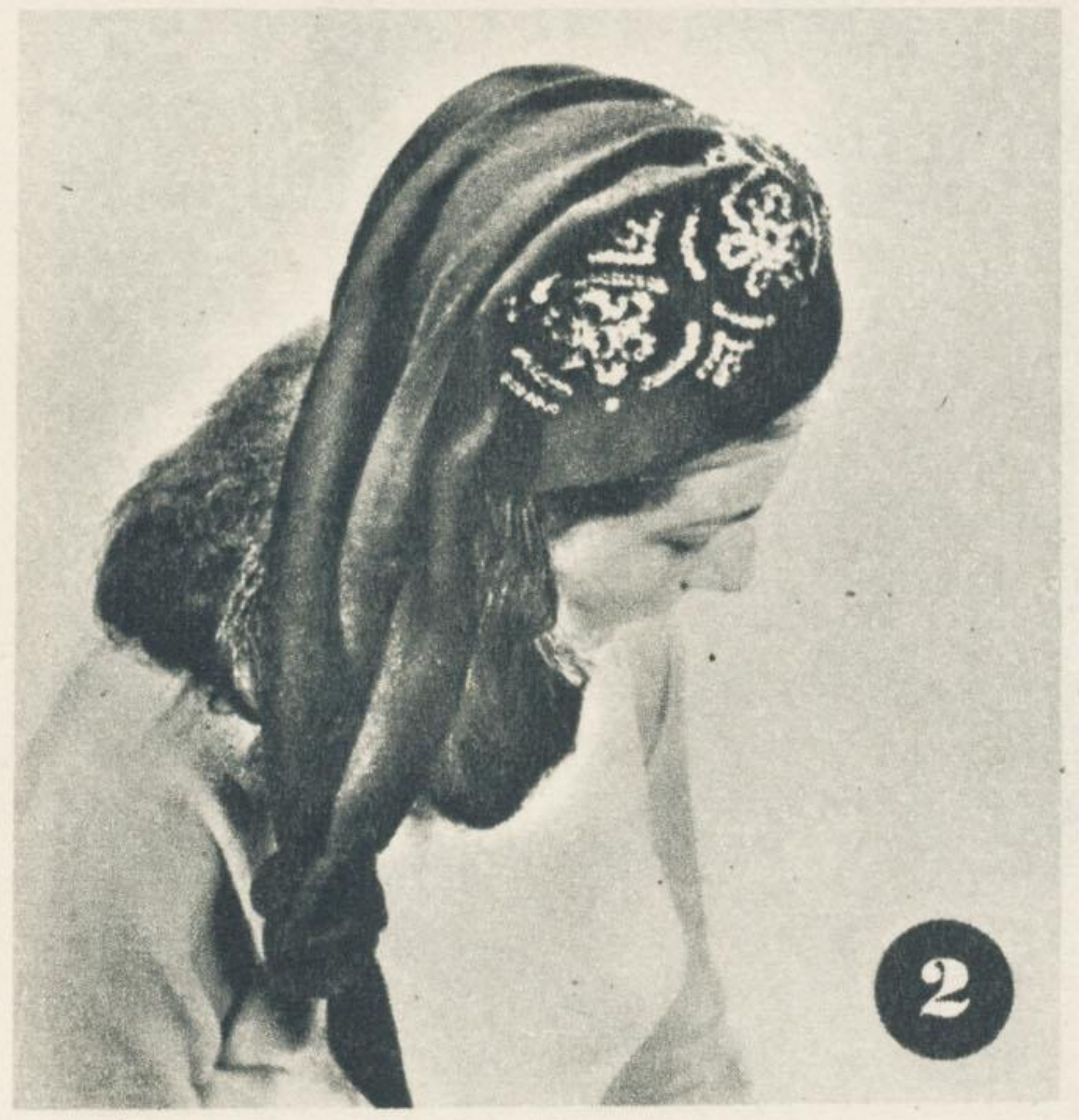
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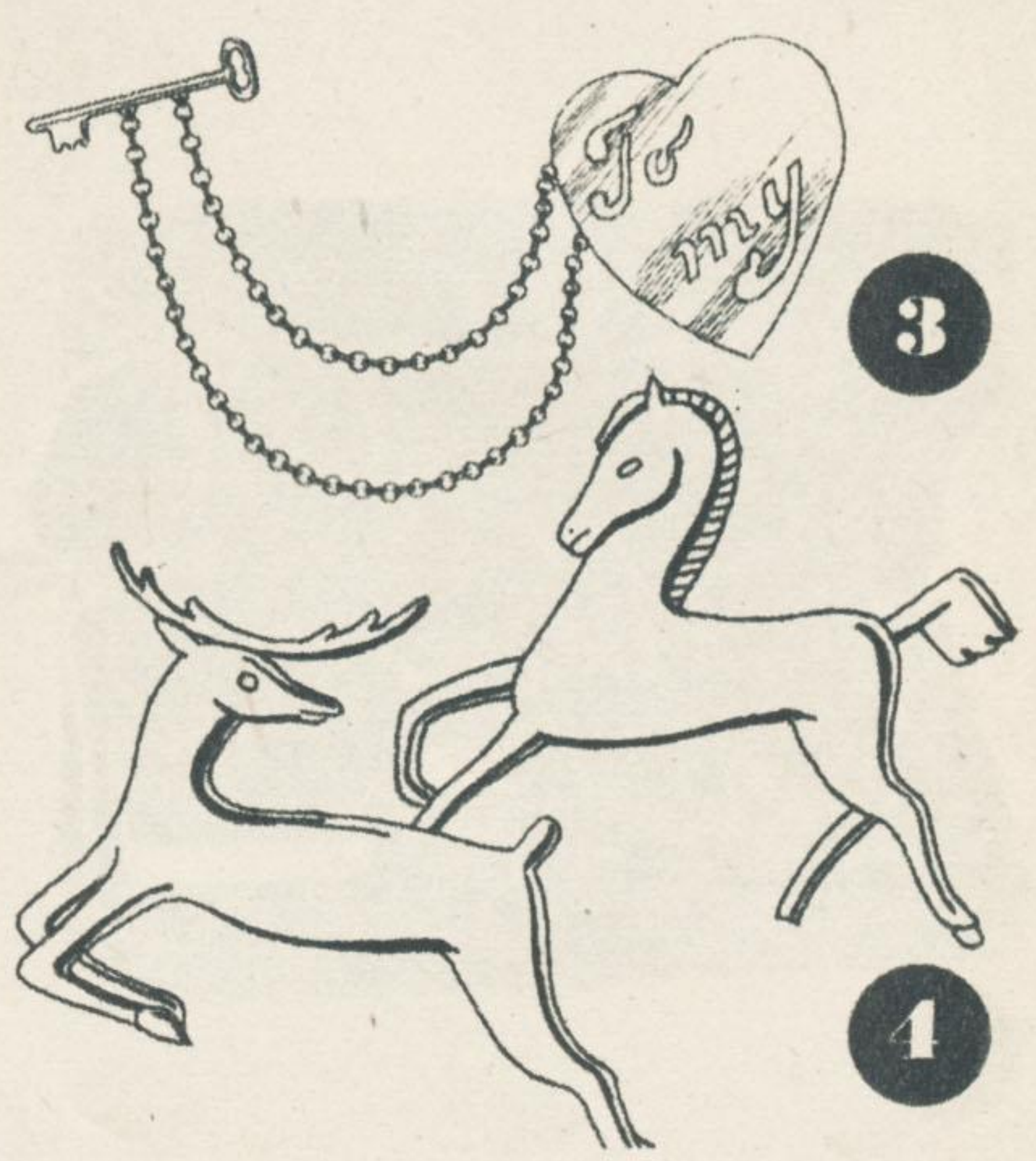

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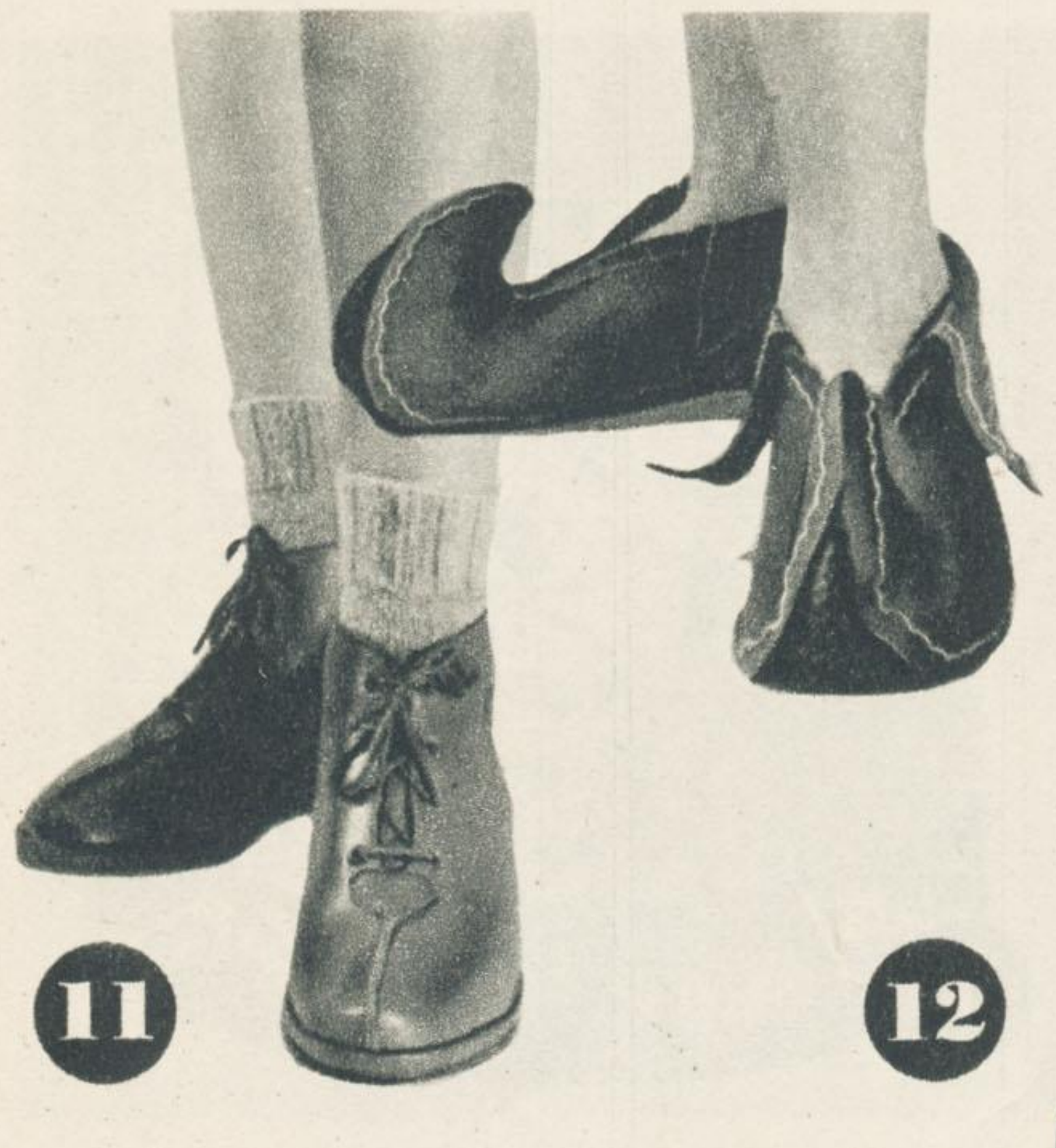
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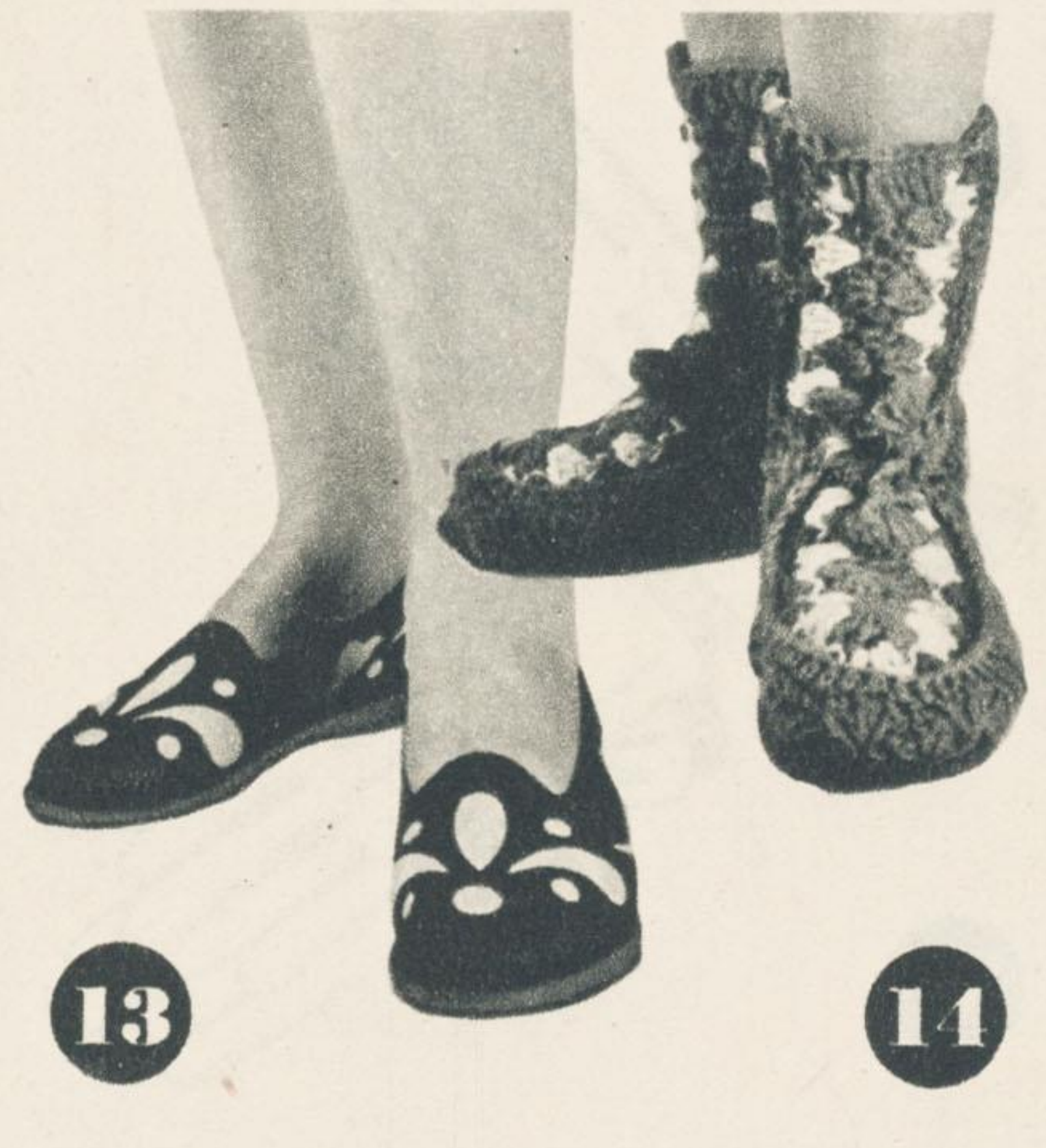
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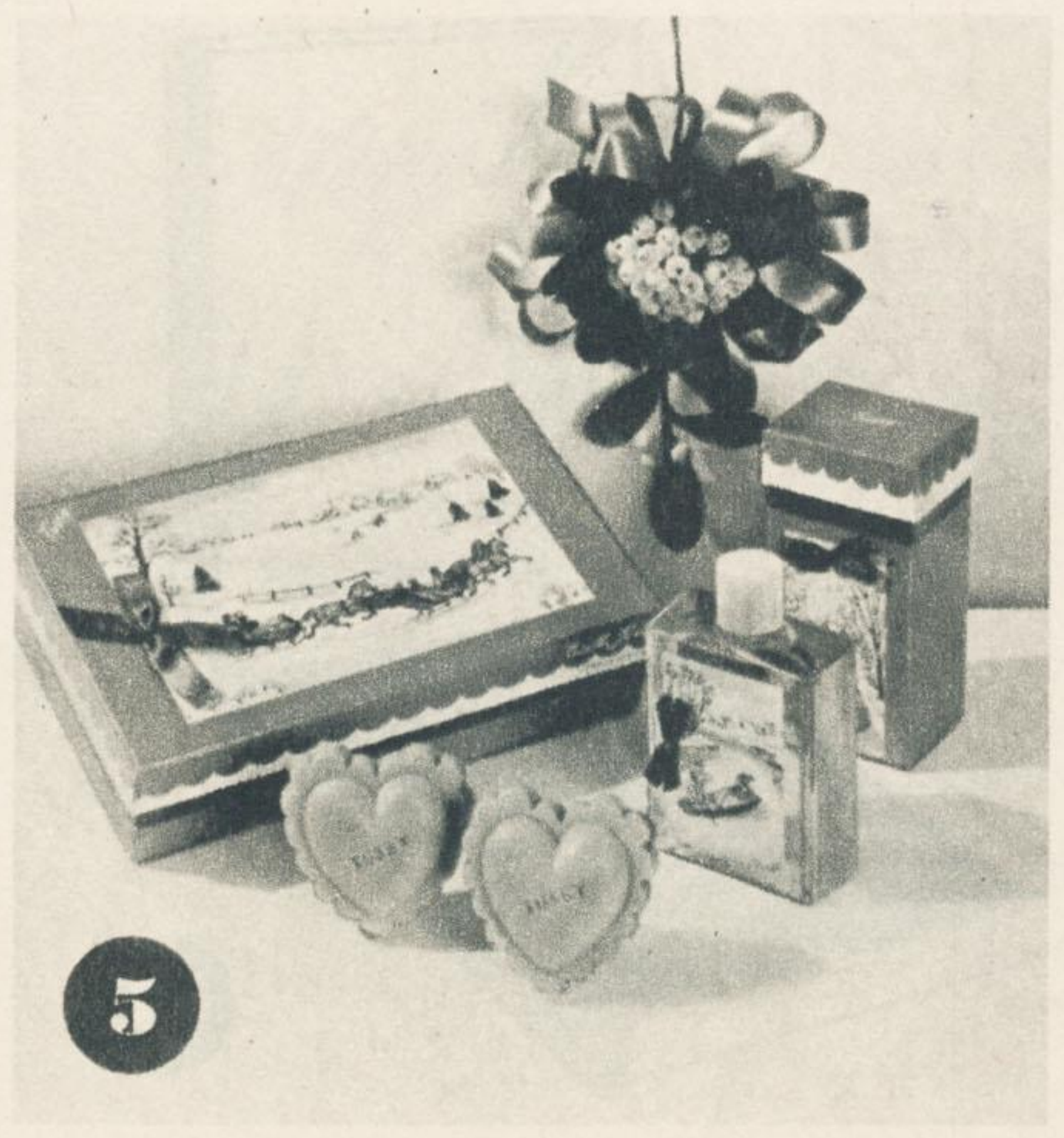
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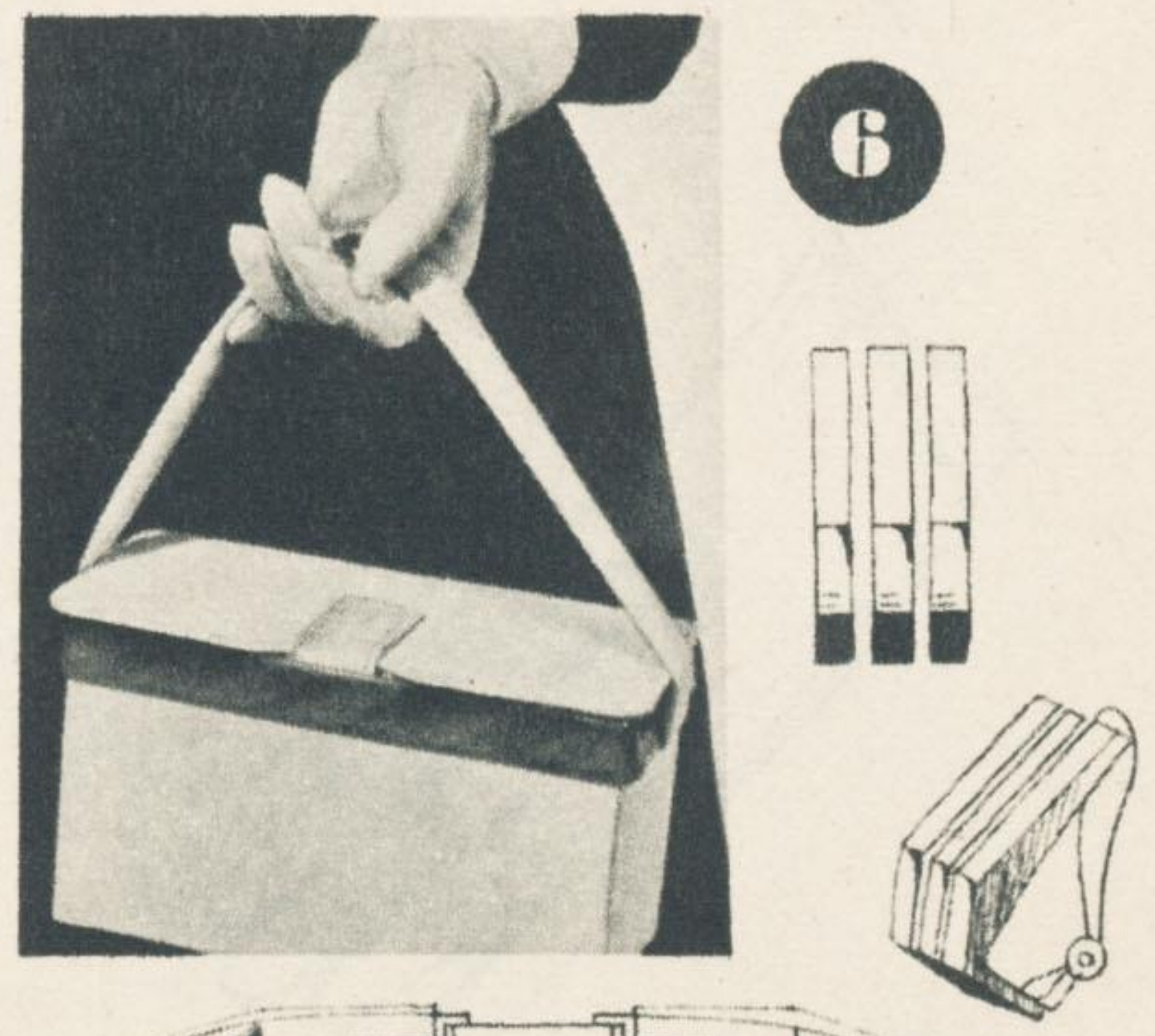
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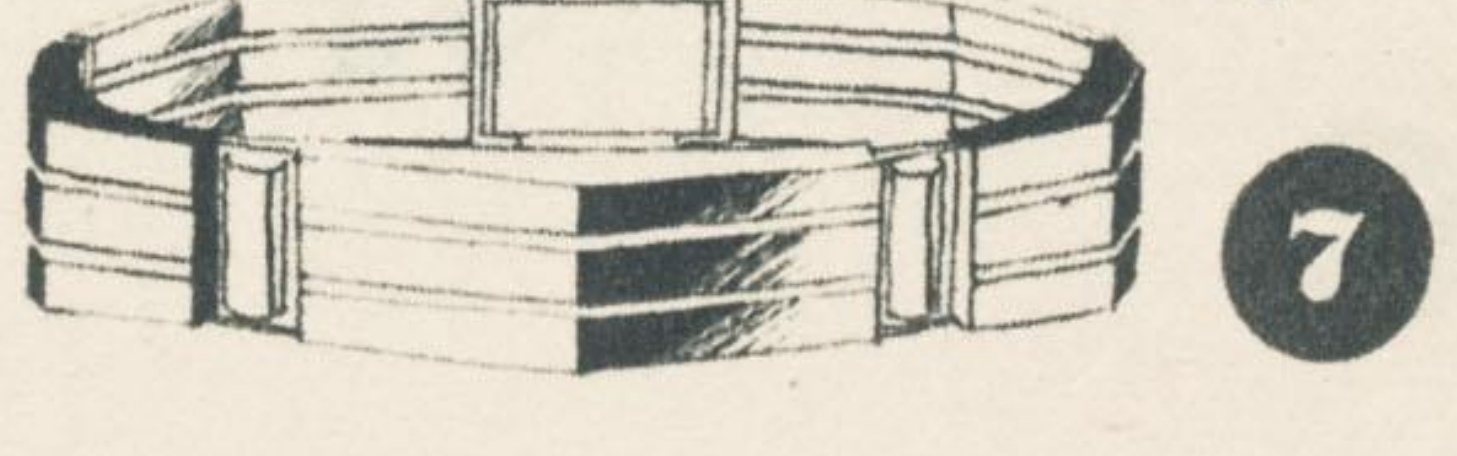
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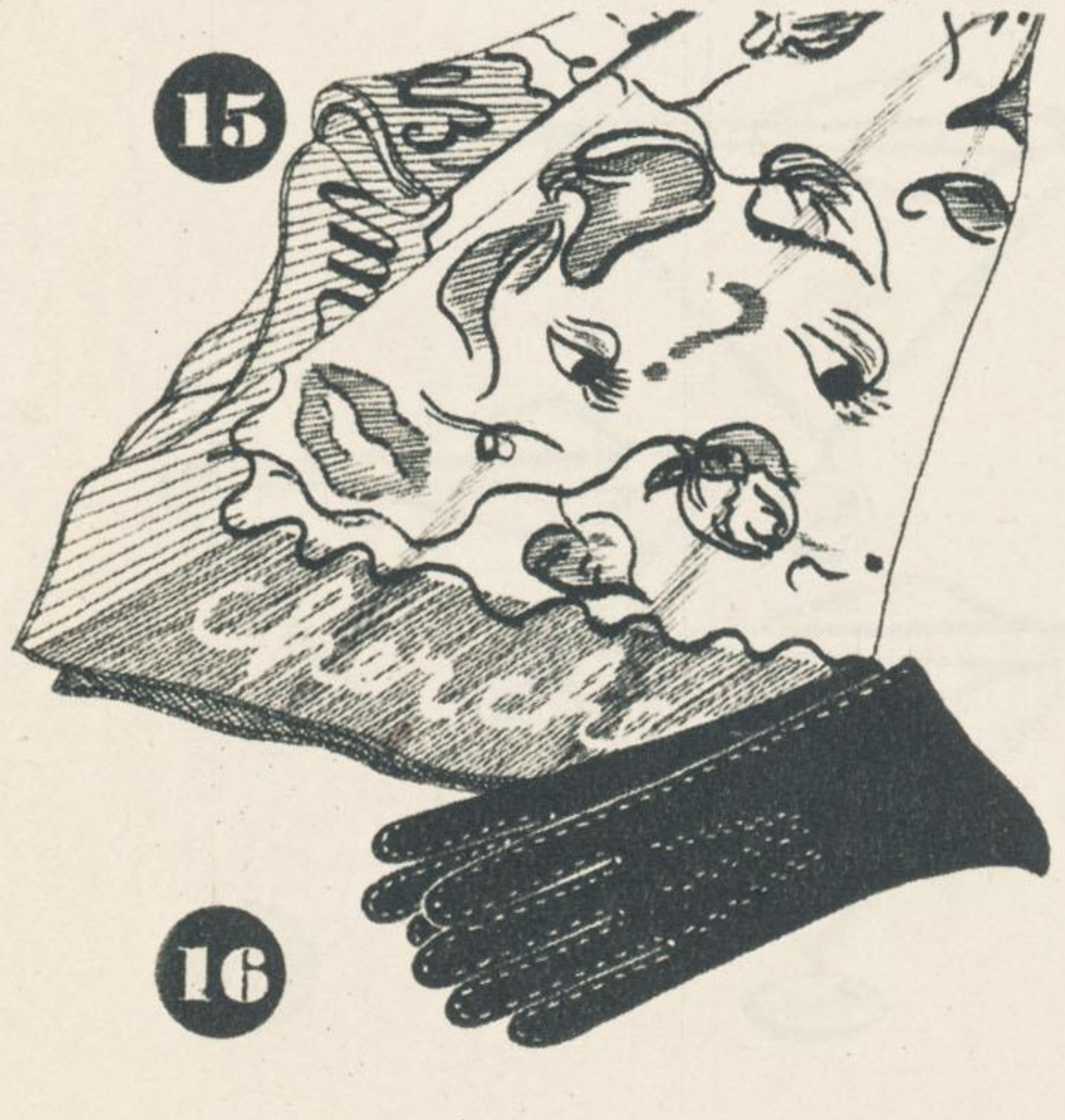

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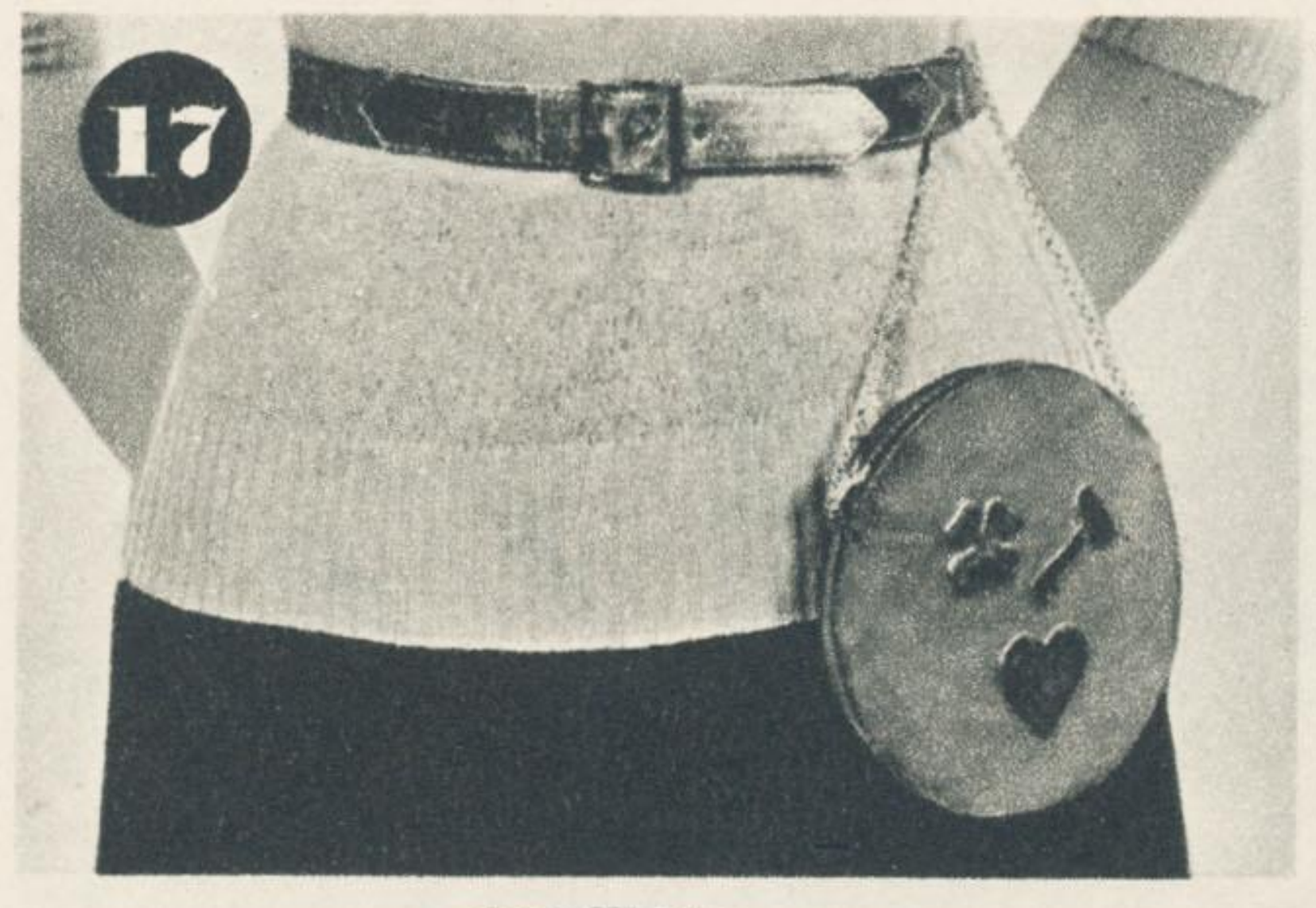
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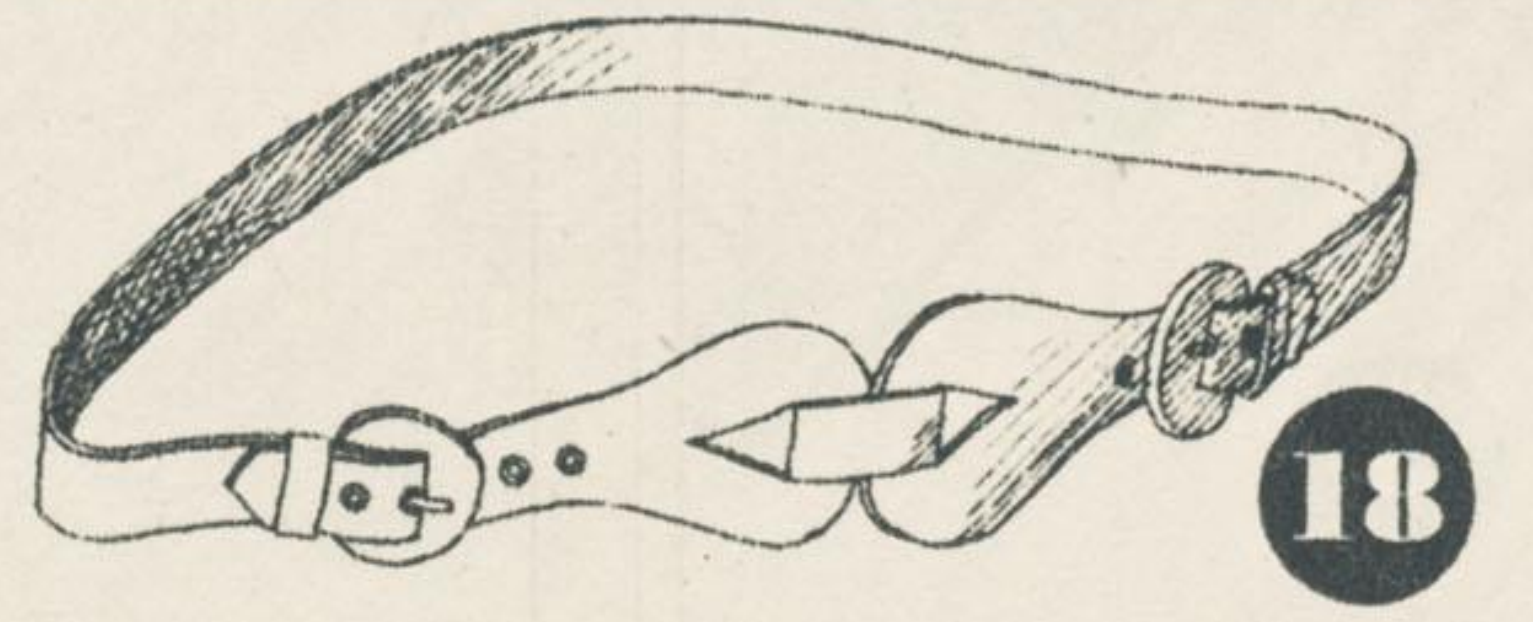
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10. CROSSED ARROWS

Indian sign of friendship in this bracelet-earring set. By Silver Arrow. About $1* each. At Shillito, Cincinnati.

11. BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS

Two-tone outdoor boot with heart design and platform sole, by Cobblers. About $6.95. Bamberger's, Newark.

12. THE JESTER

Two-tone indoor bootie in 100% wool with zipper from curling toe to cuff. By Ruth Charles. About $5.95. Maison Blanche, New Orleans.

13. BALLET SLIPPERS

Joyce's "Persian Garden" with felt-embossed pattern. About $5. At R. H. Stearns, Boston.

14. WOOLLY WARMERS

Crocheted after-ski booties for warmth, by Friedman Hosiery. About $5.95. A. C. Schwam, Milwaukee.

15. SHEER SCARF

"Cherchez la femme" colorfully scrawled around Kimball's rayon square. About $4.50. The Hub, Baltimore.

16. SUPER-SHORTIE

Dawnelle makes this double-woven cotton glove, with contrast stitching. About $3.50. Bullock's, Los Angeles.

17. BAG-ON-BELT

Suede belt and bag with three gold good-luck pieces. Made by Lapelle Co. Belt about $2; bag about $3*. At Perkins Shearer, Colorado Springs. Gimbel's, Pitts.

18. BUCKLE BELT

Sport saddle leather belt with twin buckles, by Criterion. About $3. Mandel Bros., Chicago.

** Plus Federal Tax*

IN HOPES THAT ST. NICHOLAS — SOON WOULD BE THERE

1. WINNING TEAM

Swank's gold-plated key chain and tie pin set will make his Christmas day merrier, dress up every outfit. $4*. Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago.

2. TAILORED GLOVE

He'll sure appreciate these American made pigskin gloves, masculine down to the very fingertips. About $7.50. Jos. Horn, Pittsburgh.

3. SPORT GLOVE

American made leather glove with removable knit lining to keep him warm at Xmas football games. About $5. Halle Brothers, Cleveland.

4. SHAVING SET

"Clansman" by Seaforth contains talc, lotion, hair dressing for slick-up time, in gay round jars. $3*. At TitcheGoettinger, Dallas.

5. MANICURE CASE

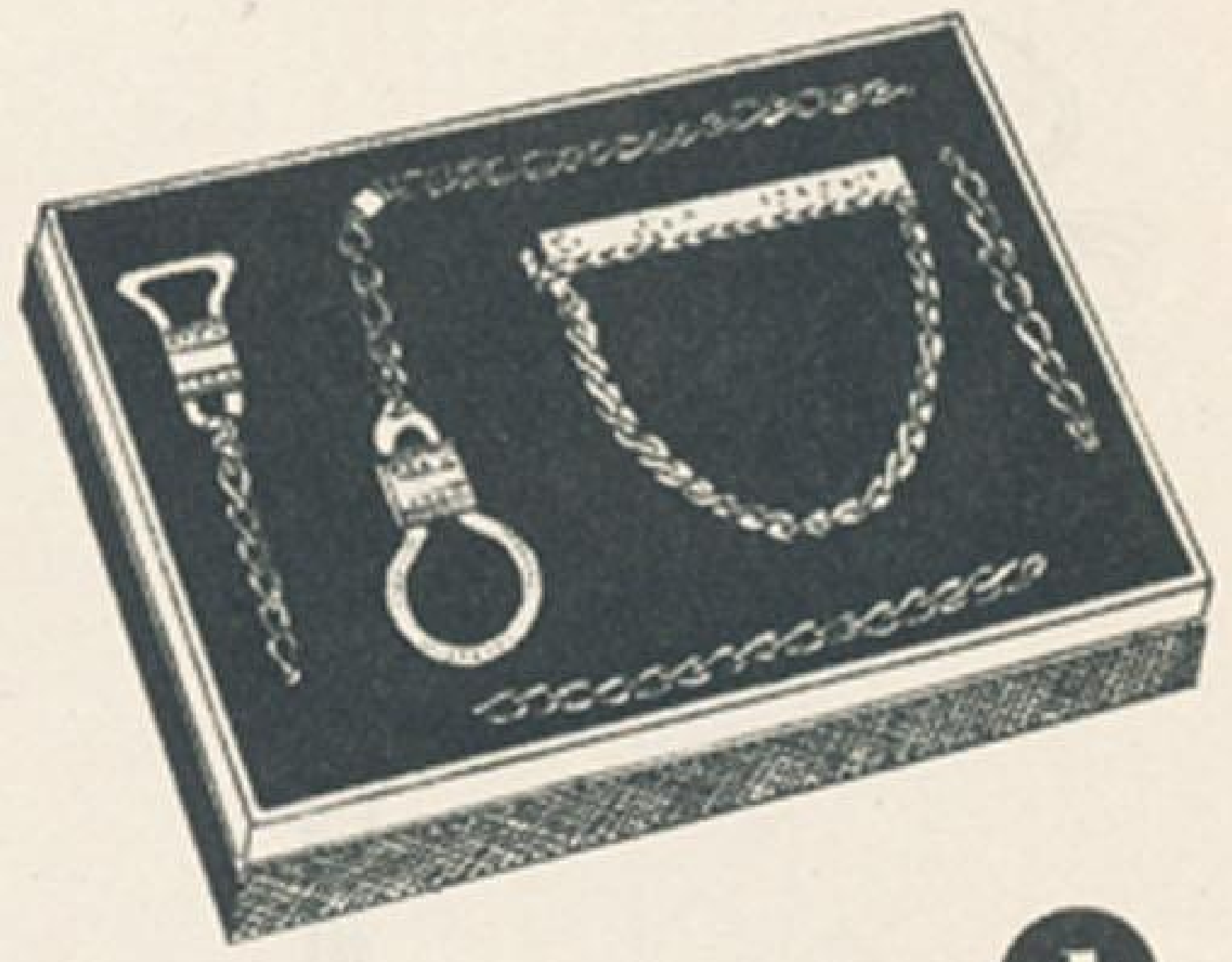
Genuine pigskin pocket case equipped for complete manicure, slips into inside pocket. La Cross. $3.50*. Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

6. TIE TRIO

Three of a kind—baseball, football, basketball tieclasps. Give him his favorite. Silver plated by Deeco. $1.50* each. L. S. Ayers, Ind.

* *Plus Federal Tax*

Christmas Day is *BROTHER'S DAY*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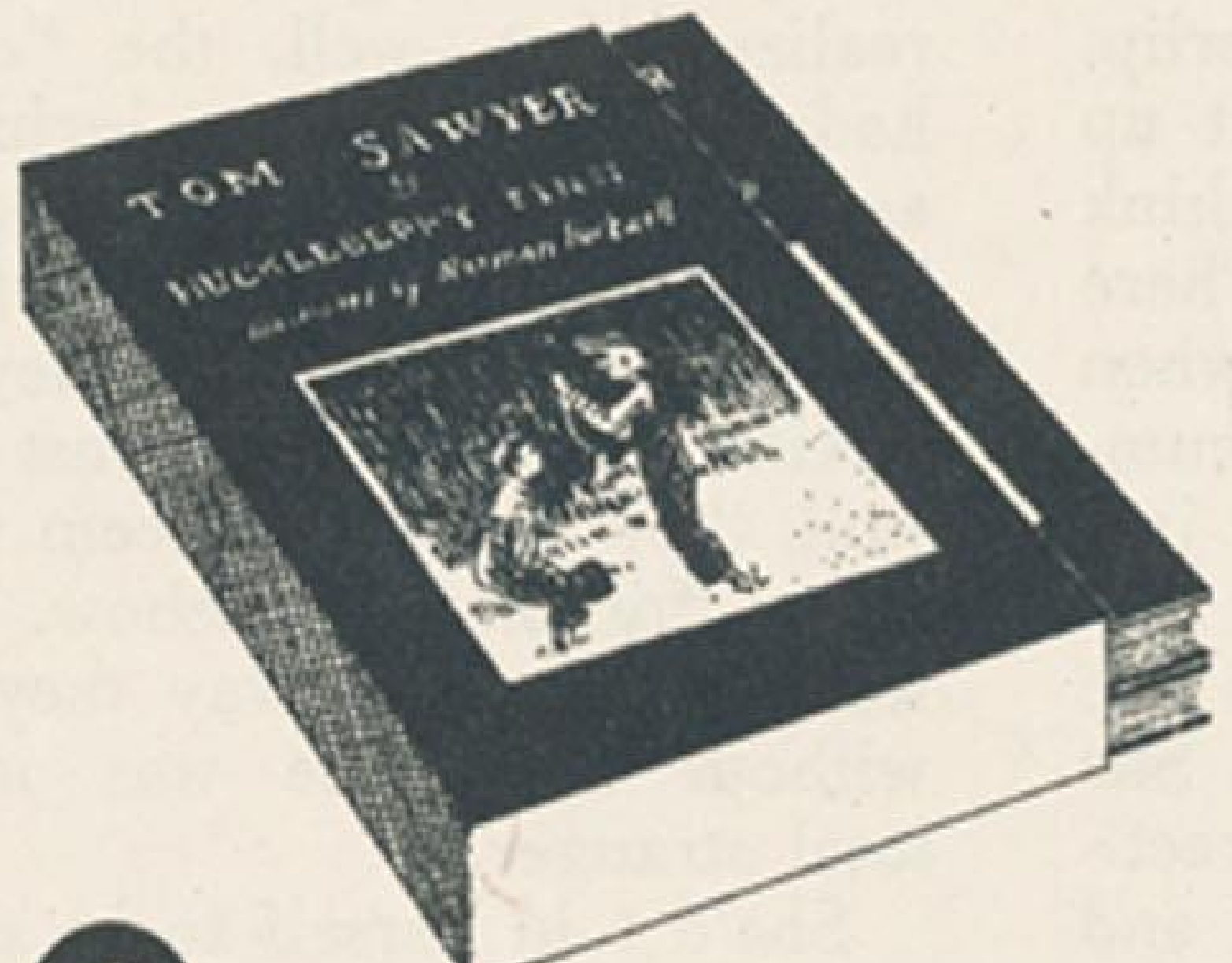

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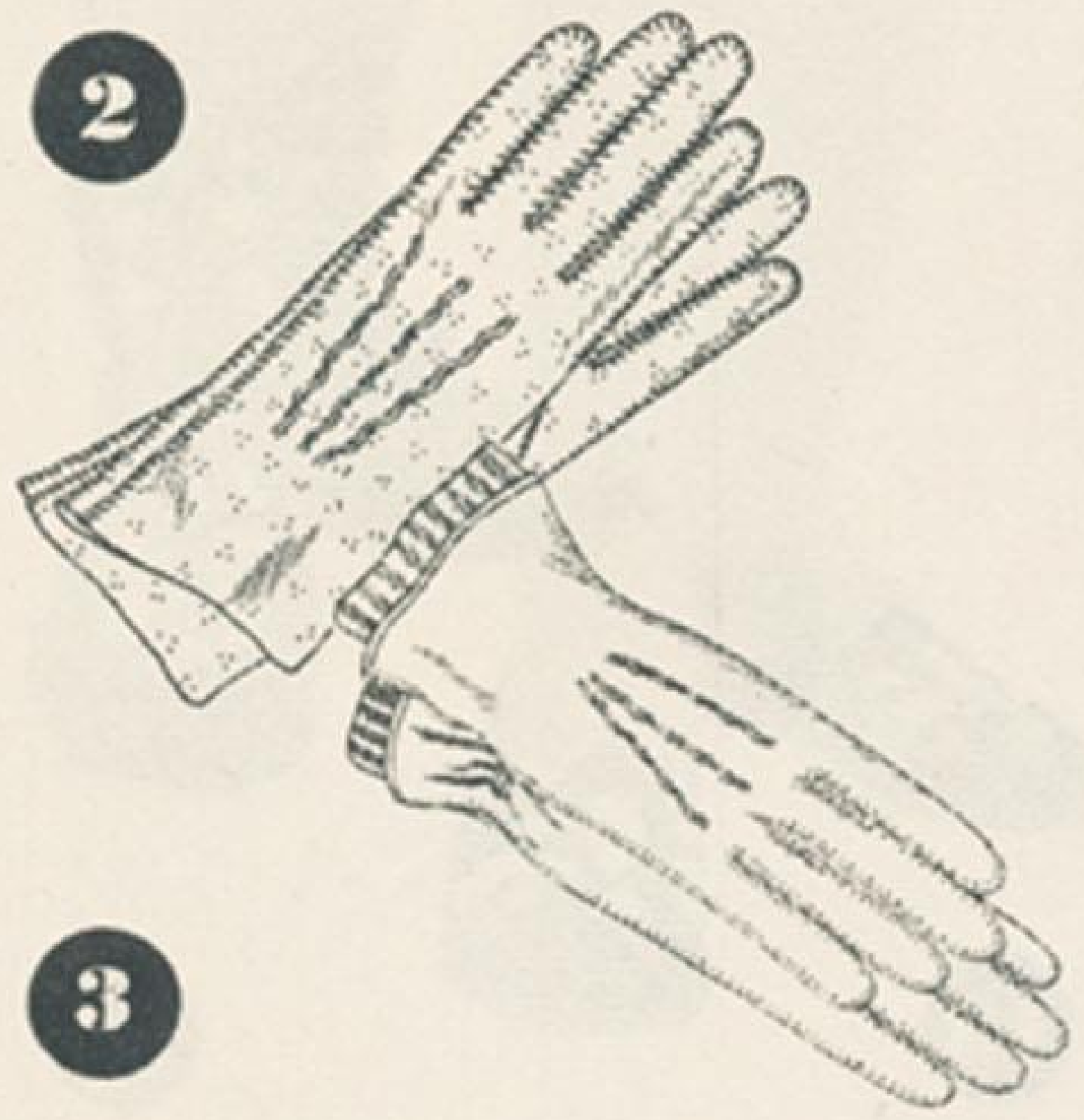
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MEN'S TALC
LOTION
Seaforth!
Seaforth!
FOR MEN
Seaforth!
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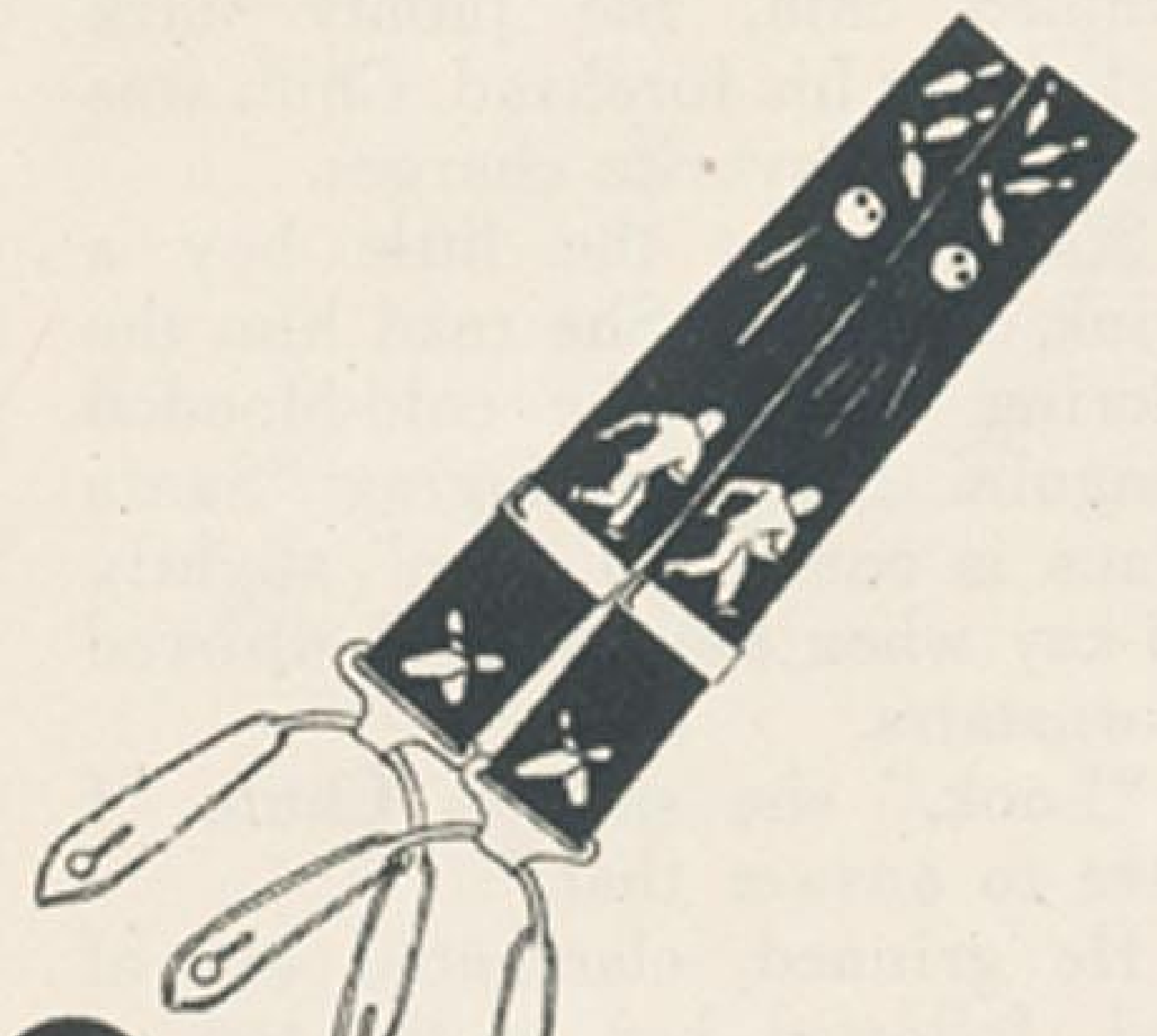
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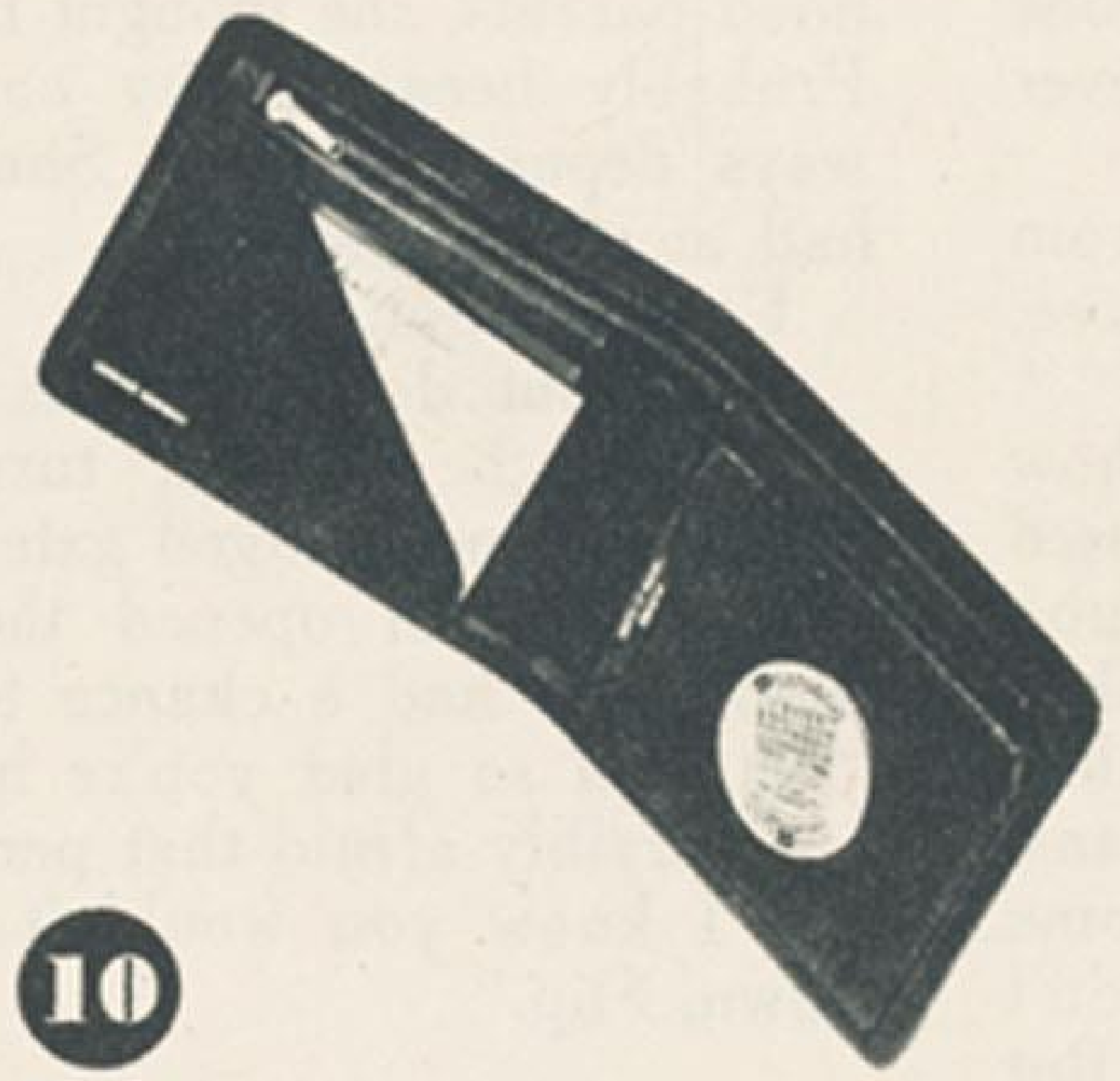
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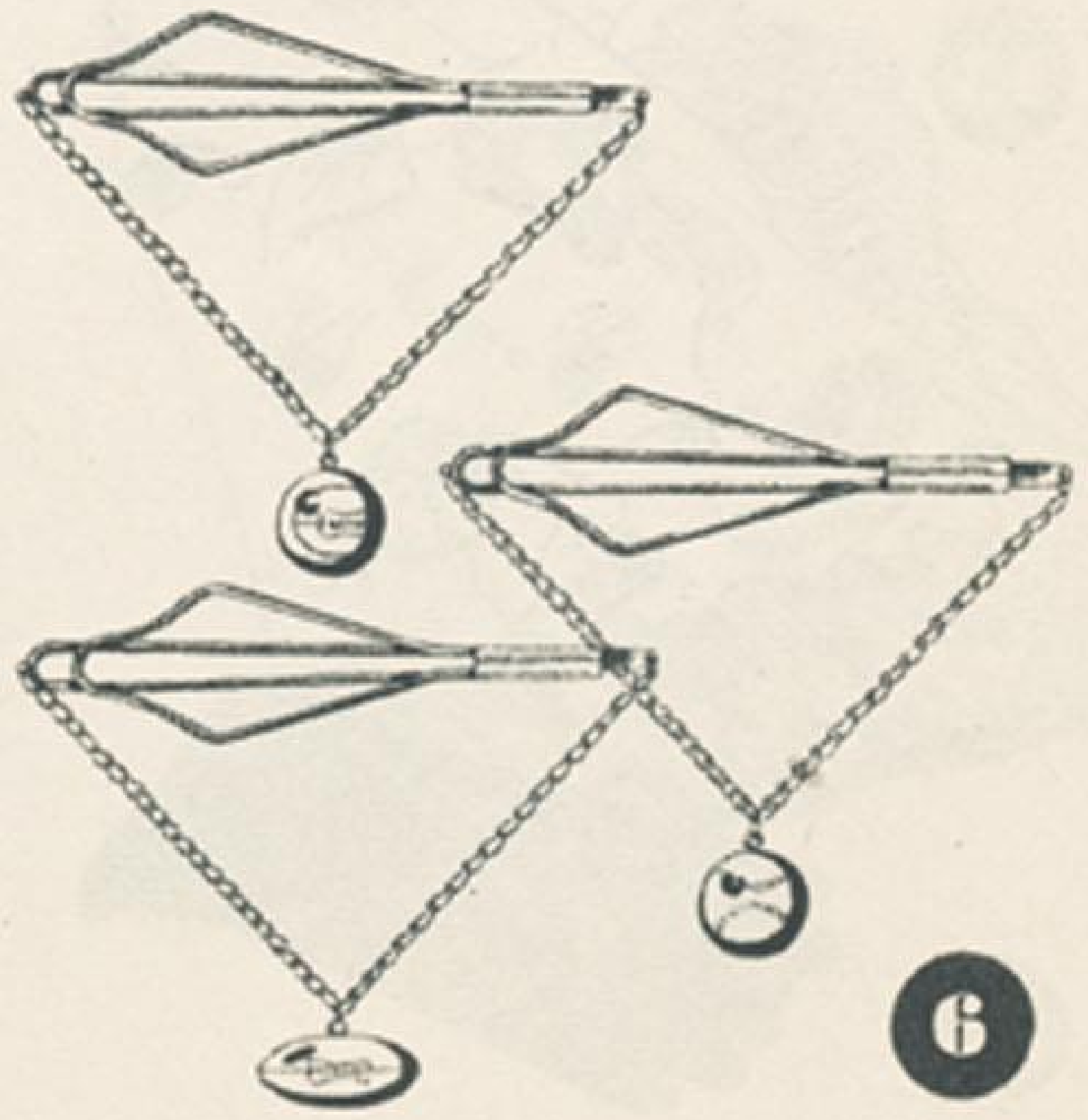
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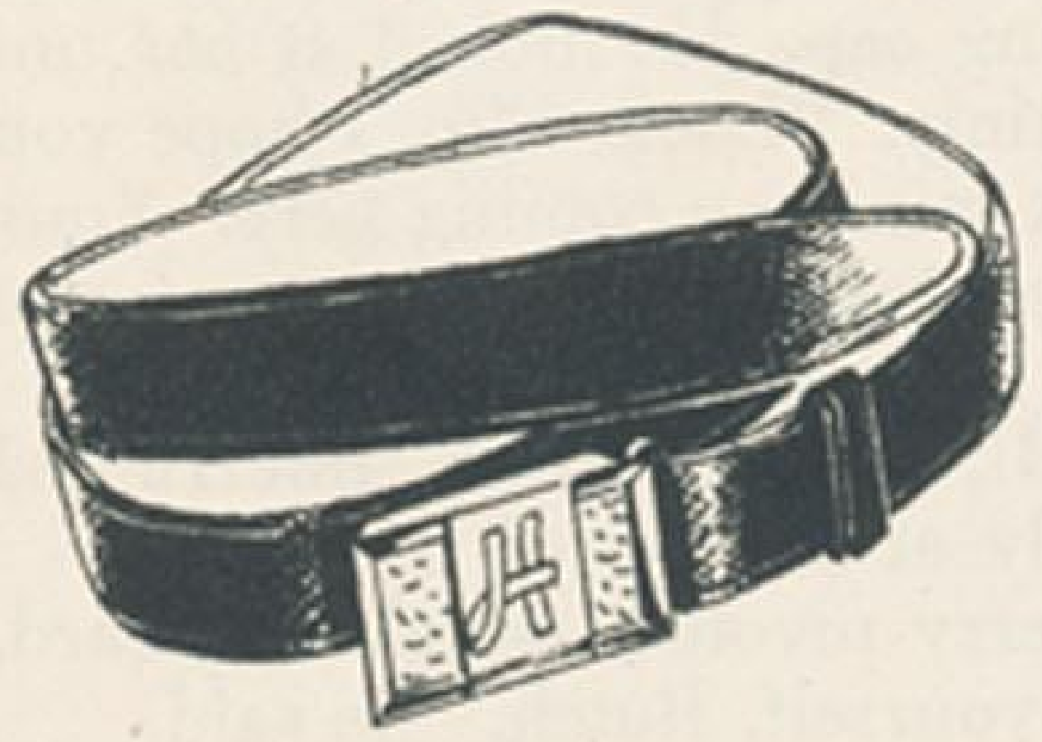
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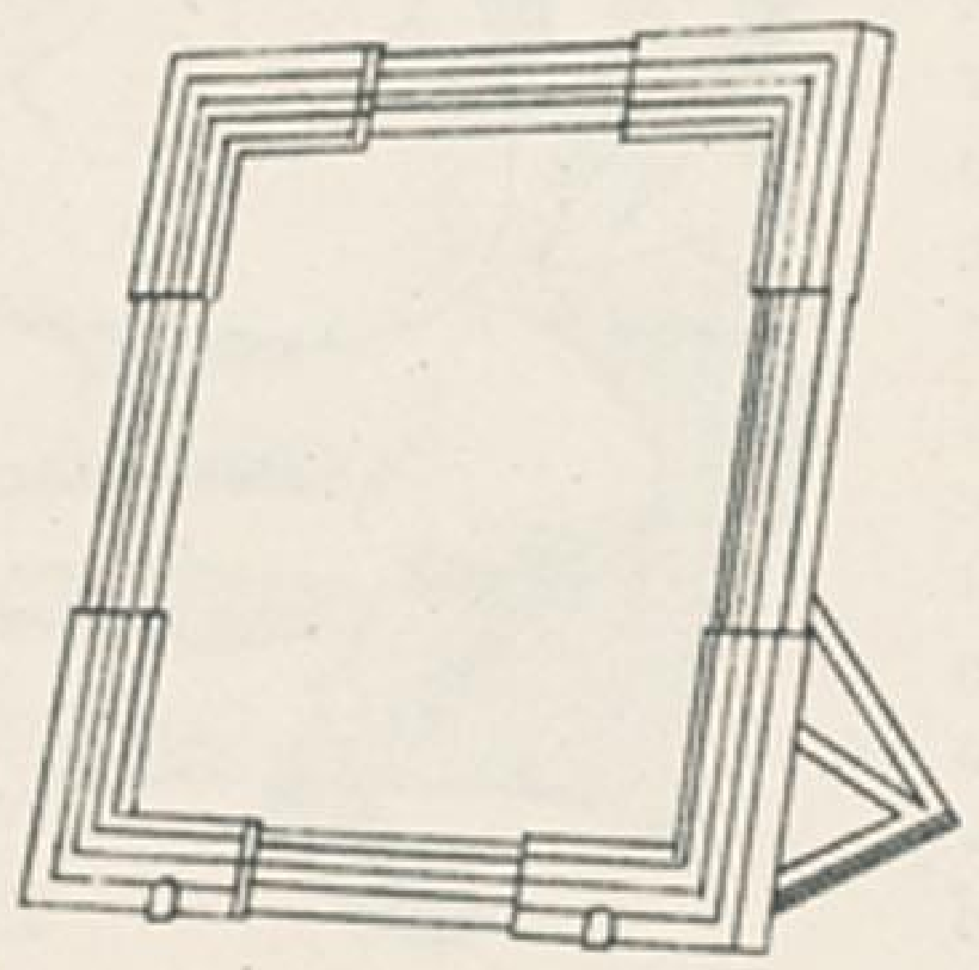
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7. "DEER" SWEATER

Lord Jeff makes this cotton basque in blue, wine and beige. Small, medium and large. About $3.95. Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles.

8. TWO-FOR-FUN

A swell gift, ever-popular with boys from six to sixty—Mark Twain's immortal "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." $4 a set at all bookstores.

9. BOWLING SUSPENDERS

Score a hit with these fun-loving, youthful Hickok suspenders in maroon, blue, brown. About $3.50. Abraham & Straus, B'klyn, N. Y.

10. MOROCCO WALLET

To take care of money matters, this handsome Swank genuine morocco wallet complete with calendar. About $5*. At Marshall Field, Chicago.

11. INITIALED BELT

Master plated Hickok, with white butler finish initial buckle. Sizes 30-46. Medium brown pigskin. Buckle about $1.50* and belt $2. Kresge's, Newark.

12. PERFECT FRAME

"Adjusto," stretches to fit any photo from 4x5, to 8x10. Beautifully colored plastic, for brother's best gal. About $3.95. R. H. Macy, N. Y.

* *Plus Federal Tax*

LOST DATE

From page 13

called you so far ahead." He shot her a level searching look, then retired wisely behind his paper. "Well—you do whatever you think is right, Flippy."

Flip stared at the paper with burning eyes, swallowed the ache in her throat, gnawed her underlip. Calling her Flippy, leaving it up to her. "You do what you think is right." It wasn't fair! There were times, weren't there, when right could be wrong? Circumstances altered cases. Father just didn't understand—or else he didn't care. Here her whole life was practically at stake. She waited all fall and winter, practically, for such an opportunity, and now he wanted her to pass it up.

Tears sprang into her eyes. Brushing at them, she knocked the directory shut. Oh, now she'd lost Mrs. Jordan's number! Kerry was waiting. Life was waiting—and probably wouldn't wait much longer. Kerry Packard could call any girl he wanted on a moment's notice—once she'd heard someone kidding him about that—and never lack a date.

Her father's voice came from behind his paper. "You can't lose, Flippy."

Couldn't she? That showed how much he knew! Flip compressed her lips, squeezed back tears, flung open the directory again, stabbed at name and number, and dialed.

"Hello? This is Philippa Evans. I'm sorry, but I'm not able to come tonight, after all. It just didn't seem to work out. I know. But honestly, I can't manage it. Well—goodbye."

She tumbled the receiver back in its cradle, caught back a sob. There! It was done.

Out on the streets of Mayville snowflakes floated down, softer than whispers. They touched her hot cheeks, caught and glistened in her bright ringlets, gathered on the shoulders of her polo coat. Street lights were golden blurs before her.

When they'd first moved here last fall, Philippa had thought Mayville a beautiful suburb—in spite of the fact she'd hated to leave her old home town and lifelong friends. She remembered how she'd sat in advisory room that first day of school at Mayville High, singling out pretty laughing girls, brown lean boys. An exciting adventure, she'd thought then—new friends, new life.

It hadn't been until some time later that the shyness and uncertainty had begun, that she'd realized that—well, the "crowd" hadn't been as eager to include her as she'd been eager to be included. Somehow, something was definitely wrong. It wasn't that they were unkind, exactly, it was just that—well, they just didn't seem to find room for her, somehow. They were satisfied the way they were, without her. She was new, a total stranger.

She'd told herself to be patient, that they naturally had to get to know her—but that didn't stem that awful dark flood of loneliness, the stubborn hoping, the desperate dreaming, the queer, terrible emptiness of her days.

It was to fill her time that she'd become a baby-sitter. Oh, she was popular enough with neighborhood parents, she thought bitterly. Probably because they could always depend on her. She never had anything else on.

Until tonight.

She went down Walnut Street, watching the houses, turned in through a snow-ridged gate.

Mrs. Jordan opened the door before she had a chance to ring. "Oh, I'm so glad you're here! I was terribly afraid that perhaps—but I know you wouldn't let me down, Flip."

My, my, who's this Guy—Madison?

"Of course not, Mrs. Jordan," said Flip, managing a smile.

Mrs. Jordan gave her a quick hug. "You're a darling. I've got to rush. My husband's plane will be in soon, and I promised to meet him with the car." She nodded toward upstairs. "Chub's all tucked in, asleep—I hope."

Alone, Flip sat rigidly, stared at the closed door. My goodness, Mr. Jordan could have taken a taxi, just in from the airport. They'd be back in an hour probably. Thirty cents. And somewhere, on a smooth pond, feathered with snowflakes, the Mayville High crowd were skating, and Kerry Packard was swinging a laughing, brief-skirted partner.

Tears were beginning to tremble on her lashes again when a long wail came down the stairs. Two-year-old Chub had wakened. Well, thought Flip grimly, let him yell. Do his lungs good.

No. She stood up. She couldn't take it out on Chub. It wasn't his fault. She thought of Chub's dimpled chin, the jaunty dark curl riding his forehead. Chub was one of her favorite charges.

She brought the little boy a drink of water. She read him the stirring tale of the cold-blooded penguin. She was singing "Santa Claus is comin' to town" slightly off-key when the doorbell whirred downstairs.

"Look," she said to Chub, "I have to answer that."

He grinned, clambered out of bed, followed her to the top of the stairs.

"Stop right there," she warned. "It'll be breezy."

"Me 'top," he promised.

Peering through the glass door panel to see who was outside, she choked incredulously. Kerry Packard! It couldn't be. Her clammy palms skidded on the door knob, as she wrenched at it.

Kerry stepped in, swept off his skating cap. He looked at her uncertainly. "Look, Flip, I hope you don't mind my coming here. Your father told me where you were and I thought—"

"Hi, man," Chub interrupted loudly at the top of the stairs.

Kerry pivoted, goggled upward. "Hi yourself, Butch," he said.

Flip's face was a miserable pink. It was too humiliating. She'd comforted herself with the thought that maybe Kerry would believe she had a regular date tonight but now that was out. Probably he'd be telling it all over school tomorrow. Flip Evans, mothers' helper, the gal who'd rather sit with the kiddies than go out with a boy.

Suddenly she got mad. He was looking at her queerly. She faced him. "Go ahead and laugh, if you want to. But a promise is a promise. Mrs. Jordan called me a week ago to sit with Chub tonight."

He kept on staring at her intently. "You mean," he said slowly, "that when you once make a promise, you never break it—no matter what?"

She gulped, said firmly, "Not if I can possibly help it." Well, he'd never call her again—he was strictly a last minute dater.

Kerry plunged hands deep into the pockets of his ski pants. "Let me get this straight. If you'd promised to go with a girl friend, say, to a picnic, you wouldn't break it at the last moment to go to a show with a—a movie star?"

Flip took a deep breath. "That's right, I guess." Oh, why didn't he go? Just tell her she was a goon and fade? But, he was coming closer—wanting a better look at this quaint specimen, probably.

"Look," he said, hurriedly, humbly, "no one's ever turned me down so flat before. It got me thinking. About you. It—well—woke me up. I'd always meant to date you—when I got around to it—always thought I could, easily. I called you tonight after Claire Robbins got a cold and her folks wouldn't let her go."

Last minute choice. Sure, thought Flip. Well, get on with it, bud, what are you driving at? She tried to keep her heart from beating faster. He was so close. His eyes were so blue—crazy bright blue like a winter's sky on a sunny day.

"I—I guess," he went on, "that I wouldn't have thought much about it if you'd accepted as I expected. Now—well—now I think a lot of you, Flip."

That was—why, that was admiration in his face, for her! He liked her. Not only for the way she looked, but for something more important. For keeping her promise. For not being an eager beaver about the date tonight.

"Hi," said Chub padding out to the top step. "Me here, too."

"A blooming triangle," groaned Kerry. "That this should happen to the maestro of Mayville High!"

Laughter bubbled up in Flip—beautiful easy laughter. "Oh, my heavens, he ought to be in bed!" She pushed Kerry gaily toward the door. "You'll have to scram. You're interfering with my career."

"Hey, wait!" pleaded Kerry. "I want to ask you something—important. Will you go with me to the prom two weeks from tonight? Are you free?" He waved a disconsolate hand upward.

Flip took a deep breath. "It just so happens—I'm free that night."

"Then—will you?"

"It's a promise," she said solemnly, "and I always keep my promise."

"That's my girl," said Kerry. "Look, suppose you give me a buzz when you're ready to come home, and I'll walk you—is that okay?"

"Very okay," said Flip.

When the door closed, she looked up at the chubby figure at the top of the stairs. "Hello, Cupid," she said.

Chub chuckled.

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FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 30

Dear Laraine:

There is a girl who is forever following us around. She is a nice girl, and we would like to be good friends with her, but she just doesn't seem to fit in. We get rid of her for a few days. Then, if we even as much as say, "hello," she follows us around until somehow we manage to get rid of her again. How can we explain to her how we feel, without hurting her feelings?

Marva.

Dear Marva:

It's up to you and your friends to welcome this girl into your midst, not for her sake particularly, but for yours. You see, Marva, all through life you will have to adapt yourself to others if you want to be popular and be loved. Therefore, I suggest that you hold a seminar with your friends to find out just what her good points are. Then start concentrating on them. When you develop that type of generosity—looking for the good in people—you will have advanced a long way towards maturity. And maturity is something we must all achieve sooner or later. Here's luck!

Laraine.

Dear Laraine:

First, let me tell you that I belong to a club. We were having a swell time until we had to put one of the members out because of a very great misunderstanding, or so it seemed at the time. *Now* it all seems silly and trivial. My problem is that I, after three months of not speaking to this girl, would like to take my pride in hand, apologize, and ask her to make up. We went all through grammar school together, and we were great friends. But what will I do if she won't make up?

Judy.

Dear Judy:

You have begun to take depth as a person the moment you were able to say, "I was wrong." So just go up to your friend and tell her that. It will also help if you mention how many rich memories you have of your school-days together, and how wonderful it would be if you both could bury the hatchet. You may have hurt her pretty badly, Judy, but if she's the kind of friend you believe her to be, she's going to grin and say, "We all make mistakes. How else can we learn? I was wrong, too." So do your part toward clarifying the misunderstanding, and I have a hunch she'll do hers.

Laraine.

Dear Laraine:

I am twelve years old. My father died when I was one. Mother married again four years ago. I dislike my stepfather very much, and am even beginning to dislike my mother for marrying him. I can never enjoy myself when I'm with him—he makes me so unhappy. Mother says if my sister can love my stepfather, so can I. Honestly, I've tried, but I can't. Can you help me solve my problem?

Marilyn.

Dear Marilyn:

This is going to be hard for you to do, but I want you to put yourself in your mother's place. Don't you think that she must have been very lonely all those years after your own father died? She probably had to earn a living, not only for herself, but for you and your sister, too. Then the man who is now your stepfather offered her love, security, and companionship for the years when you will have grown up and left home. So you must find things about him to love. You must stop being jealous of your mother's affection for him, Marilyn. Remember that your mother loves you, perhaps even enough to separate from your stepfather on your account. But don't make her choose between you and him. You won't always be at home with her, and the years ahead could be dreadfully lonely. I think you're mature enough to understand your mother's feelings. When you do, you'll do everything you can to give her happiness. She has had one tragedy in her life. So be sure your attitude toward your stepfather doesn't cause another. I know you'll understand, so try to do your best! Fondly,

Laraine.

FLASHES FROM MAC

CHAPTERS SURE ARE HUMMING WITH ACTIVITY THESE DAYS. MEMBERS WRITE THEY'RE A-WHIRL KEEPING UP WITH ALL OUR THRILLING CONTESTS! AND HOW THEY LOVE IT!

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SUNRISE BREAKFAST

From page 51

Now to the most important part of all, the breakfast itself. Don't think for a minute you're going to have a fancy affair with chilled melon, waffles, embroidered napkins and such la-ta-da. It's going to be a genuine woodsy breakfast . . . the kind our forefathers and foremothers used to cook on long treks across the Alleghanies and the Western plains. Heartening, stick-to-the-ribs "vittles" that will hold you up for a day's outing. And the main dish will naturally be scrambled eggs—scrambled in bacon grease in a big skillet.

If bacon is still scarce, a tablespoon or two of shortening or grease will do for the eggs. But it may pay to save up bacon if necessary, for few aromas in this world are so tantalizing as that of sizzling bacon in the early morning. For a side treat if you can't get bacon, split frankfurters (or weenies, as they are called in half of the U.S.) are perfect with some firm cheese cut in little cubes about an inch and a half in size—this for wrapping with bacon and toasting over the fire. For a warming drink, there's nothing better than a big pot of cocoa. But if some of the gang like cokes or other soft drinks better, then have them tote some bottles along.

One egg may do you for breakfast at home, but sunrise and the smell of a wood fire sharpens the appetite. It's best to count on at least two eggs apiece, three strips of bacon each, two cubes of cheese, three slices of bread or two large buns, and the necessary cocoa. The eggs can be carried in the handy dozen cartons. And pack them well in cotton or some soft material in a firm basket.

The food can be bought by one person and the cost divided, or the sunrisers can bring their own supplies. But he sure to bring the same things, or you'll have a medley of eggs, franks, hamburgers, and a merry whatnot that may not relieve the famished at that early hour. If there's any expense to the transportation—and there shouldn't be much—perhaps the boys had rather pay that than to fool with the food. Most of

(*Continued on page 66*)

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FANCY FEATHERS

From page 21

"Aren't you proud of me?" Henrietta asked, hoping for a little praise. She was proud of having won the first prize in the Rodgerson Memorial Essay Contest. And she really looked forward to giving the oration of acceptance on Christmas Friday—the last day of school before vacation. This was always the biggest day of the year in Mapleton. Henrietta would deliver her speech in front of everyone in town!

"Sure, girlie, I'm proud of you," said Gramps. "Well—you may as well get that bundle off the pantry shelf."

Wonderful, wonderful Gramps, thought Henrietta. So he had bought her the dress in Jepson's window that she'd told him about. The red jumper with the white blouse—or the red and gray dress. Either one would be perfect for Christmas Friday!

There was no light in the pantry, but Henrietta felt around on the lower shelf until her fingers encountered a bundle. When she got it into the light, she saw it was wrapped in newspaper. "I guess I have the wrong one," she called. Jepson's Department Store wrapped their holiday packages in frosty silver paper.

"Bring it here," her grandfather commanded somewhat testily.

Henrietta watched him slowly untie the lumpy, knotted string. There in the paper lay—not the red jumper—not the red and gray dress—but a pile of stiff, mustard-colored brocade, sprawled over with green curlicues.

"Well, girlie, isn't it beautiful?" said Gramps. His voice sounded almost reverent.

"Where—where did you get it?" Henrietta could hardly speak.

"It was your Grandma's best dress. I gave it to her for our first Christmas together. When she died, I put it away for you." He shook out the dress, and held it up for Henrietta to see.

"Look, girlie! You'll make everybody else's store-bought stuff look like rags—on Christmas Friday!"

Christmas Friday! Henrietta stood paralyzed. She couldn't wear *that* dress to stand up in front of the entire town and give the Rodgerson Prize oration.

"Try it on, girlie, try it on." Gramps sounded belligerent and a little scared. Old Oscar Owl, still perched on his shoulder, ruffled his feathers and looked angry, too. Wise old bird—like nothing!

"Yes, Gramps," Henrietta said meekly. The stiff cotton material slipped over her head. The waist sagged like a half-empty flour bag. "It's a little long, isn't it, Gramps?"

"A mite, girlie, a mite," he said. But the incongruous fit of the dress did not spoil his pleasure in seeing the old-fashioned pattern again. "That was a right smart idea of mine to save that dress for you. I'll just tote it up to Mrs. Job's—she'll hike up the skirt for you in two shakes, I reckon."

Perhaps Mrs. Job would be too busy making new Christmas clothes for everyone else to fix her dress. Maybe she'd scorch it when she pressed the hem. Maybe she'd lose it—she was always losing things. But *please* let her do something to it, Henrietta prayed, so that she'd never have to see its awful mustard-pickle colors again.

"Here—I've got somethin' that'll make you real proud to wear that dress." Gramps fished through all his pockets, and finally came up with a worn photograph.

"See," he said, laying the picture on the table. "There's your Grandma in that frock. Forty-nine years ago come Christmas, it was. She was a wonderful woman—none like her, today."

Henrietta caught at his hand. "Maybe I shouldn't wear the dress, Gramps," she pleaded. "Maybe we should just put it away again for somebody better than me."

"I should say not! Nothin's too good for you to wear on Christmas Friday—what with your speech and all." Gramps was scandalized. He slowly got up and went out, blowing his nose hard.

For the next week, Henrietta thought of nothing but how she could get out of wearing the dress to the school celebration. In the daytime, she prayed for the earth to open and swallow her, and not spit her out again till Christmas Friday was over. At night she had nightmares about stumbling all over the school stage, with the mustard brocade skirt tripping her at every step.

When Christmas Friday finally came, the sky was cloudless and the air sparkled with sunlight. Her last hope was gone. She had prayed for a howling blizzard, to give her an excuse for not even going to the school.

She put off getting dressed until the last possible moment. Why had she ever asked for a new dress? How happy she would have been, if she could only have worn her old brown wool jumper. Grimly she pulled the brocade over her head. The sleeves hung in folds around her wrists. And the pattern looked more like green spiders than ever.

"I think I'll go to the school a little early," she told her grandfather. That way she could slip in the side door and get sitting down, before any of her friends saw the dress. Then, once she was on the stage to make her speech, they wouldn't dare snicker.

"No need to rush," her grandfather called from his own room. Then he came out to show her how nice he looked, dressed up in his ancient black suit (Henrietta tried not to notice where the threads were worn thin), and carrying the polished oak cane he'd bought at the first Chicago World's Fair.

All dressed up for me, she thought, tears coming to her eyes. For me and the Rodgerson prize and Granny and the mustard brocade patterned in green. What if the suit did look a little funny? *He* was wonderful. Why, if anybody dared to laugh at him, she'd lick 'em herself.

Old Oscar sat on the kitchen table, looking very, very serious. "Want me to take and lock him up, Gramps?"

"No, no," Gramps said impatiently. "You might get all messed up. Just leave him sit there."

They said goodbye to the owl, and went out. There were crowds of people on the street, all going toward the school. And they were all wearing such pretty clothes, Henrietta thought bitterly.

When Henrietta and her grandfather entered the school auditorium, the orchestra was playing a Christmas carol. She slipped into her front-row seat, hoping that no one would notice her. Gramps disappeared to find his own place.

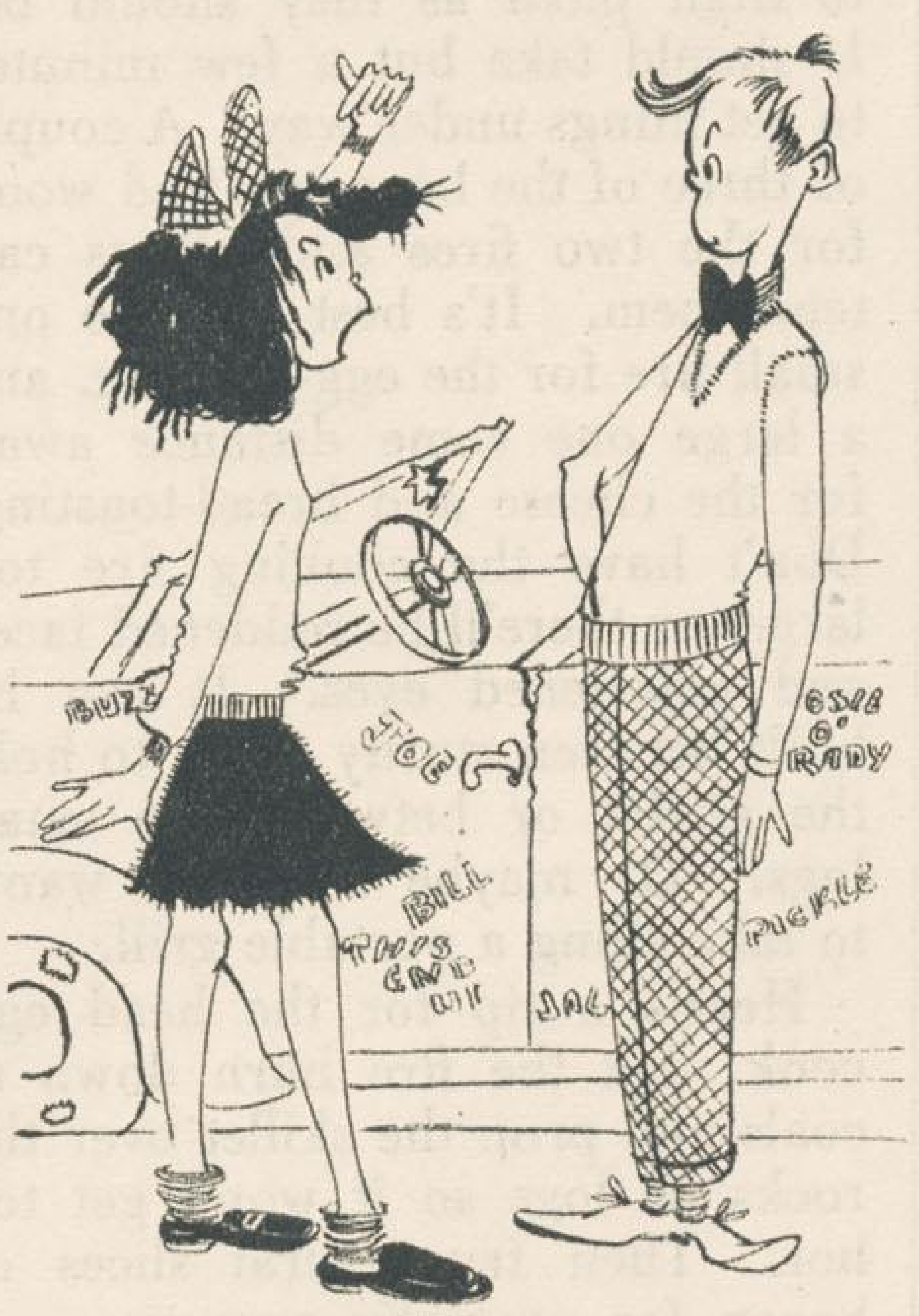
The room was decorated with Christmas greens, but Henrietta didn't even see them. When the audience stood up to sing *Adeste Fidelis*, she dropped her program and took a very long time to pick it up. If only she could stay in the blissful darkness under the seats, until the program was over!

A hush fell on the room, and Henrietta sat back in her chair. The heavy red curtains hiding the stage separated, but she really didn't care what went on.

Then she saw Gramps—on the platform with all the dignitaries. What in the world! Mr. Moore, president of the school board, stood up.

"This Christmas," he wheezed, "our Special Prize Committee is awarding the prize for the Most Valuable Citizen in Mapleton to—ahem—" and he started across the stage, enjoying the audience's suspense.

"The prize goes, because of his outstanding work with animals, to—Mr. Dollington Budgerton."



I can't ride in an open car, Bill—my hair will be messed!

Gramps! Mapleton's Most Valuable Citizen! He'd never told her a word about it.

Mr. Moore started to pin a gold medal on Gramps' suit. "Yes, Mapleton's Most Valuable Citizen is—"

"Yooouuu—yooouuu!" hooted a voice overhead.

"Oscar!" screeched Henrietta, forgetting herself. The owl was perched on the window sill, and was hooting his approval down at the crowd. He blinked once or twice, then spilled heavily off his perch and headed for the stage.

Henrietta sprang to her feet and went scrambling up the steps to the platform. But she was too late. Old Oscar had come to rest on Mr. Moore's gray broadcloth shoulder.

The audience burst into a roar when it saw Henrietta. Red-faced, she plucked the owl from Mr. Moore's shoulder and sidled toward the steps. Her grandfather tried to follow her, but she pushed him back.

"You haven't got the medal yet," she whispered, clutching Oscar.

Gramps wouldn't stop, though. He clutched at her skirt, and—

B-r-r-r-ip!

Gramps gasped. A piece of the patterned brocade hung loose in his hand.

Henrietta moved, and the rest of the skirt followed the first piece. She was standing in her petticoat, in front of every one in Mapleton!

"Henrietta!" Gramps' face was wistful as he bent over the scrap of cloth in his hand. "Girlie—it was such a purty dress!"

He was the Most Valuable Citizen in Mapleton—her Gramps. If the dress was pretty to him, it was to her, too.

"It was a lovely dress," she said. "A *perfectly lovely* dress." She couldn't show him how glad she was—how now she could go home and put on her old brown wool to make her speech in.

"Tell you what you do, girl. You run home and get into something, then go down to Jepson's store and get the purtiest dress they have in the whole shop." Gramps actually thought she minded about the brocade. "Of course, we'll never get anythin' as good as this, but we'll do the best we can."

Sweet, wonderful Gramps. Now she could get the dress she'd wanted all along—the red jumper!

"Nothing will be as good as the brocade," she said. Nothing ever would be, for him. "But you go back and get your medal. I'll be back for my speech—in my new dress!"

Old Oscar was still sitting on her shoulder. She whispered to him, as she carried him off the stage, "You're pretty wise, after all, Old Oscar. You knew what to do about that old dress, didn't you?"

And Oscar answered, "Yooouuu-tooo, yooouuu-tooo!"

SUNRISE BREAKFAST

From page 63

them think of food as a woman's business, anyhow.

The crowd will need as physical equipment: one large skillet, a coffee pot, a bowl, a large spoon, salt and pepper shakers, matches, paper cups, and plates. And if there is no water at the picnic grounds, plenty of water in thermos jugs or jars. For cocoa-making, there should be an additional saucepan and of course enough cocoa—about a teaspoon per person. Don't forget a can of condensed milk or a bottle of milk . . . and sugar, too!

And so, with a whirl and a whoop, you're off at dawn to the picnic grounds. There won't be any dilly-dallying or delay about starting the breakfast, either—not if healthy appetites are tuned up to high pitch as they should be. It should take but a few minutes to get things under way. A couple or three of the boys can find wood for the two fires and others can tend them. It's best to have one small fire for the egg-cooking, and a large one some distance away for the cheese and bread-toasting. Don't have the cooking fire too large, or there'll be reddened faces and smartened eyes. It can be built between sturdy rocks to hold the skillet or between two small logs. Or maybe someone wants to take along a portable grill.

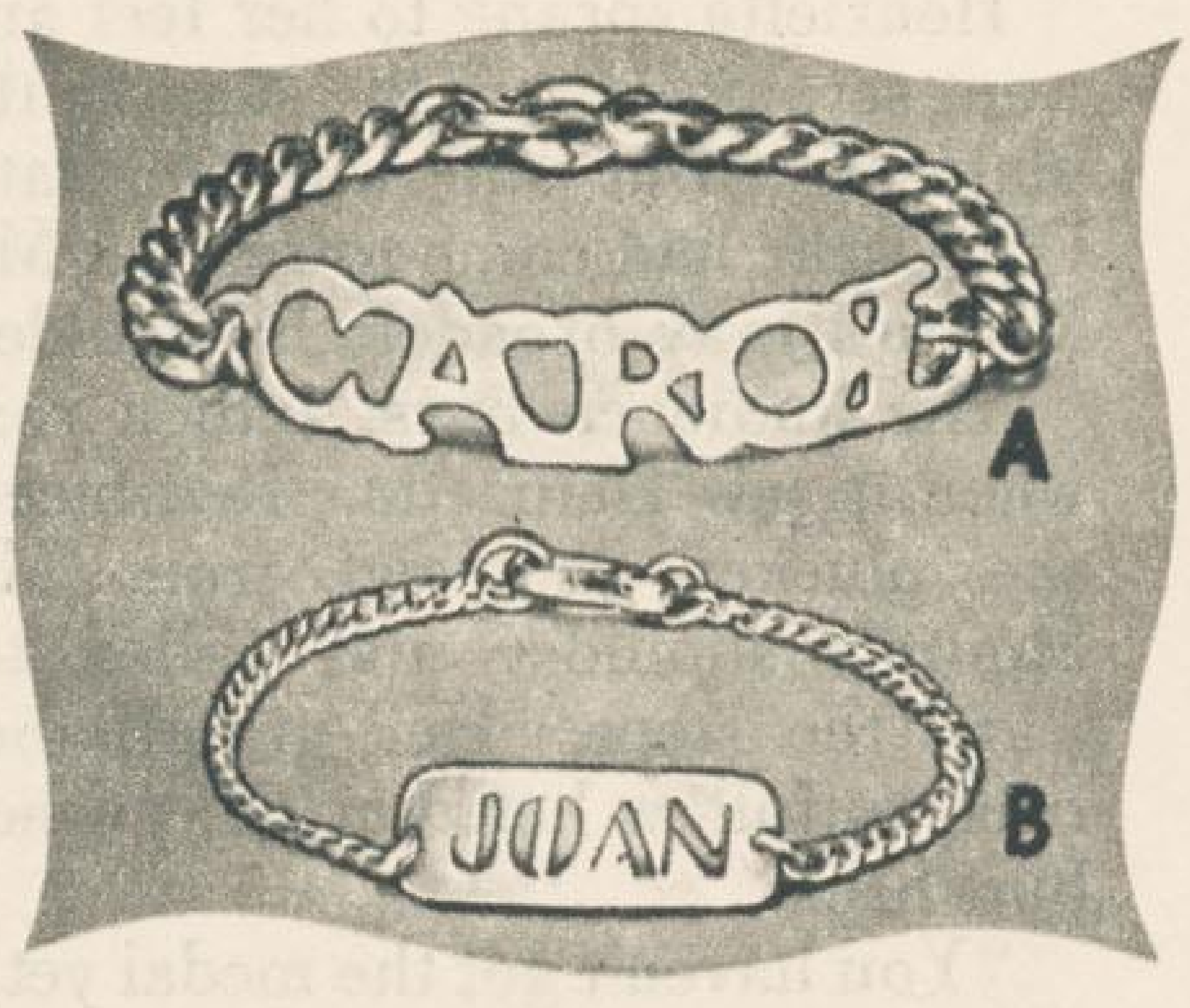
Here's a tip for the head egg cook. Let the fire burn down to coals and prop the skillet over the rocks or logs so it won't get too hot. Then fry several slices of bacon for aromatic purposes and to provide enough grease. For best results the eggs should be broken in a bowl and beaten with enough salt and black pepper to season. Then the eggs can be poured in to cook very slowly. They should be stirred constantly so they will cook evenly without becoming hard and tough.

Before the eggs start cooking, however, the cocoa pot should be put over the fire. Measure a teaspoon full of cocoa for each person and one of sugar for each cup of water. The cocoa should be a rich, brown color when ready. While all this is going on, the gang can be toasting the cheese and bacon tidbits over the larger fire. It's simple to wrap a slice of bacon around a piece of cheese and thrust it through with a sharpened green stick. The bacon should be broiled about the time the cheese partly melts, and what a treat it is!

The toast situation can be handled by volunteers who will hold slices of bread on forked sticks over the fire. Some may want to make French-fried toast by putting the slices in hot grease in the skillet. But that takes more time. Anyhow, when the scrambled eggs are spread thickly over the toast and you eat this with side nibbles of bacon and cheese or broiled franks, you have the sunrise breakfast supreme.

After the last morsel is eaten, the paper plates and cups burned, what a delight to gather 'round the campfire and chatter. To prove you are good campers, the picnic place, even if it is far in the wildwood, should be tidied up for others who may want to come there. And keep an eye peeled on the fire, too. In woods where there are fallen leaves, these should be raked well back from the fire. And before leaving, every trace of fire should be thoroughly put out.

You'll be surprised how the morning will fly on fleet wings. It will be getting toward midmorning or noon before you know it. And what a fine time now to hunt hickory nuts, walnuts, chestnuts, or wild grapes if there are some around. Some of you might want to rig up a fancy-free softball game if there's room, or the whole gang may want to hike to some nearby scenic point. But keep the crowd together and you'll have more fun. And don't forget, there's a long afternoon ahead if there's a ball game on tap.



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PARTY FACE

From page 25

you can't whip up a glossy sheen synthetically at the last minute. So make a monotonous, twice-a-day date with a good, stiff hairbrush, and work until every hair is practically crackling with life.

We don't especially favor new hairdos for special occasions. They're apt to make you self-conscious, and it's better strategy to try them out at less momentous times. But if you are aiming to build yourself a new hairstyle, try it out several times before the privacy of your dressing-table mirror, so you'll be used to the feel of it and very sure of the mechanics of arranging it.

All this stuff has been of a pretty fundamental type, but there's a fancier side to think about, too. What are you going to *wear*, please? Plot every item from your scanties to your cologne, so when the big night comes, everything laid out on your bed is crisply clean and sewed, and arranged to total a completely blended costume. The gal who, at the last minute, discovers she has to pin her belt or take a non-matching evening bag, turns up with a jangled expression and tossed-together appearance.

The charm of all this foresight is that, the night of the party, all the big important things have been accomplished. All that's left to do is dawdle luxuriously through the finishing touches—a warm, scented tub, the combing out of your curls, and finally the slipping into the frosting of your dance dress. Then one last whirl before the mirror, before you catch up your bag and waltz down the stairs, and you'll glimpse a reflection that's enough to make your dazzled date explode into exclamation points!

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 15

High with nary a thought of movies and stardom.

With all of Hollywood's colossal and extravagant pictures, fifty per cent of the nation's movie houses show Westerns.

Yes, the little-publicized and unheralded horse operas are money-makers. The public goes for the old formula of the quick-on-the-draw hero who settles the difficulties of the townspeople, rescues the girl from the clutches of "a fate worse than death," and rides off into the sunset.

Bill Elliott, an outdoor Westerner, has captured the imagination of audiences. He has rapidly risen to stardom and box-office pull, gaining, within the last year, the same popularity that Gene Autry and Roy Rogers acquired over a period of three years. A budget of ten million is set for the Elliott Westerns.

A milk-shake party honored the Florida Poster Girls and the California Sunkist Girls. The beauties representing the nation's two states with the tropical climes were eyefuls. Jim Downs and Errol Flynn shared ice-cream specials with us while we watched a fashion review.

So you see we're having a wonderful time with all the grand people out here. We always do, because—that's Hollywood.

* *

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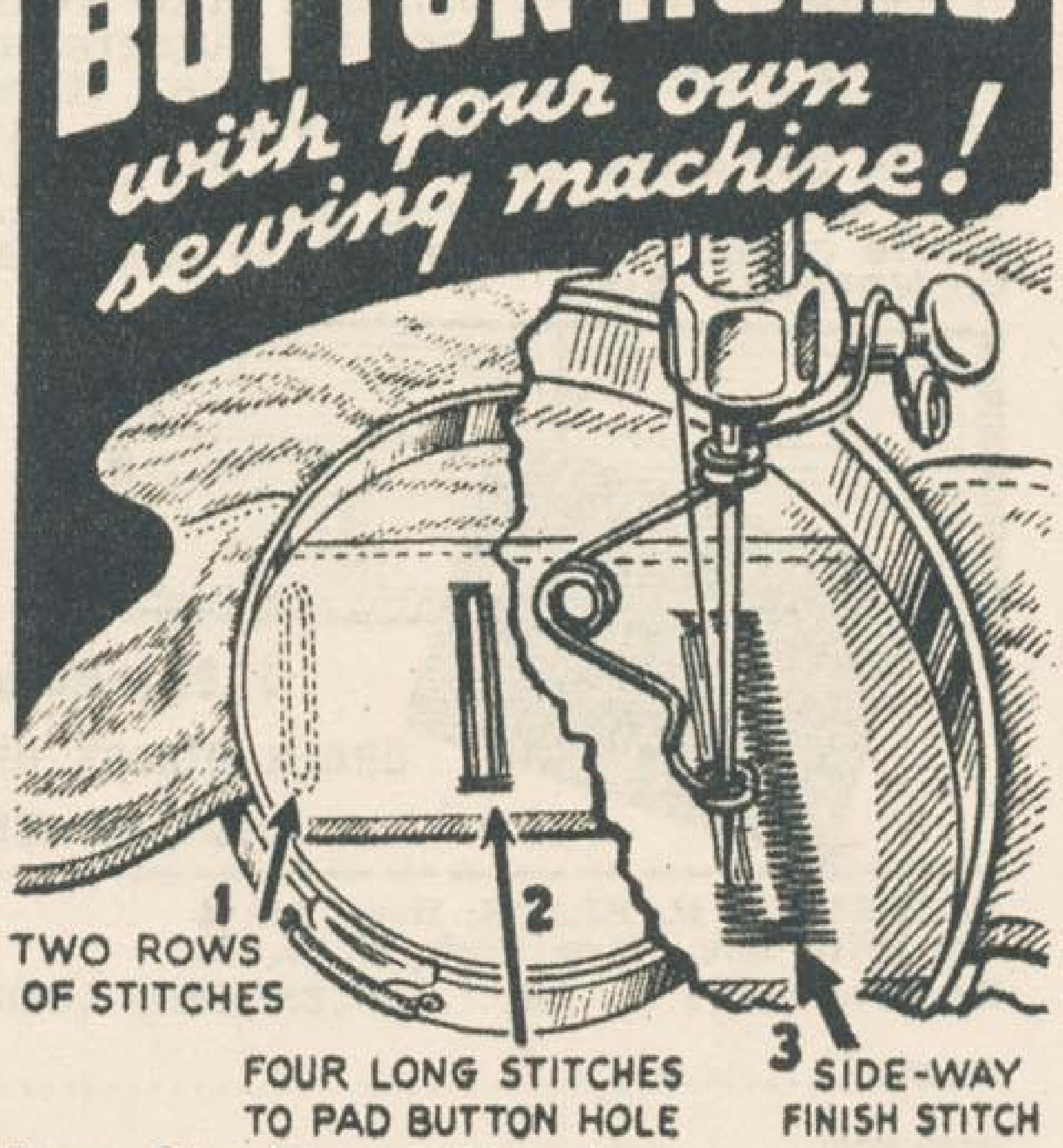

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SCHOOL BELLES ON BLADES

From page 23

gave Lois her trophy before cheering thousands in Madison Square Garden.

The story of little Lois doesn't end there. Having reached the top in the roller field, Lois promptly switched to ice skates and set out to learn this art quickly. In 1946, now that she's all of seventeen, Lois has been signed as an ice trouper to tour from coast to coast with the famous Shipstead and Johnson "Ice Follies."

Joan, Gerry and Lois are just three of many typical girls who prove that Youth can steal the spotlight.

"I was discovered by an ice show talent scout who came to my own home," says seventeen-year old Rosemary Clement. (We're in a dressing room at the "Ice Follies," and Rosemary has just zipped into her gorgeous fur costume worth more than $1,000.)

"I never thought a Broadway scout would visit Haverhill, Massachusetts, but he did! In fact, the big ice shows are always announcing auditions in all parts of the country. I had been skating in amateur competitions, and in 1944, when I was only fifteen, I was lucky enough to win the New England Girls' Championship. Then I was invited to try out and turn professional.

"That's how it happens with scores of us young girls. We don't set out to capture careers, the talent scouts suddenly come looking for us."

(Rosemary's remarks sent us scooting for the talent scout to learn if he's really so anxious to give away careers. The ice expert explained: "Yes, we're constantly searching for teenage talent. Each year we hold open auditions in 26 cities as we tour from Pennsylvania to California. We watch amateur, school and college competitions and arrange tryouts in all states. A would-be ice star doesn't have to traipse to New York to audition *. . . we bring the tests to her home state. An ice performer can prepare for her career in her own backyard!"*)

With that encouraging news, the agent took us back to finish our interview with Rosemary.

"There are plenty of laughs while touring America as a young 'Follies' girl," said Rosemary with a very slight grin. "The other girls will joke about it, so I'd better be the first to tell you about my embarrassing moment. . .

"Recently I joined the show in the Middle West and skated for about two weeks. I wore a beautiful hoop-skirt costume and I had my dance routines down perfectly. Then, at the age of seventeen, my big chance arrived. I was to skate in Madison Square Garden for the first time. My parents had never before seen me as a showgirl, so they came from Massachusetts to New York and were in that opening night audience.

"This was my big moment. I gracefully glided through the whole production scene. The last few smooth steps . . . applause ringing . . . CRASH! As thousands watched, I sat flat on the ice, struggling beneath my giant skirt. Someone at rinkside giggled. My face turned from red to purple. People began laughing aloud . . . and I still couldn't stand up.

"This was my big moment, all right. My silk panties were frozen to the ice!"

Blushing Rosemary quickly closed the door of her dressing room, ending our interview. (We learned later that she had been rescued after slipping that night by two gallant chorus boys who ripped Rosemary to her feet—and let her skate *backwards* through the performer's entrance.)

"Falls are far from funny and skating in a show can often be dangerous," says young starlet, Pearl Joseph.

"Whizzing and whirling around on the floor of a frozen rink can lead to some painful spills," Pearl warned. So that she could describe the dangers of her plain and fancy falls, we took Pearl to dinner at the swank Hotel St. Regis on Fifth Avenue. There, the Iridium Room offers a sensational ice skating revue on a "tank."

"I've skated in different dining places just like this," Pearl explained, "and if we should happen to make one single mistake we're apt to slide clear off the tank onto the hard wooden dance floor. Oh, those splinters!

"Babe Voorhis, an eighteen-year-old friend of mine, recently overshot the edge of a show tank. She was so spiked by skates and steel rims of the rink, that she required eight surgical stitches before she could use her legs again.

"In Dallas, Texas, recently, I was featured in a show at the Hotel Adolphus. Trumpets blared . . . drums rolled . . . lights went on. . . and I raced out to take a last bow. Some girl at a table down front had been rudely combing her hair and unfortunately one of her hairpins had flipped onto the ice.

"You guessed it. My blades hit that little hairpin and I went sliding face first all the way across the rink. I looked *very* glamorous—when I ended up sprawled right underneath a table!"

(Teens on a date—for plain politeness and performers' protection—should fix their hair in the powder room. Skating girls have learned that lesson. In fact, an ice star never wears hairpins or any loose jewelry while doing her act.)

As the hotel St. Regis skaters leaped and pirouetted on the tank nearby, pretty Pearl Joseph gave more tips for teens:

"Dreaming of a career in New York? Then start skating this winter in your home town while you're still in school. I learned my first Figure Eight by going down to my neighborhood rink and watching other amateurs skate at the Brooklyn Ice Palace. Friendly skaters will soon show you how to do outside spirals, camel spins and split jumps. Next, just *practice*.

"One day I went skating in Manhattan on the famous outdoor pond set down between the buildings at Radio City," Pearl continued. "I was only sixteen years old, but the talent scout didn't know that when he signed me for the Center Theater. I stayed in high school, but for the next three years I spent my evenings skating in the show at Center Theater in Rockefeller Center. Then I was graduated from school and started an act of my own in various ice revues."

Pearl Joseph is typical of school belles on blades who realize that an education comes first . . . with skating as a sport, hobby and *later* a career. And teenage Joan Hyldoft is another high school

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graduate who has already reached that goal of all show skaters—the Center Theater. But each morning finds Joan at Columbia University in New York, studying for a degree in medicine. In the near future she'll be "Doctor" Hyldoft, plus being the enchanting ice star at Center Theater and Hotel New Yorker.

There will be more ice opportunities for teens in 1946-47 than ever before. New shows are forming. Producer Taylor Todd in Indianapolis, Indiana, has a fine portable ice rink to stage indoor revues in arenas everywhere. James Edgar, down in Sarasota, Florida, plans to troupe an ice show under a canvas Big Top, like a circus. On the hottest days his engineers will freeze real ice in southern cities, and this "Circ-Ice" will visit small towns in all forty-eight states.

Or, your chance can come when auditions are held in your state for the established shows like the original "Ice Follies" and Sonja's own "Hollywood Ice Revue."

When you tour as an ice show performer you'll find excitement and make famous friends, but don't expect to make fabulous fortunes. The pay envelope for a girl skating in the chorus line usually contains only $65 weekly. Stars average between $100 and $500 each week. And these salaries are sometimes reduced by fines. . . .

A starlet who's late for a rehearsal pays a five-dollar fine, ten dollars for missing a performance. Directors live in fear of a showgirl spraining or breaking her lovely legs, so most ice revues fine girls $25 if they're guilty of going skiing. Stars love all winter sports and rarely miss going skiing between shows.

For a final word on fines we rejoined the "Ice Follies." Answering questions was trim, beautiful Rosemary Bilk. This eighteen-year-old from San Francisco laced her shoe skates as she said:

"Watching our diet and our figures is the toughest trick of ice trouping. Each 'Follies' girl is weighed in like a prizefighter when she's hired. We must then stay within five pounds of the weight written on our first contract. We mount the scales once every week. If we start to become chubby — or thin — it costs us a five-dollar fine each week until we get back within that original five-pound weight limit."

Starlets dread that one week when they must perform in a town where they always get fined. It's a town where it's hopeless to shout "Hold That Waistline!" Every big ice show plays for seven days at the huge local rink . . . and the girls are showered daily with free candy, sundaes, and free chocolate ice cream sodas.

The town that's the terror of the skating teens? Hershey, Pennsylvania!

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DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 36

make by putting flowers in their hair, and sewing flowers on their white formals. But Lester Hunt had the super inspiration for me to go as a star-angel. Who else besides angels belong on celestial clouds with wings and a harp? Besides, I was No. 10 contestant, and appearing last as an angel would really be terrific!

Sally offered to help, since she wasn't in the contest. For two nights we worked in my room at home on my costume. We sewed silver stars all over the skirt of my white organdy formal. Then we made a crown with silver stars, and a little silver wand to carry in my hand, so that if I should be lucky enough to be crowned prettiest girl in the Angel Hop, I would wave my wand, and presto, I'd have wings. Darlene's bedroom window faces mine, and one night we plainly saw her figure outlined in her window while she looked over into my room to take in all of the details of my costume. I pulled the blind down right in her face. Which was very rude, but what could be more rude than to snoop into my private window?

The night of the Harvest Hop, Sonny Martin, Darlene's 24-year-old uncle, took me, while Rusty, who is wearing half of my silver heart on his I.D. bracelet, escorted Darlene because we had all been forced into this situation by Darlene herself.

Well, Betts, the party was just super, and then it was announced that the contestants for the Angel Hop would retire to change into costume. Then we would be presented on the celestial cloud next to the band stand. No one knew what anyone was wearing, and since I was last, I took my time in dressing. Betts, my costume was really beautiful. I could hear the overwhelming applause as each girl was introduced. But just as I walked on someone said, "Looks like Darlene is going to win the prize."

Betts, everyone was speechless, purely speechless when they saw me. Of course I like admiration, but it was embarrassing when they couldn't even applaud. And then Betts, the most horrible thing—everyone began to laugh. Someone nudged me, and I looked over and there stood Darlene, laughing too, wearing a costume exactly like mine!

That horrid Darlene had looked in my bedroom window, and she had copied my angel costume to every little star on the crown. She knew she'd be on the stage first.

Betts, it was horrible. I couldn't help it, I ran off the stage crying!

It was explained to me later that Darlene said that I had copied her dress. And Rusty, mind you, who was escorting Darlene, called for attention and said that he was quite certain that some terrible mistake had been made. He said he knew that Vicky Dunford would never do such a thing! He couldn't out-and-out accuse Darlene, but her smirky attitude gave her away, and when Sally accused her of looking in our window when we were making my costume, she didn't say a word.

At that strategic moment Lester Hunt called for a vote on naming me "The Star Angel of Hollywood High." And the kids yelled "Yes!" right back unanimously.

Sonny Martin, my date, and Darlene's 24-year-old uncle marched Darlene up to apologize to me publicly. She said she had thought it would be a good joke and had never realized how serious it might all be. And then Rusty said that I should perhaps thank Darlene, because all of this had helped me to win the award. Which I did, because I was so happy.

They put the wings on my shoulders and the cute little harp in my hands, and they took pictures. But I was so red-eyed from crying, I am afraid the pictures will be too—terrible!

As Lester says, all was confusion on *that* celestial heavenly cloud that night. But Rusty said, "Vicky, you're an angel." Wasn't that sweet?

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Or else you squeeze in odd jobs after school to pad your allowance, so you can include *every one* on your Christmas list. No matter how small your gift, the thinking and caring and *giving* which go into it endear it—and you—to the person who receives it.

A knack for whipping up this or that, a little imagination, a great deal of patience, will save you hours of shopping, and piles of silver. Handmade articles—little items designed especially for individual tastes, whims, needs—bring as much joy as "store-bought" ones. Cookies and candy are treats for young folks and old, and also make wonderful packages for orphanages, institutions for the handicapped, and veterans' hospitals. Rally your gang 'round to whip up batches of fudge for orphans in your town. Get their names from your school teachers. Then send over a box of candy with each one's own name on it. A wee bit of thoughtfulness brings such a large measure of joy!

A small outdoor tree, hung with cookies, makes Christmas a merry one for all our "fine, feathered friends." It's a European custom, lovely wherever you live.

But most important of all—express good wishes galore. Remember, cards and notes keep the flame of friendship bright with thoughtfulness and good cheer.

And, while we're on the subject, let me say here:

"Best wishes for happy holidays!"

Jean Goodman

OUT OF THE MALE BOX

From page 31

the willies to have her go tearing around bleating, "Just *look* what Johneeee gave me!" He gets the distinct feeling that the slant isn't that he's thought about her, but rather that she wants everybody to realize that she's added another scalp to her belt.

As we've said and as you wrote, if a present isn't all you'd hoped, do a very fine job of pretending it is. But just the same, we might toss in a mention of how it's commendable to put a little thought into matching up presents with people. If a girl is knitting a scarf for her extra-special heartbeat who happens to have blazing red hair, it's rather dense of her to pick a color that she drools over herself, but that screams discord when it's anywhere near his crew-cut. A boy who donates a compact to his favorite femme should take time to shop and not get the stock model that everybody in town knows is selling at the local druggery for $1.29.

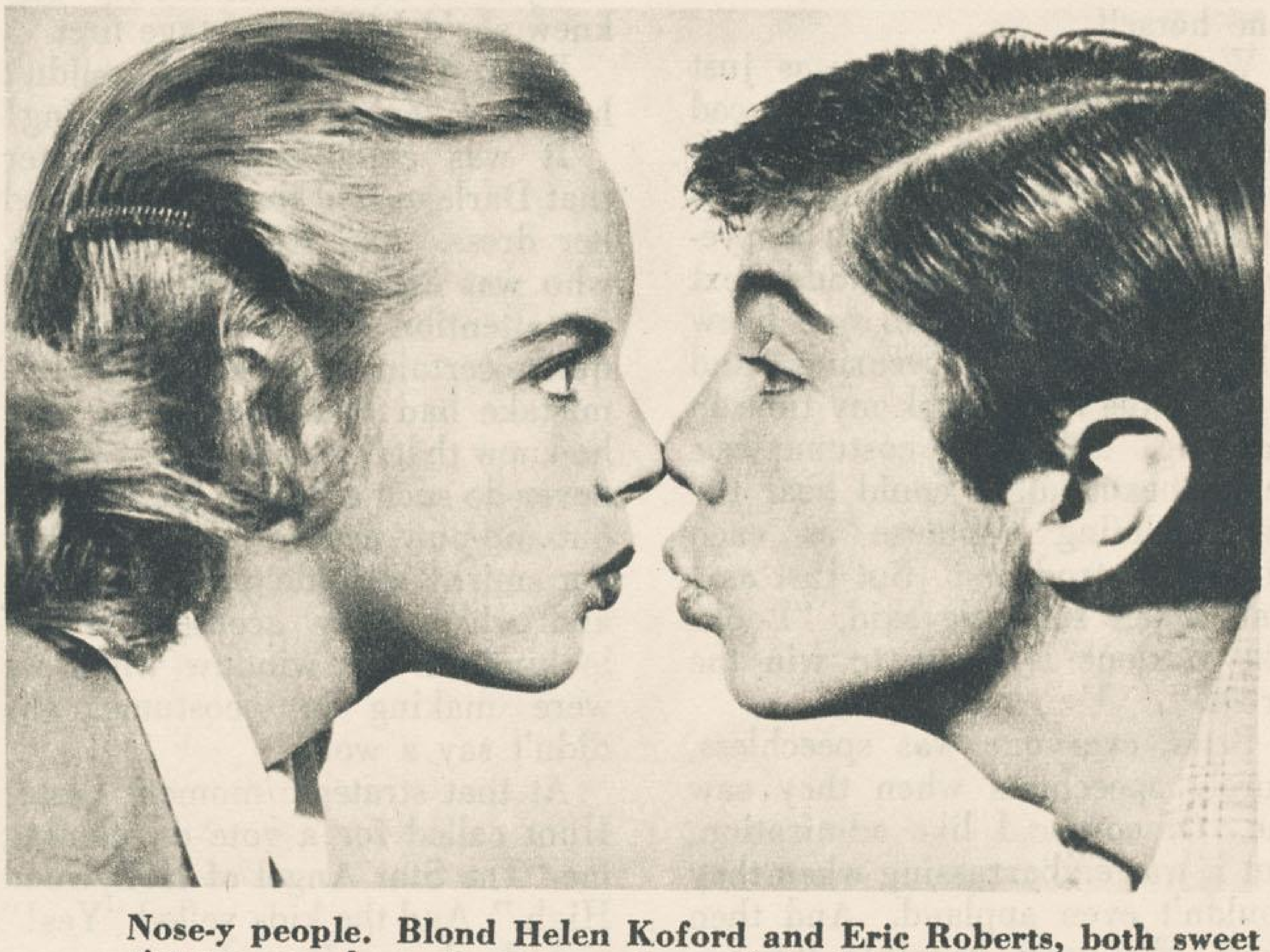
Whatever the present, if it's the type that can cope with an inscription, take it awfully easy on penning sloshy sentiment. If a girl writes "To Bob with all my love" on the flyleaf of a book, and Bob won't appreciate it, there's due to be some embarrassment all around. And even if she knows for a fact that Bob feels likewise, it's best to keep inscriptions just friendly-sounding. Next year, she may be wild about Harry, and would be sure to regret having such sentiments kicking around in Bob's bookcase.

It seems that while girls like other girls to ask them what they want for Christmas, they don't like boys to quiz them on the subject, and ditto when it's the other way round. This is because they're hesitant about quoting any specific item, for fear of sounding greedy even though what they have in mind is the thriftiest version.

Both sexes write about miscellaneous pointers. If somebody makes a casual query as to what did you get for Christmas, they aren't asking for an itemized statement. Mention a couple of things and let it go at that. Otherwise your answer sounds smug or like a store taking inventory.

If you're given anything, however modest, somebody has been thinking about you. Or suppose your best beau can't swing the purchase price of the present he'd like to give you, but he phones to say hello on Christmas morning. That should rate as high on your list of gifts received as the splashiest looking package.

Winding up, we're going to resurrect a phrase that's become a little corny from misuse, but is still very true. It's the sentiment that counts.



Nose-y people. Blond Helen Koford and Eric Roberts, both sweet sixteen, are shown in a scene from Columbia's. "Shadowed." They are a new team, although Eric made his theatrical debut at 2, and Helen began her professional career at 7 years. Ahh, youth!

PROFESSOR QUIZ

The Original Quizmaster explains some curious Christmas questions

Q. Why do we put a lighted candle in the window on Christmas Eve?

A. Some people believe that the Christ Child returns to earth on Christmas Eve. The candle is meant to light his way.

Q. Is mistletoe a vine, a tree, a parasite, or a flower? Explain your answer.

A. It's a parasite, because it draws its food from the living tree on which it grows.

Q. If you were sending a Christmas gift to a friend in northern New Zealand, would it be a fan or a heater?

A. You'd be smart to choose the fan. Christmas day there comes in the warmest season of the year.

Q. Whom do French children think accompanies Santa Claus on his exciting visit to their homes, and why does he have this companion?

A. They think Santa travels with a tall, skinny man called "Father Whipper," who carries a basket of small whips that he gives to naughty children.

Q. What Christmas carol has been translated into the largest number of languages?

A. "Silent Night" has been translated into almost every widely-used language in the world.

Q. Why is the word "the" written as "ye" in phrases like "Ye Yuletide"?

A. In old English writing, the diphthong "th" had a special character like our "Y". So—in old English phrases, "the" comes out "ye."

Q. Do Christmas pies and puddings have any special meaning?

A. Yes—according to Christian legend. The puddings were supposed to symbolize the rich gifts of the Wise Men, and they were always full of raisins, nuts, and all kinds of sweets. The mince pies used to be incredibly large—they were supposed to signify the cradle of the Christ Child. Then the one vast pie gave way to a host of smaller pies, made to resemble the Manger.

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

From page 46

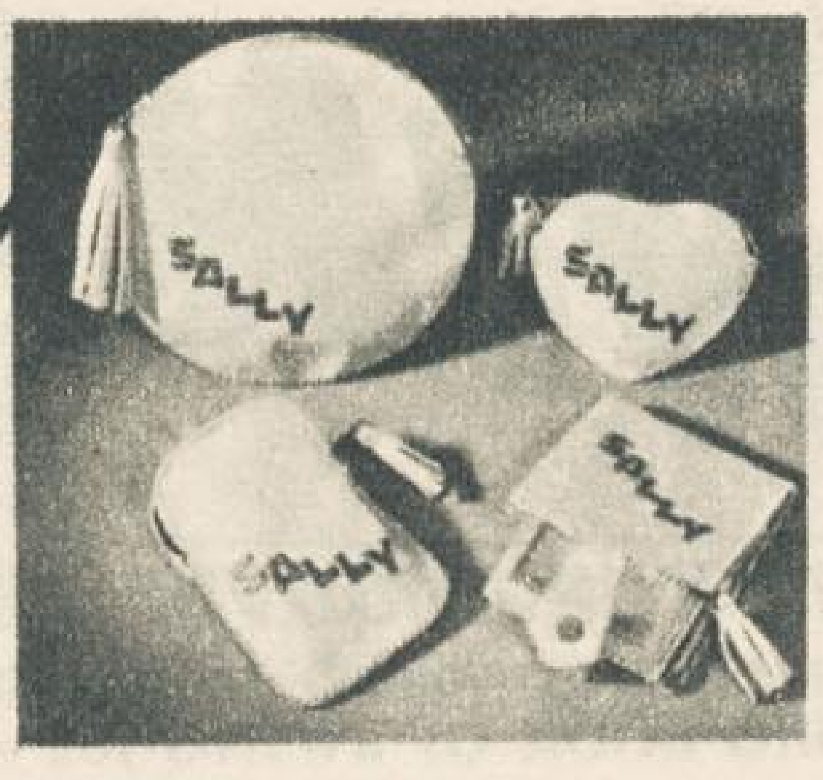
your card. You can spatter around a sprig of live hemlock, too—why not try white paint on a scarlet paper, and white ink to write your message? And speaking of hemlock, an actual piece, held secure on red or gleaming gold paper by a tie of red yarn needled through from the other side, looks, smells and even *feels* like the very Spirit of Christmas!

A contrast in textures gives an absolutely knockout effect. Nab yourself a roll of gift paper with a pattern of winter scenes. Carefully cut out the design, and rubber-cement it on a brilliant green card, say. Then fancy up the picture by rubber-cementing fluffy whisps of cotton on the painted snowdrifts. wee sprigs of hemlock on the painted trees. Cut a church out of shiny black paper, and razor tiny windows in it. Back it with glistening, amber-colored cellophane, and cement the whole affair on your winter scene. See how the church windows seem to glow with light!

Another inspiration is a card with a door that opens to show a picture inside—perhaps a Nativity scene you've salvaged from last year's Christmas cards, or a midget-sized photograph of yourself. First fold your paper in half, lengthwise. Then double this over, note-paper fashion. Lay your picture on the outside of the top sheet, and cut around the top, bottom and right side of it. Run your razor lightly along the fourth side, and fold back the paper on this line. Paste your picture carefully on the sheet right below the cut-out place, and there you are! A card with a little door that swings open to show whatever picture you've been inspired to put on the card.

Other last-minute thoughts include pieces of calico, cut out with pinking shears and tied on your card with gay ribbon. There's nothing more sparkling than a spray of vari-sized stars or signal dots shooting over brilliant paper.

But whatever you do, your personal touch means more than the most expensive fixings you can buy. By making them a card with your own lily-white hands, you'll get star billing on every mantel and in every heart.



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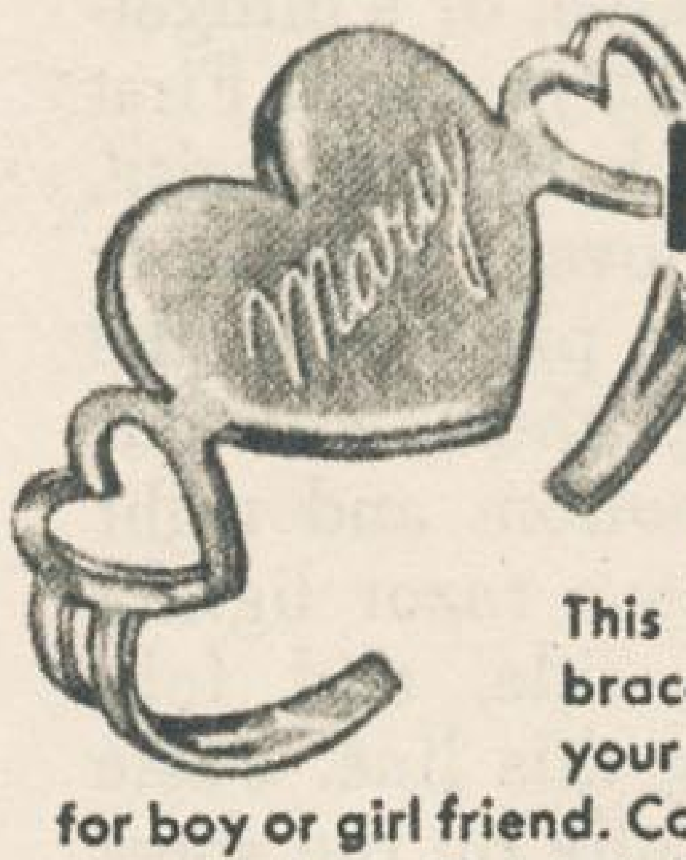

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DEAR SANTA

From page 49

metallic paper boxes with handles, for nuts, too. And cover a short, wide, cardboard ribbon-roll with bright paper. Dye several pipe-cleaners and stick in the hole at the top. Twist bits of green crepe paper and glue them to the ends of the pipe-cleaners. That's it—a flower pot!

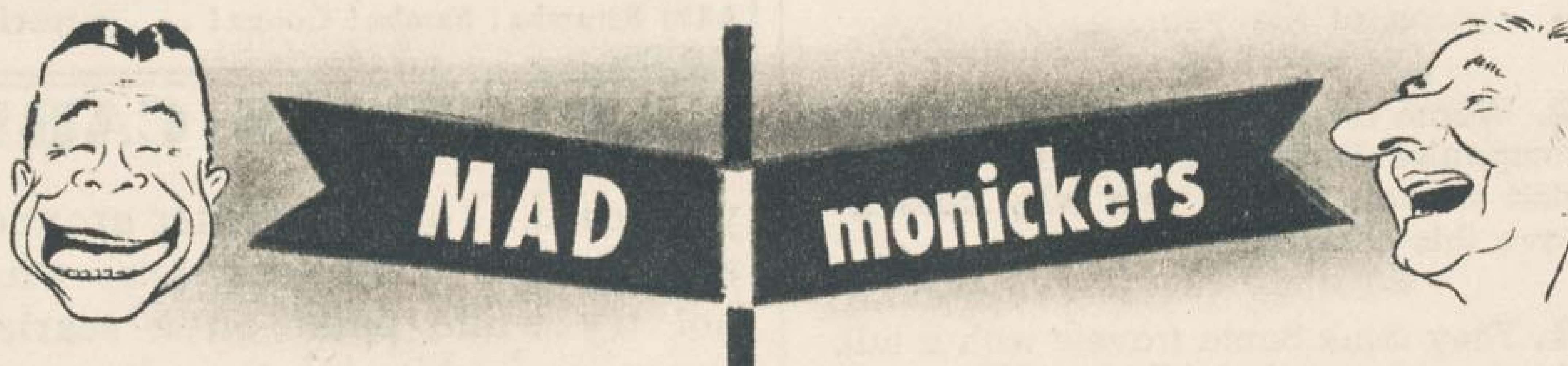
Pine cones, all sizes, take beautifully to silver and gold paint. So do walnuts. Thin wires (milk bottle variety), gay yarn, and ribbons hang them up. But save some for what's next, meaning Other Decorations.

It doesn't take a North Pole elf to make those wonderful wreaths; you can do it yourself. Pine branches, hemlock, mistletoe, sleigh bells, pine cones, anything and everything, Christmas-y, goes into them. Shape and fasten the branches into circles. Fasten them—and any other cones and bells you want in your wreath—with wire. Don't spare the big, red ribbons. Variation? Sure—fasten a basket on the front door and fill with greens. Mmmm—"booful" and unusual.

Right smack in the middle of a doorway, where the boys are sure to pass through, hang a Christmas ball of greens. Start with an apple and tie a ribbon around it, from top to bottom, with a long loop at the top. Stick short pieces of the same pine and hemlock all around till the apple's hidden. In the bottom, put a piece of mistletoe, and up it goes. Just draw up your chair and wait results.

Along the green-laden mantel or up the stairs, hang little red socks, one for each member of the family. Put on the names in white yarn. Betcha St. Nick will fill 'em!

Now, take yourself a deep breath, and look around. The tree? The rest of the decorations? Strictly sugar-plum dream stuff! And you have the satisfaction of knowing you did it all by your little lonesome. Gee . . . ain't you wonderful!



Here's some fun with a game of names. The 23 *first* names listed below belong to Hollywood folk well known to you. The nonsensical last names are supplied as hints to you for guessing the real identities. For example, if we had listed Jimmy Nose, your answer would be Jimmy Durante. 14 right is fair; 15-18, good; more than 18 and Quiz is your middle name. You'll find the answers below, but no fair peeking!

1. Sydney Fat Man
2. Charles Casbah
3. Benny Clarinet
4. Alan Tough Guy
5. Joe E. Mouth
6. Ann Oomph
7. Dorothy Sarong
8. Betty Loud Singer
9. William Thin Man
10. Orson Mars
11. Veronica Peek-a-boo
12. Eddie Banjo Eyes
13. Bob Toothpaste
14. Boris Bogeyman
15. Johnny Tarzan
16. Jack Fiddle Funnyman
17. Walt Mickey Duck
18. Alfred Spellbound
19. Clark Ears
20. Victor Hunk-a-man
21. Greta Reticent
22. Ray Rubber Legs
23. Jimmy Bashful

1. Sydney Greenstreet; **2.** Charles Boyer; **3.** Benny Goodman; **4.** Alan Ladd; **5.** Joe E. Brown; **6.** Ann Sheridan; **7.** Dorothy Lamour; **8.** Betty Hutton; **9.** William Powell; **10.** Orson Welles; **11.** Veronica Lake; **12.** Eddie Cantor; **13.** Bob Hope; **14.** Boris Karloff; **15.** Johnny Weissmuller. **16.** Jack Benny; **17.** Walt Disney; **18.** Alfred Hitchcock; **19.** Clark Gable; **20.** Victor Mature; **21.** Greta Garbo; **22.** Roy Bolger; **23.** Jimmy Stewart.

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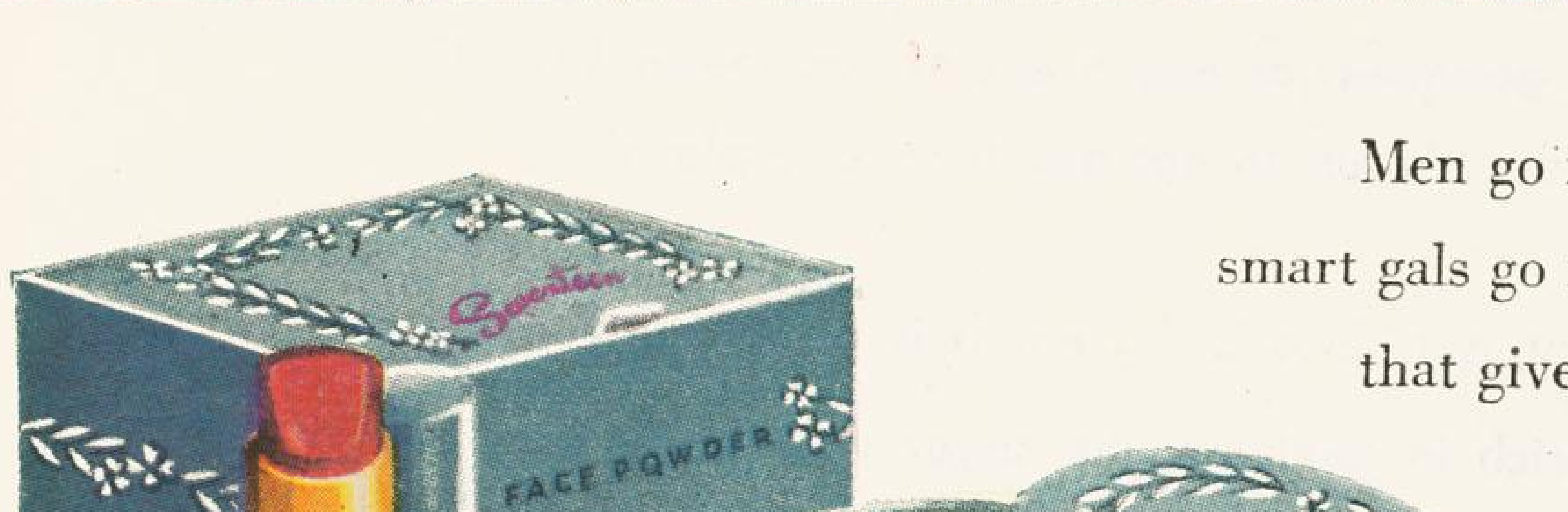
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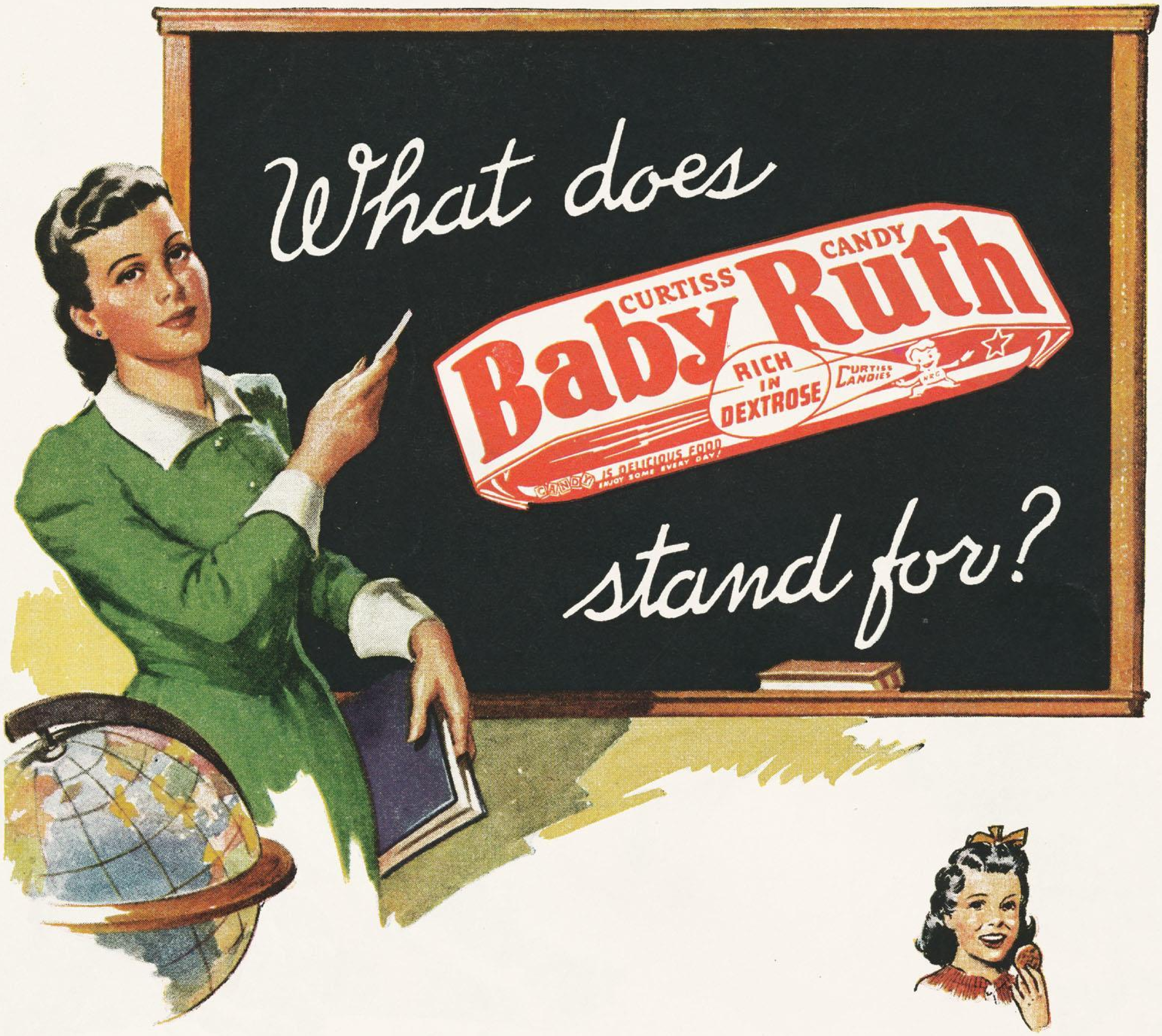

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